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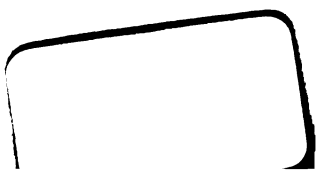

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MAURICE,

THE ELECTOR OF SAXONY.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

By MRS. COLQUHOUN.

Dedicated, by Permission,
TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SAXONY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
T. C. NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
72, MORTIMER STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.
1844.

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J. BILLING, PRINTER, WOKING SURREY.

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ERRATA TO VOL. I.

Page	9,	chap. 1, *for* yet, *read* it.
	33,	2, — and, *read* although.
	51,	2, — strong, *read* stout.
	53,	3, — decca, *read* decay.
	56,	3, — Hilda, *read* her.
	63,	3, — twining, *read* training.
	65,	3, — tell, *read* inform.
	67,	3, dele ; after heart.
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	117,	5, dele ; after Baron might.
	148,	8, *for* his master, *read* its master.
	151,	8, — plunder resent, *read* plunder to resent.
	177,	8, — fa lady, *read* fair lady.
	183,	8, — me from your friend, *read* from your friend.
	204,	9, *for* Mansfeld, *read* Mansfeldt.
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	207,	10, after Konrad to be put after Konrad Shroeder.
	209,	10, *for* hope, *read* hopes.
	216,	10, — sent to request speech, *read* he desired speech.
	273,	13, — by, *read* with.
	278,	13, — repaid by, *read* repaid with.
	284,	14, , after hill.
	292,	14, *for* time, *read* for some distance.
	292,	14, *for* before, *read* previously.
	312,	14, , after much indebted, take out after service.

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DEDICATION.

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SAXONY.

SIRE,

YOUR Majesty has graciously deigned to accept the Dedication of my attempt to restore to coloured life the gray shades of Saxon History.

As a Descendant of the brave Elector Maurice, and as the Head of the illus-

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trious Saxon Dynasty, your Majesty will decide, whether the effort of an unknown and foreign artist in portraying this likeness, deserves to be admitted among the family resemblances in your Ancestrel Hall.

If I have not entirely failed in refreshing in the minds of my countrymen the glorious memory of the "Hero of Germany," it must be ascribed to the character of my subject, and the just appreciation of his noble qualities, virtue, wisdom and heroism:—qualities which have happily proved hereditary on the throne of Saxony.

To your Majesty's protection I have no other claim than that of the un-

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feigned and unbounded respect, with which I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Sire,

Your Majesty's devoted Servant,

KATHARINE COLQUHOUN.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE,
MAY 10, 1844.

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MAURICE,

THE

ELECTOR OF SAXONY.

CHAPTER I.

"COME, meine frau," said the sturdy miller, as he jerked his bonnet to dash from it the rain drops, which it had imbibed in his transit from the mill to the cottage, forming a semicircle of moisture on the newly sanded floor.

The cottage was but a few yards distant from the place of his daily labour and his daily gain; but the rain fell fast; the exposed

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situation of the mill and cottage bared the inhabitants of the latter to all the freaks of wind and weather, from whichever quarter the storm might come. The heath on which these buildings stood was of some extent, dotted here and there with scattered clumps of fir, birch, holly, and low furze; shallow pools, and some undulations of the ground, with pits, and ravines partly concealed by brushwood, which found in these hollows a better soil from the deposit of vegetable matter drifted into them, in which to spread their tangled roots, varied the barrenness of the heath; the scene was fair to look upon; below was the straggling village, with the spire of its church partly concealed by trees, and beyond on a high and rocky knoll, stood the Castle of Reiterstein, with its unequal towers, backed by dark woods and lofty hills, while a small tributary stream wound tortuously, sparkling by snatches through the trees, and nearly surrounding the castle

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walls; this liquid mirror was crossed by a stone bridge.

Besides the two or three low huts occupied occasionally by shepherds, the heath presented no dwellings, and the miller, although he could not boast that he was in actual possession, lord of all he surveyed, derived as much enjoyment from the prospect as its owner could do. His humble habitation was reared within a few yards of the mill; it consisted of a large kitchen, with a capacious fire-place, admitting low settles on either side; at one end a door opened into a small apartment, which served as a sort of office to the miller, and a work-room for his female companions, consisting of Theresa his wife, and Thumelda his daughter; three chambers above afforded lodging for the family; on one side scullery, dairy, and sheds; on the other, granary, stables and lodges running at right angles with the house, formed a yard, which was

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terminated by a small garden for vegetables, herbs, and simples; in front a porch with benches, and a few flowers at the side guarded by a low paling. This description completes the rough sketch of the miller's abode.

We must briefly give some account of its humble inhabitants, inasmuch as they are destined to figure in our following chapters.

The miller himself, was still in the prime of life; of goodly proportions, somewhat above the ordinary height, of robust frame, and ruddy complexion; he had sharp intelligent grey eyes, and a mouth expressive of a naturally kind character; his thickly curling light brown hair, was as yet untinged by the approach of wintry age, and a well formed head, with a nose rather thick than aquiline, corresponded with his other features, which were altogether of a most agreeable and ingenuous cast.

Krantz, the miller, bore a high reputation

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for probity, no man took note of the corn delivered at the mill, assured that the produce would be faithfully rendered back to him to the uttermost grain. The consequence of this impression was, that it was never idle while there was a breeze upon the heath.

Krantz succeeded his father in the mill, to whom it had been granted upon the acknowledgment of a sack of flour yearly, in reward for long service; and the preservation of the Baron Rodolf von Reiterstein's life in the battlefield.

This family had been, from time immemorial, vassals, and retainers on the Reiterstein estate; but both the generous Baron Rodolf, and the faithful elder Krantz, had long since been gathered to their fathers, the former sleeping under silken banners, and warlike trophies in the chapel of the castle, the latter beneath a green mound in the village churchyard. The present

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Krantz had married early in life the daughter of the Baroness's favorite attendant; at that time a light, fairy-formed, brown eyed girl. Years and maternity had somewhat rounded her originally slight figure, and perhaps a cheerful disposition, a happy home, and competency, which was not enjoyed without frugality, and did not permit the indulgence of indolence, tended in a great measure to preserve health and good looks, and to add some solidity as years passed on. Two children were granted to this excellent pair; a youth of twenty, now absent, worthy of his parents, and the pride they took in his high qualities. And Thumelda, their daughter, who was as lovely a maiden as rural domain ever boasted, and as good a one. Such teaching as the reverend pastor and the miller could give, had not been neglected by her,—the damsel was never idle, nor did she deem any household occupation needful to be done, unworthy

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of her attention or performance; a village orphan was therefore all they required to aid them in their small and simple economy. Thumelda had been for some months engaged to the handsome Konrad, but the miller was in no haste to deprive himself of the society of his child, or throw upon her at the age of eighteen, the cares of a family, for which as yet Konrad was not sufficiently opulent to provide.

"Come! meine frau, now for supper, and some fresh turf on the hearth. I am late, but the sky looks black, and cruel in the north, and I have been detained awhile to make all snug at the mill."

This was an implied apology, for to oblige a neighbour, the good man had kept his mill going till the last minute; the sun had gone round also, and had sunk to rest in a watery cloud, which foreboded a storm, and allowed no delay in making the mill all snug as he expressed it. The homely meal was set

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forth, and soon discussed; the shades of night were deepened by the storm which now beat with violence against the casements. The miller's robust frame was stretched in comfortable ease upon one of the settles in the chimney corner, while Theresa prepared to remove the remains of their evening repast.

"Thanks!" said Krantz, "for a good meal, although an humble one; and now, my Thumelda, come and kiss thy father; methinks thou lookest somewhat tired, after the village revels of this morning. What ails my child? did Konrad forget the love-knot at Kemnitz fair, or take a turn too long with one of farmer Müller's daughters?"

"Neither, my father," answered Thumelda, "Konrad is kind and constant, but———"

"But what, my child?"

A tear stood in his daughter's bright eye, and a blush tinged her cheek as she replied: "my mother will tell you why I am vexed,

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and why I fear Konrad may be hurt, and ye I was not to blame."

The father smiled. "Ah! as I thought, some lover's difference, and Konrad, although a good and generous youth, is somewhat hasty and jealous."

"You are partly right," joined in Theresa, "but the sooner you know why Thumelda is so disturbed, the better, that worse may not come of it, and anxiously have we been waiting for you this evening. As you know, you left her down at the village with Konrad and old Hilda to enjoy awhile the sports going on; well, while they were dancing in the group, who should suddenly appear among them, whom we thought far away, but our bold, dark Baron."

At the mention of the Baron, the miller started from his listless posture; finding his wife pause from his sudden movement, he hastily cried, "go on."

"The Baron," continued Theresa, "when

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the dance was suspended, mixed among the group with some of his lawless companions: he had remained looking on for some time, but after awhile he fixed his bold, dark eyes on our child, and said 'Ah! my pretty lass, and where are you from?' Thumelda quietly answered.

"'I am the daughter of Krantz the Miller.

"'Indeed! and a bright jewel too, far too handsome to be hid in so dusty a casket. You are worth a more costly keeping.'"

"Thumelda liked neither his looks nor his manner, but her modesty did not suit his bold ways, and he seized her hand to lead her forth. She said she was tired, and had no wish to dance again, but he would not be denied, and dragged her into the throng. As soon as it was concluded she escaped from him, mixed in the crowd, and then ran home alone, for Konrad, after watching them for a few minutes, had dis-

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appeared; but Thumelda says he looked angry, and flung away from the dancers. Our child dreads this bad man, and fears, lest Konrad should suppose she had given him any encouragement, especially as he has not been up the hill to seek her, or inquire how she got home."

The miller seemed to take this affair, even more seriously into consideration than his wife and daughter. His habitually open, good humoured countenance exhibited unusual signs of perturbation and anger. "Thumelda," he exclaimed, "must on no account leave the mill while the Baron remains at the castle, nor must he see her again. You know as well as I do, with whom we have to deal;—but for the persuasions of that headstrong, jealous youth, she never should have joined the revels this morning;—and he deserted her," he added with vexation, "when his presence was most needed."

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"Oh! my father, do not blame Konrad; who could foresee that the Baron would be there, or would notice the miller's daughter?"

"I could believe he would do so," answered Krantz, "and not for the fairest field of corn ever garnered into the mill loft, would I that this should have happened, nor should it, if I had suspected him to be in this part of the country."

Scarcely was his speech concluded, when the rain pattered more loudly against the low casements, the wind whistled in wild eddies around the house, and a clap of thunder, unusual at the season, confirmed the miller in the wisdom of his evening's precautious. Amidst the din, a moan reached Thumelda's ears, it seemed borne away by the bustling wind. "Hark!" she cried, "what was that?"

"The sighing of the wind," replied Krantz; "you are fearful tonight;—" but speedily

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another moan heard in the partial lull of the storm, checked the miller's unbelief, while a feeble knock at the door further convinced him, that Thumelda was not beset by idle fears.

"I will go," said Krantz; "it was the cry of distress and must not be repeated."

Thus saying, he unlocked the door, and went into the porch.

"Here, here, Theresa!" he exclaimed, "quick, and help!" His wife hastened across the kitchen, and reached the door in time to hold it open, which a gust of wind and rain rendered no easy task; while the miller bore into the house a female, drenched, and nearly insensible, whom he gave into Thumelda's arms; he then went out a second time, and returned with a child about a year old. They placed the female on one of the settles, and had removed some of her dripping garments, ere she

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seemed conscious of their friendly efforts to afford her relief. Theresa poured out a cup of wine, which she held to the lips of the sufferer; the small quantity she took appeared to revive her. "Thumelda, do you look to the child," said Krantz. The maiden ran hastily up stairs, and it was the work of a few moments only to undress the little one, wrap him in a blanket, and then supply him with some warm bread and milk. "Now Thumelda," said the kind hearted Theresa, "make ready the small chamber next to yours, for these poor wanderers, the rest of their wet clothes must be removed, I will prepare some."———Here the stranger interposed by a feeble pressure on Theresa's arm, which seemed to beg for some delay; looking anxiously on her child and around, she faintly uttered, "secrecy," then made a sign for the lamp, and motioning the miller and his wife to approach, displayed a small enamelled cross, saying, "by this you will

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know me." They both earnestly examined the proffered trinket, and seemed for some seconds bewildered. The miller then crossed the kitchen with a hasty stride, barred fast the door, closed the shutters, and removed the lamp into a more shaded corner.

"Now, my wife, caution to you is needless, but Thumelda, who as yet knows not the necessity, must be told, that as she values my love, this lady's coming must not be whispered, even to Konrad."

"Trust me, my father, without the threatened risk of such a penalty, I will say nought of this to any one."

"Enough, my child, your word is ever truth; now, lady, trust yourself and your boy with those for whom I can answer; to-morrow we will take further measures to put you beyond the hazard of any alarm."

Carefully and kindly they led their guest to the small sleeping apartment which they had arranged for her. Theresa prepared

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some posset, and had soon the satisfaction of leaving mother and child to their repose.

The party was once more assembled round the hearth. "Thumelda," said Krantz, "you have promised, and I can rely upon your discretion, but Konrad's desertion of you this day, has given me no favourable opinion of his; ruin may overtake us all, by one light word; now to bed, my child, tomorrow at sunrise, I shall tax your obedience, be ready for a journey; as we go on our way, I will explain its object, God bless you."

Thumelda kissed her parents, received their nightly blessing, and having made the necessary arrangements for the early journey of the morning, soon forgot her transient disturbances in sleep. Not so with those who remained. "Theresa," said the miller, "we must be alert, there is much to be cared for, but first I will arouse our faithful Schultz, and take him into our

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councils; we can and must rely upon his assistance, there is more in this matter than I can watch and ward myself, and all must be secure before the morning breaks, busy yourself awhile in assorting these wet garments, and I will return with him." His wife nodded assent, and supplying him with a light, proceeded to arrange all things after the unusual interruption of their ordinarily calm evenings, while Krantz cautiously mounted a back stair which led to Schultz's chamber over the offices. Her work was barely completed when her husband returned, accompanied by the old man, who entered wondering, and seated himself on the settle, evidently feeling that chill which the being suddenly aroused from sleep occasions. He was a man sometime past his prime, but his was the vigorous old age of temperance and of a healthy conscience, and although he had not passed through life unscathed by sorrow, he had meekly bowed

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to the will of God. There was an anxious and careful cast over his countenance, which did not express cunning, but the sharpness of good intellect and acute feeling;—the latter subdued by the necessity of self control.

"Come, dame," said Krantz, "as I have thus untimely awakened our good Schultz from his slumbers, we must brace him for his labours, with a mulled cup from yonder flask, and some spiced toast; we will talk of business while he does justice to your brewing."

Schultz had formerly held the situation of butler at the castle, but upon the accession of the new dynasty was not unwilling to accept the dismissal which was dispensed to all its old retainers; since which time he had found a happy asylum with his good friend the miller, whom he had nursed in childhood, proffering such small services about the mill as his age could compass, and as were required, or suited his

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pleasure. The sudden call at this late hour had puzzled and alarmed him; these apprehensions were by no means diminished when Krantz detailed the events of the day and evening, he exclaimed, while emptying the wine cup, "Bless us, is it possible? but who can the lady be?" When the miller concluded by mentioning the evidence of the cross, the old man bowed forward his head upon his hands, and the fast tears trickled plentifully through his lean fingers; sobs forced themselves from his breast, and long passed scenes and fondly cherished recollections were recalled to memory and rushed through his thoughts in painful review. The living pictures of those no more, stood in gay array as he had known them in younger, and in happier times, in all the panoply of health and beauty, of hope and innocent mirth; and where are they now? and what remains of these by-gone scenes? Nothing. He was passing

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to the grave without a ray of hope for their renewal

The miller left him for a time to his emotions, then gently laying his hand on his shoulder, said, " Come, Schultz, another cup, and then we must to work without delay, or gray morn will surprise us ere we note its coming."

The old man took the draught offered,—he needed it, for in those brief moments of indulged retrospection, he had lived his life again. He arose, and resolutely casting away his renewed sorrow, said; " I am ready to do your bidding, and Heaven grant us success."

" It is clear," said Krantz, " that the stranger's residence here must remain unknown. To send her hence in safety and unseen, would be more than difficult; as you know spies, ever the agents of suspicion, are not wanting hereabouts, and this most unfortunate encounter of the Baron with

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Thumelda will bring them more frequently on the heath. Thanks to the mist and the storm, rude as it is, her coming may have escaped observation; not so will her departure; she must remain here."

"Remain here," exclaimed Schultz, "that will ensure detection. How can a woman and a child be harboured on these premises, so that none about the mill shall see them, and gossip the news in the village?"

"More easily, my old friend, than you imagine, and here it is that you must assist me." Thus saying, he took up the lamp, carefully shading it with his hand, so that no rays might pass through the chinks of the door or shutters, and proceeding to the further end of the kitchen, he removed a few dishes from some shelves above a dresser which ran along that side of the room, and touching a spring, some portion of it folded back, and discovered behind a low door.

"Now, Theresa, do you remain behind;

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place your light out of view of the window, in the chimney corner, and await our return. If you hear aught moving, reclose the door, and let no one in, although none are likely to visit us at this hour."

He then proceeded, followed by Schultz. A few steps brought them into a passage, three or four more upwards into an apartment of tolerable dimensions, but somewhat encumbered by various old tackle and ropes pertaining to the mill, now out of use.

"Here," said Krantz, "I propose to conceal my guest, the door which you see on the opposite side, leads into a similar passage, and a few stairs conduct to a trap door which opens into the mill. It has been out of use, and is hidden by lumber. This retreat is known only to Theresa and myself; our present business is to stow away this tackle in one corner, where there is ample space, and make it as comfortable a habitation for the present, as time permits. I dare not

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remove this rubbish into the mill, lest I should excite suspicion. Now to work." Anon they busied themselves with good will.

"But surely," said Schultz, "you do not intend they should sleep on the boards?"

"Wait awhile," said Krantz, "Theresa will manage that. Catharine is never employed upstairs, or much in the house, and we can easily bring hither such things as are requisite for their comfort. Wait you here, finish what remains to be done,—I will be back immediately."

The miller quickly returned with all appliances for disturbing the congregated dust and cobwebs, and having completed his operations to his satisfaction, he took his lamp and apparatus, followed by his companion. "Now, Theresa, we need your help, we must furnish our lodging." Beds, tables and stools were speedily transferred to the chamber, and the whole made as

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comfortable as the short time allowed. Still Schultz pondered and looked distressed.

"After all," he said, "it is a dungeon, shut out from the light of day, and the sweet breath of the hill."

"Not quite so bad," replied Krantz; he slid aside a small panel and added: "This is little enough, I confess, to admit these blessings, but carefully used, a small portion may be enjoyed, and when such is the case we must guard against curious and prying eyes. Now Theresa must complete her work; two more journeys and all will be ready. I must hereafter see to the upper trap, and secure an egress that way without endangering discovery."

The trio were again in consultation; it was agreed that Krantz should depart soon after daybreak in his light waggon to Kemnitz, taking Thumelda with him; purchase such changes of garments as would be abso-

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lutely needful for their guest, and secretly bring back Thumelda to share their confinement.

"Now, Theresa, it lacks but an hour of dawn; you must arouse the lady, explain to her the necessity of speedy removal, while I awake Thumelda, for Catherine will soon be astir."

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CHAPTER II.

Ere the gray morn had fully dawned, the miller's guest was safe in the chamber, having partaken of a light repast, the sleeping boy removed, and Thumelda seated by her father in a waggon drawn by two stout nags, on their way to Kemnitz.

Krantz kept his word, and explained to Thumelda his plans and wishes.

After they had arrived, having cared for the horses, and partaken of refreshment at the house of a near relation of Krantz's, they set

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forth to make their various purchases. Having completed these, they proceeded to the post house, whence the only diligence, then in use, a covered waggon, departed; Krantz caused Thumelda's name to be entered at the post house, then made a sudden turn when they reached the market place, and deposited her for a while with his relation.

"Do not stir hence, Thumelda, for I doubt there is one from the castle who from some motive hath dodged us."

On returning he encountered the same man, who was lounging at the door of a wine shop; he was willing to pass on hastily, but the other had no such intention.

"Ha! if I mistake not, you are Krantz the miller, whither so fast?"

"On business, my lad, though 'tis no matter of yours to put questions to passengers."

"The keen air of the morning has not smoothed your temper, Master miller, I

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could well bestow a cup of mine host's Rhenish here to brighten your humour, and pledge a health to the fair Thumelda, and a safe journey home."

"I need no such spur to sharpen my wits, my friend, nor do I wish my daughter's name to be mixed in drunkard cups by libertine lips."

"Ah! ah!" said the fellow, "there goes an unsocial dog, who perches himself on his mill like a scare-crow on the top of a cherry tree with a clapper in his hand, to frighten gay birds from the tempting fruit, but I doubt there are some who will bring him from his altitude, and taste his fruit spite of his clatter."

The miller's quick ears caught the speaker's words as he passed on; he lost no time in seeking Thumelda, arranged his packages, and placing her under sundry sheaves of corn, made the best of his way homewards.

As towards evening he wound slowly up the hill, he perceived more than one

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figure moving before his house. To wait or retreat was impossible, as they no doubt had already discerned his approach; there was no resource therefore, but to put the best face upon it, and continue his pace. He whispered to Thumelda to remain quiet until she was released; and driving leisurely into the yard, he backed his waggon near the steps of the mill, and calling to Carl to take charge of the cattle, proceeded round to the front of the house.

The first object which saluted his sight, was the tall figure of the Baron, clad in a hunting suit of green, in conversation with Theresa; a glance, quickly exchanged with his wife, assured him that all within was safe, but caution necessary. Krantz respectfully removed his cap, and said sharply to Theresa; "How is it that you suffer the Baron to stand on the threshold of our door?"

"I crave his Lordship's pardon," replied Theresa, "but unused to such an honour my

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good manners have not kept pace with my wish to acknowledge the distinction."

The Baron willingly accepted the apology and as his object was to insinuate, replied, "I, faith, my good friend Krantz, you give not much encouragement, as I hear, to your neighbours to seek your hospitality, for if report be true, you rarely pay your duty at the castle, or pledge its Lord's health there in wassail bowl."

"In truth my lord, to this I plead guilty; I can rarely be spared from the mill, except on some such errand as to day, which combined business with the fulfilment of a promise, and to bring grist from the market, for my merry-go-round."

"Methinks your duty might have balanced your promise, and drawn you with others to greet our return; but no more of this; I am somewhat warm and weary with the chase, and shall trench on your dairy, or your cellar, for a bowl of milk, or a cup of wine.

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Here, Ludwig send the rest of your fellows home, and the dogs to their kennels; doubtless no man is more able than our miller to fill the manger for our steeds; in the meantime I shall crave our Dame Theresa's hospitality to give a hungry man some refreshment, and her fair daughter shall be the Hebe to give zest to a glass of Rhenish."

"Such as our larder can furnish is at my Lord's service; and Krantz no doubt will seek a flask of that rare old wine, the present of our late Lord, when he hailed the birth of his daughter."

For a moment a thunder cloud passed over the Baron's dark brow, but quickly assuming a bland smile, he said:

"Be it so, Dame, but do not forget that your daughter must be the cupbearer, and impart that flavour which may have somewhat evaporated by age."

"I trust, Baron," replied Krantz, "you

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may find it as palatable, as if Thumelda were here to offer her dutiful service."

"Why, how his this," cried the Baron; "you suffer your gay bird to wanton where she lists with unclipped wings? I was told that you were more chary of the maiden."

Krantz bit his lips, and his brawny arm was tremulous with anger at the speech of the bold Baron; his ruddy face crimsoned deeply; but as calmly as he could, he replied: "My gay bird, as you are pleased to term her Baron, is no wanton of gaudy plumage; nor does she need that her feathers should be spoiled or trimmed, to keep her within the dove cot, when hawks hover nigh; she is more likely to wing her flight homewards, for escape from such a danger; she is not here; ere this she is many a long league from hence, nor likely to return awhile;" and immediately added—"Now Theresa, my old Rhenish must make its apology for the scantiness of your larder, which truth to

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say, presents no semblance of a holiday feast; and I trust its flavour will convince the Baron that it has lost none of its spirit in the keeping, for so honoured an occasion."

Krantz went in quest of the wine, casting a sly glance of caution to Theresa, who attended her unwelcome guest with an assumed air of simplicity.

"So I suppose," carelessly observed the Baron, "you feared the gay gallants down yonder, Dame Theresa, and thought some leagues might as well be put between gallantry and beauty."

"My Lord, we could not apprehend danger to Thumelda from the great folks at the castle. Krantz has long promised that she should visit her aunt, and he ever keeps his word."

"Humph," muttered the Baron.

At this moment Schultz hastily rushed in, and whispered to Theresa.

A smile of incredulity curled the Baron's

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lip, but Theresa said aloud; "Schultz you must tell Krantz; but here he comes. Krantz give me the flask; there is something wrong at the mill, and Schultz waits your orders to set matters right."

"Confound their stupid heads," said Krantz; "thus it ever is; one would think the wind would not blow, if I were not there to whistle for it; excuse me Baron." He then dashed out of the kitchen, well aware that Schultz would not have volunteered into the Baron's presence upon a bootless errand: but what was his consternation when he saw one of his men and the Count's attendant mounted on the waggon, and busily employed in handing the sheaves into the mill. "Oh oh! there," he cried in haste, "who bade you sirrah to do work and seek assistance without an order?"

"So I told them," said Schultz, "but they called me an old fool for my pains."

The men descended from the waggon.

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"Why master," said Carl, "I thought you would like the corn housed afore night, and there is small daylight to spare."

"Peace, sirrah, know you not that the loft is nearly full, and that I never mix my neighbour's corn; what if it be damaged? It is not you will pay the cost: go and see that Ludwig hath provender for his master's cattle, and when it needs, we shall soon make light of handing a few sheaves into the granary. Schultz, be it your care to give Ludwig to drink success to the mill." Schultz understood, and kept the officious, but in this instance, well meaning Ludwig fully employed over the foaming tankard.

Poor Thumelda during this time, had been in no enviable position; she had heard the altercation between Schultz and the men; each moment she dreaded a discovery, and its results to her father; however, obedient to his injunctions, she had remained per-

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fectly still. Her position was by no means conducive to personal comfort; she was cramped from the long confinement; and although her father in loading the waggon, had contrived to leave a space around her, the high pile of straw rendered her abode most uncomfortably warm, and almost suffocating.

Ere the miller's return, the Baron, still doubting, had expressed a desire to inspect the house and mill. Here was another dilemma, and Krantz was at his wits' end to rid himself of his guest; however having pressed the Baron with all the cordiality he could assume to honour again his prized wine, he handed him the cup.

"Your wine, my friend, is not so mortal as I thought: it has retained its strength in its old age"—and rising, he unceremoniously threw open the door of the small parlour; but there was no evidence of recent female occupation. Some things had evidently been

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cast aside in haste, which gave further confirmation to the miller's assertion that Thumelda was absent.

The Baron's curiosity for an inspection of the mill was fast evaporating, when a horseman was seen crossing the heath, who quickly drew rein at the door. This was the man, Krantz had encountered in the town. He dismounted, and doffing his cap, handed some sealed packets to his master. The miller moved to a short distance, when the man whispered to the Baron: "my Lord, the fox on the hill-side has been too sharp for us: our bird has flown."

"How know you this, sirrah?"

"Why, while waiting till the arrival of your lordship's messenger early this morning, I saw them arrive. I dodged them awhile, but in the market place which was unusually crowded, lost sight of them. I saw him afterwards leave the town alone."

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"Think you he left her there?"

"No, my lord, for when I went to the post-house, to seek that larger packet, I found her name inserted in the book for travellers; the waggon was gone."

"Enough," said the Baron.

He hastily scanned his letters, and whatever might be the news they contained, it did not seem to afford him much satisfaction. Giving the man orders to arouse Ludwig from his potations, and bring round the horses, he called to the miller "Krantz, I must defer my visit to your mill; I have news which demands my immediate presence at the castle; hurry that knave; your beer seems stronger than his sense of duty."

We may imagine that Krantz did not loiter, but lent a willing hand to girth and buckle, and in two minutes he had the satisfaction of holding the stirrup for the Baron to mount. He remained, however, on the spot

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till they disappeared at the bottom of the hill. Old Schultz now joined him.

"Well, what now, Schultz?"

"Why this, master: you will not have much help from that stupid fellow Carl, he is now well nigh drunk."

"So much the better," said Krantz, let him finish the tankard and put a night-cap on his senses, we will trust to a heavy sleep to bring back the stray donkies; let me know when his head reels faster than the mill sails in a gale. Call in Gantz from the mill, and bid him drink to the Baron's health, and I will see to release my hidden treasure."

Krantz advanced to the waggon, whistled cheerily, and pretending to examine the contents whispered, "all's well."

Schultz now appeared with Gantz.

"Gantz," said Krantz, "you are a steady lad, go with Schultz who will give you wherewithal to lighten your work, for I must demand a later labour than usual from

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you in unloading the waggon; but tarry not to drown your senses in the tankard. Schultz, tell Theresa I need a cup of wine, and that she must employ Catharine for a few minutes in the house."

Having thus secured himself from observation, the miller lost no time in removing some of the load to the forepart of the waggon, so as to form a screen; then releasing Thumelda, handed her up the ladder, let her down by the trap from which Schultz had removed its heavier incumbrances, and replaced the corn in its original state. This done a loudly whistled tune told that all was right. The corn was deposited in one of the granaries, the packages handed into the house, and the miller breathed more freely than he had done that day.

"I have had an anxious and a hard day's work, Theresa. How fares the lady?"

"As far as I know," replied she, "well and comfortable, and I doubt not will find

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a companion welcome, more especially such a one as our Thumelda. Hang that Baron's prying eyes, they were every where, but thank Heaven he is on a wrong scent, he little thinks his lost game roosts so near."

Krantz, while he took a hasty meal, then related the adventures of the day.

"Well, Schultz, I think this night we may take needful rest; I would fain give our prisoners some fresh air and exercise, but this I dare not do as yet, and we shall find occupation for them in the various purchases we have brought with us. Here are toys for the little one; we must contrive now to visit them, or the boy will go supperless to bed."

Theresa quickly stored the basket, with a bottle of warm milk, and more than was required, in case accident might delay the morning's supply. Catherine was dismissed for the night; the various packages were

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quickly handed to Theresa, and the entrance closed, until she should give the signal for her return.

She found the small group seated round the table; tears filled her eyes as she gazed on the beautiful and elegant stranger, and the lovely boy who was sporting on Thumelda's knee. Her guest arose, and advancing to her said—"How, my good Theresa, shall I thank you?" and leaning on the dame's shoulder, her tears fell fast. Theresa wisely remained silent until this natural burst had passed, then, gently leading her back to a seat, brought in the various packages.

"Thumelda can best produce her stores in due order," observed she, "for I conclude she has not been silent on to day's adventures, but I mistake, if she has not provided occupation for herself to while away the hours of confinement."

"And for me she is thus imprisoned," responded the lady.

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"By no means," rejoined Theresa.

Now, in truth, Thumelda in her maidenly modestly, had touched lightly on the scene at the village, but Theresa soon convinced the fair prisoner that Thumelda's temporary confinement was most prudent for all parties.

The lady protested her competency to assist Thumelda in the various arrangements which would be necessary for an addition to the wardrobe of mother and child, and while thus occupied, noting down what would further be required, and preparing to spread their light supper, and other similar matters, we will leave them.

"Schultz," observed Krantz, "I promised Thumelda that I would see that witless fellow Konrad to day; this I have not been able to do, but you must seek him early, and bid him to the mill, at the hour of our noon meal; love hath addled the brain of this youth and——"

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At this moment a tap at the door arrested the eloquent miller, who arose and touched a wire, which, communicating with a small bell, gave Theresa notice not to return until the signal was repeated. He then hastened to undo the latch.

"Oh ho! my good sir," exclaimed Krantz, addressing a youth who stood rather irresolutely in the door way, "methinks you have chosen the owl's dawn for your visit; what brings you at an hour when drowsy people are forestalling their dreams?"

Konrad, little assured by this welcome, made a step in retreat, for by this time he had advanced into the middle of the room; shame, love, and anger were confusedly mixed and harassing his thoughts, and he replied doggedly; "my welcome, master Krantz, is rather such as that bird of night gives; it savours more of a hoot than a friendly hail; but I have heard strange tidings in the village, and I am come to know

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how far I may credit the reports, and learn the truth from you."

"Humph," said Krantz with a sly smile, "what news, my brave bird, do you bring from the church steeple?"

"This," replied Konrad, "that you have sent Thumelda away, no one knows whither."——

"Sure enough," said Krantz, "nor will they, for reasons of my own; but what of this Konrad? have you climbed the hill to reach this knowledge?"

Konrad affronted at Krantz's sneering look and manner, boldly answered—

"I am come, master Krantz to say, that I think myself hardly used, that Thumelda should be spirited away; and that I should hear the tale from one of the half drunken brawlers of the castle whom I chanced to meet, and who had been making acquaintance with your ale tankard."

"Good my lad; did you expect that I was to despatch a carrier pigeon with a bur-

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thened wing, to tell you that Thumelda's parents, for good reasons of their own, willed that she should leave, for a time, a neighbourhood no longer safe for her?"

"I should have expected," retorted Konrad, "that chance would not have given me possession of the knowledge of her absence, because I am her betrothed, because, whatever your reasons, I might have been trusted, because———"

"Tut man," interrupted Krantz, "upon my life a most trustworthy champion, a most watchful shepherd, who leaves his young lamb as soon as he sees the wolf prepared to invade the fold. Mark you, young man," and the miller abandoning his sarcastic manner, pressed Konrad's arm nervously, and looking full in his face, said sorrowfully and seriously; "you have betrayed your trust; that trust reposed confidently in you by Thumelda's parents, who were weak enough, as it has proved, to

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confide the darling of their hearts to your care to join yesterday's revels in the village. What did you but abandon the maiden to the libertine pursuit of a man, whom the world deems not over scrupulous when beauty meets his gaze? In a petulant fit of jealousy for which she gave you no cause, you left the side of her whom you had passed your word to guard. With decent discretion she left the scene of danger, where she felt she had no protector; thanks be to that discretion which has possibly saved *her* whom you deserted. Such conduct merits neither Thumelda's continued love as its reward, nor her parent's trust as the safe guardian of her purity."

"Oh! master Krantz," replied Konrad, "why did Thumelda consent to listen, and join the dance as she did?"

"And who, impetuous youth, was to gainsay that haughty Baron, who holds all on his lands as vassals to his will? a simple

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maiden? She did what modest maiden could do, but she had no gallant youth to back her repugnance, or lead her from the scene of danger. Thumelda's hand must be bestowed on one who can command his passions, and protect her in the hour of danger."

"Oh Heaven!" cried the unhappy youth, "do you mean to say that you have sent her from home to sever the bond of union between us, and that she has consented to such a separation?"

"I do mean this," replied the miller firmly; "and she has consented willingly to our wishes to be parted from you, and saved from him; and you must act differently, and mould your mind to some self-command, ere yonder village bells shall peel for your marriage rites with child of mine."

Konrad flung himself in despair on a seat, and crossing his hands on its back, hid his face in anguish. For a time he remained motionless, then looking up with

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grief in every feature, and placing his hand in the miller's, exclaimed: "Master Krantz, I have been wrong, very wrong, and humbly crave your pardon and that of my beloved one. I now see all the consequences of my mad jealousy. It was base, most base, that I should suffer any circumstance to cause a betrayal of my trust."

He arose,—and with a voice almost choked by sorrow, said: "Master Krantz, let not Thumelda hate and despise me; I will yet prove myself worthy of her love and forgiveness, and of your friendship;" and snatching his bonnet from the floor, he rushed from the house.

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CHAPTER III.

THE morning was young and fresh; the lark was giving out his sweet song in the blue sky above. A delicious perfume was exhaled from the blooming heath, wild thyme, and yellow furze, while the mill lazily made its turns, catching the gentle breeze in its ponderous sails, which flung their alternate shadows on the short, thick, dewy grass.

The miller was watching their heavy rounds, and stood leaning against the porch

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of his cottage, with folded arms. He was calm, but his countenance was not free from anxious thought; so absorbed was he, that until another shadow lay before his feet, he was unconscious that any one approached; he looked up, and old Hilda's querulous voice saluted him with a "Good day, Master Krantz."

"How now, dame, you and yon warbler," pointing to the twittering bird above him, "seem to have kept company up the hill; but welcome!"

"Ah marry," returned she, "my old legs do feel that even ground suits them best; but I have a good help here," holding up a strong crutch to the miller's view. "It supports me, and does not complain of an old woman's company; always ready at hand, and never wearies or wears out as we do, Master Krantz."

"Ah ah," replied Krantz smiling, "no doubt a steady, sturdy friend, but not much

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of a companion for conversation; eh! Dame?"

"Alas! master, I need not to talk nor listen; I have enough to think about;—and sorry thought it be. Who cares for what an old woman, and a poor one, has to say, or to trouble her?"

This was said so mournfully, that Krantz, whose heart was tender, who knew how hard poor Hilda's fate had been, for she had seen more prosperous days, and had outlived all she cared for, and was indeed alone, poor and old, kindly said, "I do, Hilda, and so do my wife and daughter."

"Ah! God bless them," said the old woman; "often have they kept starvation from my door; and I will say, master, you have been a kind friend to me."

Now this was the truth; and Hilda was sincere in her gratitude to those, who had often soothed and relieved her; yet the tone in which she spoke, convinced the miller she had some boon or assistance to crave, and that such was her object in her early visit

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to the mill. Though a good creature, she was not devoid of cunning,—the weapon of ignorance and a feeble understanding,—used by the young to fill the void of sense, and by the aged, to cover decayed intellect.

"Come, Hilda, rest awhile in the porch, and I will seek Theresa; for you shall not go down the hill as you have come up—fasting."—Hilda's eyes brightened, and she composed herself on the bench, leaning her hands across her crutch; rejoiced to find the miller for a few moments, previous to his breakfast, at leisure, and in so kind a humour: truth to say, he was rarely otherwise. Hilda looked down on the village, and whether languor from fatigue, or that the blooming morning and the peaceful scene below, were contrasted in her mind with all the sorrows she had known and witnessed, in that now tranquil spot, or her own deca in helpless poverty unnerved her, the tears silently stole down her furrowed cheeks.

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"Come, Dame," said Krantz, as returning he offered his arm to assist her, "the morning meal is ready, and will be none the less welcome to us for your company."

"Thanks, thanks, master Krantz;" and indeed she was truly grateful for the exchange of the dry crust and water, which her own scanty means would have given her, for the fresh though homely loaf, sweet butter, and new milk. "And so, master, thy Thumelda is away, and poor Konrad well nigh broken-hearted. Poor youth!"

"Dame," replied the miller, "we will not touch on that; Konrad has earned his punishment."

"Ah! well I have not seen him, and I am glad of it; for," she added in a low and sad tone, "what good could I do him?"

The breakfast was finished.

"Well, Schultz," said Krantz rising, "it is time we were on the move; it is rent day at the Castle, and I am willing to be the first to offer the tribute by which I hold the

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mill, as well as the first to return.—Come, Dame, as you have had a long toil this morning, you shall take my place in the cart." The old woman looked uneasy. "Why master," she said, "I will wait awhile with your wife. What have I to return to, but an empty cottage, and the boards for my bed; if even a roof be granted, to shelter my poor old head?"

"How is this?" said Krantz.

"Alas!" replied she, "I cannot pay even my small rent, and they say they will take all,—that I may beg or borrow;—that rent or service they will have."

"And why, Dame, did you not say this before?"

"Shame! Master Krantz, shame! to beg of you, who were so kind to me in the winter, when I could neither knit nor spin to earn a few groschens."

"Yet," said the miller, "you must have come with some such intention."

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"Perhaps I did, master, but I knew not how to speak it."

"Well, well," said Krantz, "we must contrive to save you from this." So saying, he gave the old woman the small sum due for the rent of her cottage, with a trifle beyond, and seeing Schultz with the cart and its load at the door, carefully placed old Hilda in it with a loaf by her side, and pursued his way to the Castle, making Hilda promise to keep secret that he had aided her. He put her down at a short distance from the Castle gates, which he entered in order to perform a most unwilling duty. Having delivered his flour, he was directed to the hall to receive his acquittance. Here were some few of the vassals and retainers assembled.

In the centre was a long oaken table, surmounted by substantial fare,—huge pies, solid joints, boars' heads, flagons of wine with foaming tankards.

The miller was not tempted to forego his

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resolution never to partake of viand, or raise a cup to his lips in the Castle; and having received the acknowledgment that he had delivered his tribute, he was quitting the Castle yard, when the Baron issued from a side portal; his brow was more than usually dark, as he turned to the miller, and said sneeringly: "there goes an honest man, who holds some of our broad lands, and brings a bag of dust to blind us to his gains."

Krantz's natural temper was impetuous, but he was wise, and knew too well how much depended on his forbearance. Respectfully he removed his cap and said calmly: "Sir Baron, your forefathers willed it so, and granted to mine an indulgence for service which they believed claimed some reward. Industry and labour have redeemed the small grant from a barren waste, and rebuilt the mill, the tribute from which I have, in remembrance of such a boon, gratefully offered anon."

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"Tribute enough, Master Krantz, to make cakes for the maidens' breakfasts to-morrow, if perchance the keen air of the morning doth not provide them with sharp appetites."

The Baron then haughtily moved on.

"Why, old sack," quoth the insolent Hartorff, who had followed in the Baron's wake, as Krantz was retreating, "the noble Baron is willing to make a butt of you, but I doubt if such a one were broached, we should find more skim milk than wine, more chaff than either."

"If my stout arm, Lieutenant, be provoked to disgorge from thy nose some of the ruby tints acquired in its constant contact with the wine cup, I marvel not but it will improve the beauty of thy face."

As Hartorff's nasal organ bore strong evidence of his attachment to the flagon, and as he was a quarrelsome chap, who did not hesitate to do his master's bidding, however foul the deed, the bystanders laughed approval at the retort.

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"Go to, old sack, and mix some of your hot blood with your chaff for your supper; we lack not such coarse fare here."

"Hold thy peace, drunkard, or although I am little disposed to it, I must match my blows to your bandy legs; faith, Master Hartorff, these good fellows might mistake, that they were given in compliment to them," responded the miller, looking down upon Hartorff's misshapen supports with contempt.

Another laugh, and the discomfiture of the brawler gave the miller the opportunity of passing the gates without further annoyance.

"Ah!" he sighed as he slowly wound his way up the hill, in his course homeward, "how distasteful to me are now those Castle walls,—the once happy scene of my boyhood,—within whose precincts every domestic joy was centered, within whose portals dwelt all that was pure, all that was noble, true and good; where the aged were suc-

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coured, the young encouraged, the erring reclaimed, reproved, but not condemned, valour and worth requited, and virtue rewarded. Alas! that all should pass away, and its halls which once rang with the songs of innocent mirth, should now echo the strains of coarse revelry, and the boastings of dark deeds, which honest men quail to hear of. How mournfully do those banners, the ensigns of birth, and the trophies of gallantry wave their shadows over the riot of their dissolute inmates. My masters, friends, companions, and playmates, where are ye? Swept away as if Heaven, in its mercy, would not leave one honest heart to break over the desecration of its harbour and its home. Castle walls! I still venerate ye for the inmates ye once held, and grieve that thus ye are desolated. Within your towers my infancy was reared, my youth instructed by the generosity of thy noble-hearted owner, who did not disdain that the soldier's son should share with

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his own his graver studies and his leisure hours, and in his generous gratitude, would not believe, that ignorance was needful to make a humble and a poor man an honest or industrious one: gratitude, my honoured patrons shall never cease to your memory, while the poor miller's heart beats with one feeble pulse of life."

Krantz's sad retrospections were interrupted by the appearance of Ludwig descending the hill.

"Well, master Krantz, hast been returning thy compliments to the tankard at the Castle? Either thy head is stronger than mine, the Baron's ale weaker, or the hum of thy mill set mine a spinning, for to my fancy the trees took a liking to the tune, and danced me fairly off my legs."

"None of these, my friend, but I never trust my head with more than my legs can help it to carry."

"Oh! but with us soldiers," said Ludwig

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drawing himself up, with an air of superiority, "war and wine are twin brothers. You do not want such grist to set your top on the heath a twirling."

"I was a soldier once," said Krantz with a sigh, "but never found that wine braced my arm, or relieved my fatigue."

Ludwig looked at the miller with surprise and more respect.

"Why hang it," said he, "I thought there was something of the gentleman about you."

Krantz smiled, and with a "good day" and a nod left Ludwig to reconcile his former trade of war, his habits of sobriety, and his present occupation as best he could.

Theresa's cheerful face and affectionate smile awaited him, and while they were eating their mid-day meal, she told her husband that Ludwig on some pretence had been loitering about the mill,—whether for idleness, or to spy, she could not say,—but

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although civil to him, she had given him no encouragement to repeat the visit; notwithstanding he had hinted that the day was hot, the hill long, and the ale not unworthy a soldier's notice, she did not offer him more than a horn of beer.

"Thou hast acted with thine accustomed prudence, Theresa; I fear me I have conducted myself less wisely." He then detailed to her the events of the morning during his short absence.

Some days passed on, and all things went forward as usual. The stranger and Thumelda lightened the hours by occupation. The gay temper and lively sallies of the latter, drew sometimes a smile from her companion. Each day added some little comfort to their abode, but they impatiently longed to enjoy the fresh air, which could be but scantily admitted, and only at night, through the small concealed aperture, which Krantz had more effectually hidden by twining some

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ivy on that side of the house. The child too lost its rosy hue and plump cheeks, and the mothers' fears for its health, robbed her of repose; but she uttered no complaint, well assured of the devotion of those to whom she had intrusted their safety.

Gantz had gathered at the village, and had accidently let fall to Schultz, that the Castle was likely for a time to lose its gay revellers, when they might with due caution at night be released for a time. The miller was also anxious to make another journey to the town, in order to procure further requisites, but feared to leave his precious charge. Schultz would be a faithful substitute or messenger, but his age could not supply activity in case of need. Patience, therefore, for a time was a necessity which none of the party denied. Krantz had seen nothing of Konrad; he was with his parents at the pastor's house he knew, but the youth had made no effort to seek those whom he had offended, and Krantz

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gave him credit for the feeling that anger against himself, and mortification at his own folly had kept him away, and not resentment towards those who had shewn him unvaried kindness, and had been willing to trust their child's happiness to his keeping.

The sun was just glancing its farewell light on the distant hills, and Krantz was watching its last rays ere it finally sank behind the blue barriers which bounded the prospect, when Konrad's light figure appeared at some distance crossing the heath. In a few minutes he was by his side. The anxious expression of his countenance told that his mind had been ill at ease. Krantz, who loved the youth, kindly held out his hand, which the other warmly took and said: "Master Krantz, I have that to tell which may create surprise to you and my good mother Theresa; and perhaps may draw further condemnation from your lips; but when I tell you, that I have the approval of

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my parents for my course of action, I am sure you will pause, ere you condemn the step which I have taken." Krantz nodded for him to proceed. "Accident," continued Konrad, "led me some days since to join the Baron in the chase; I was, perhaps, the most successful in tracking and hunting down the game; he warmly praised my wood craft, and so entreated me to return with him to the Castle, that neither in courtesy, nor without making an enemy who is implacable under any affront, could I refuse; however reluctantly, I was compelled to comply. He was condescending, nay, even as gracious as a haughty man can be, but I left the Castle without a wish ever to be again his guest. I kept out of his way, but while absent wandering on the hills was sent for, then sought for, and found. He had not, he observed, been much of late in this part of the country, and added, that I knew better the haunts of the game than his own people, who in truth appear to me to be all

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strangers, and requested my assistance. Hoping this service would not be of long continuance, with less reluctance I complied. Much as I was disgusted with the proceedings I witnessed at his board, I gleaned a knowledge which determined me to accept an offer, that he made me, to accompany him to Magdeburg, whither he is going to join Duke Maurice. Master Krantz, he loves you not; you have thwarted him in his lawless pursuit of my beloved Thumelda. An honest man can find no favour in his eyes; he thinks to practise on my youth and inexperience, and mould me as a companion to his taste; but he little knows the talisman of virtue which I wear in my heart; in my devotion to Thumelda; nor has he taken the trouble to inquire into those principles which since my lips could first lisp a prayer, have been instilled into my mind. His associates are beneath him in birth and education, and even he has hours of lassitude which their ribaldry

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cannot amuse. In gentle blood, I am far beneath him; in manly sports as in courage his equal; more than his equal in mental attainments; in the knowledge of arms, from the peaceful life which I have hitherto led, entirely his inferior. Thus I have drawn the balance; my mad desertion of Thumelda on that fatal morning at the village fête, has left him in ignorance of our attachment, and his people are too little loved, and too much suspected, to be encouraged among our sober neighbours."

"Suffer me, Konrad, to interrupt you; be not too confident in your own strength; such scenes of disorder, no doubt, at first will disgust, but habit will familiarize them, and ultimately you may be drawn into the vortex, when, with less vigour, you nerve yourself to stem the tide; and why encounter this danger, which exposes your young imagination to such temptation, and your virtuous mind to such pollution?"

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"Such thoughts, my kind monitor, believe me, have presented themselves to me. I have doubted my own strength, and have weighted well your arguments, not alone by the aid of my own reason, but with the assistance of my excellent father, and thus I aswer them. Each day I have been more disgusted with scenes uncongenial to my taste, and which to me can never be otherwise; they are utterly discordant with every feeling of my heart, or principle of my mind. By courtly scenes of fascinating dissipation, I feel I might be shaken or seduced, but low ribaldry, coarse jests, and rude manners, I am as proof against as our knights in their coats of mail are invulnerable to untempered weapons. In mind and education, as I have said, I am the Baron's master, and my object is to remain so without his perceiving it. You ask me, why I take this step? First, because I can better guard Thumelda if any unforeseen mischance throws her in his way;

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next, because I may do you service, for his haughty bearing and scowling brow on the rent day were not unnoticed, and there were tongues to repeat the worsting his favorite villain Hartorff got, when taking his master's tone, he backed it by his insulting jests; and lastly, I feel that a peaceful life is not the one to suit my ambition, remaining an inactive burthen upon my parents. He will, at any rate lead me into service, where honour and renown may be found. This,—no unworthy ambition,—if no other motive impels me, will, I hope, save me from any snares which he may place in my path."

"Konrad," said Krantz, "your reasoning is specious, and would be sound, if maturer age ensured your firmness; but you have chosen a rugged and dangerous pass for your onset in life, and every step must be carefully placed, if you would attain the reward you promise yourself. Never for a

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moment relax your vigilant watch over yourself and him; never place your head upon the pillow until your acts and thoughts shall have been as carefully scanned as a miser's hoard; and let the first warning that you are deviating from the line of conduct you have laid down for yourself, sound the alarm; need not a second warning, but fly nor look behind, leave the battle where victory is doubtful; remember this, as you value my regard, the mercy, and the protection of Him on whose power and might you have been taught to rely."

The miller here reverently lifted the cap from his head, while he raised his eyes to that Heaven where thousands of the evidences of the power of their Creator were shining down upon them.

Konrad followed the miller's act of reverence, and replied: "so will I do;—and solemnly, nightly, in weal or woe, not leave one act unchallenged."

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For a few moments both were silent, then Krantz said, "when do you go?"

"To-morrow, my friend; may I not say adieu to your wife?"

Krantz briefly stated Konrad's purpose, telling Theresa he would inform her further by and by, but Konrad's time was short, and his parents could ill spare any portion of his last hours with them.

"Farewell, my kind, my first, my best friends, remember me, and convey to my beloved Thumelda all that the truest, fondest love can dictate." An embrace of Theresa,—a pressure of the miller's hand,—and Konrad again crossed the heath, and bade adieu to his second home.

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CHAPTER IV.

At an early hour of the morning, the Castle was astir; the Baron diligently inspected his small band; all the arms had been previously examined, and made fit for service, helmets, cuirasses, matchlocks, spears, and swords, polished from rust and stain, and further orders issued for the renovation of those not immediately required; ten men only were to be left for this service, and the safe keeping of the Castle, besides a few varlets on the establishment. The courtyard for three days preceding had presented a busy

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scene of preparation, everyone being anxious to secure the accoutrements most suited to his taste or vanity, each vying with the other to present himself at the final muster as a well ordered man at arms. It required some skill and patience to remove the wine stains from their doublets, and cunningly repair unsightly fractures. On the previous evening the muster roll had been called, and after the men had been finally dispatched to their quarters, the Baron sent for Hartorff. This Hartorff, as we have said before, possessed a kindred spirit with his master, who had selected him from a robber-band, to attend him on his marauding expeditions. He was a bold and fearless man, as reckless of bad deeds as of danger; his person was a faithful index to his character; his head was large, and amply supplied with black shaggy hair, which matched his swarthy visage, and tallied with the dark and sinister expres-

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sion of his countenance; unless aroused out of caution by his passions, he rarely lifted his eyes towards the persons whom he addressed, but slyly scanned them askance from under his pent brow; his prominent features bore the marks of vicious dissipation and intemperance, he was high shouldered, his arms long, and his legs slightly bowed. Although above the ordinary stature, from his length of limb, he appeared taller than the truth.

"Hartorff," said the Baron, "by the first streak of morning, we must prepare for our march; I have promised to join the Elector with the least possible delay; and although it ill suits me to move at this time, I am compelled to hasten my departure, and give the aid required; hitherto you have been the companion of my dangers and my toils, but on this occasion, for reasons of my own, it is my wish to leave you here in charge;—at least for a while."

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During this speech the Baron twirled his moustache between his finger and thumb, and looked mysterious. "If need arise hereafter, you can join me, if, as I expect, I should increase the number of my followers, and should require your services as my lieutenant."

Hartorff stood for a few moments in surprise, and then observed doggedly: "Sir Baron, when the leech administers a nauseous potion, he disguises the unpalatable flavour with spices, or gilds the bolus; I trust, if it be your pleasure that I shall sit crosslegged to sun myself on the ramparts, that you will leave a spinning wheel for my leisure hours, that there may be no lack of linen to bind the broken heads and limbs of such of my comrades, as may chance to find their way back; perhaps it would be as well to swell your ranks with striplings and women from the village, and leave such useless lumber as myself to tend the hen-

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roosts, and sweep out the empty stables; perchance you think the warlike Konrad a better guard and fitter counseller than the puny Hartorff."

"Not so fast, Hartorff; I have told you I have my reasons," (again resorting to his moustache to give additional weight to his speech); "I doubt neither the strength of your arm, nor your willingness to use it in my defence, and in leaving you in command over this stronghold, I place you in a situation many of your comrades will envy."

"Ask them," replied Hartorff; "I'll bet a flagon you will not find a volunteer for such a command. Command in truth over ten men who can hardly draw a bowstring that would send an arrow the length of their shadows, with a craven set of menials who have fattened on the savour of their own grease pots and grains."

It was never the Baron's policy to ruffle his turbulent follower; he observed there-

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fore: "It may be allowed that the guard I leave behind are somewhat feeble from recent wounds and sickness, but this is a present ill; a short time, and they will be as fit to bear arms as any I take with me; with respect to the youth Konrad, I require him for other service."

"Ah! ah! I suppose with his fair face and smooth tongue, to decoy unwilling birds; but I doubt he will be more likely to keep the game he snares."

"I called you, Sir, to my presence," retorted the Baron sternly, "not to listen to your jeers,—keep those for your equals,—but to receive my orders and to test your obedience, not your scurrility; go and learn to write, and Konrad shall be left behind."

Hartorff loved to chafe his commander; but it often happened that his domineering did not answer his end; cringing, unless his assistance was immediately needed, was a

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surer card; he was not scrupulous in war, nor as to the manner in which he lined his doublet with gold, and as he loved the dissipation of a camp, he had fully determined to make one of the present expedition.

"It is enough to break a man's spirit," said he, "to be thrust out of his post and left in the rear like a disabled baggage-waggon, and to don his night-cap instead of his helmet; who is to peer into the enemy's camp? who is to find forage where the country has been sacked for miles around? who is to entice recruits, and fit them for the field, if Hartorff is to be stuck on these old Castle walls, like a spread jackdaw nailed to a barn door to frighten away small birds? there are few nobles or knights who would gainsay Johann Hartorff, if he cared to leave a commander whom he has followed in many a hard pass, more than Johann Hartorff wists to tell, or than that commander mayhap would like to be known."

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"True, Hartorff, I do not deny your qualities as a soldier, therefore I put this trust in you."

"It is not a trust to my liking, Baron," he sullenly answered; "amongst sixty, methinks a fit man could be found to air himself behind the battlements, peep at the church steeple through the loop holes, dole out the watch-word, or overlook the scouring of rusty blades."

"But," rejoined the Baron, "you said anon, all were as unwilling as yourself to perform the office of seneschal."

"And so I did, of those who can draw a sword, butit needs not to thin the troop of one able man, to provide for defence where there is no danger. There is that hair-brained Ludwig, who got a fall last night in a wrestling match with that Goliah Schwartz,—after you had inspected the muster, and opened a new light to his understanding against the door post; he will not

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be sound and fit for service till that crack is stopped up; he is as proper a man as any to keep company with bats and owls."

Two motives prompted Hartorff to this proposition,—his desire to be one of the party, and his jealousy of Ludwig, who, although not in his confidence, stood well in the Baron's favour, from his cheerful activity and ready courage.

"And where were you Hartorff," demanded the Baron, "when such idle pastimes were permitted on the eve of our departure?"

"With you, Sir," he quickly replied, "assorting, with the assistance of Hermann, your harness for to morrow,—the last office, it seems, that you mean to require of Johann Hartorff."

"No more parley;" said the Baron; "send the leech to me, although I suppose Ludwig has been attended to."—Hartorff retired chuckling within himself, that he had sped his

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bolt so successfully, for he pretty well knew how the matter would end.

"Here, Sir Leech," he said to the man of drugs and plasters, "the Baron wants your advice to determine whether a man will make a better seneschal for having lost some of his brains; make haste, prithee, most worthy compounder, for his Mightiness is in no mood to tarry, even if it be that you are about to patch up a broken head-piece."

Having delivered his message, he departed.

The person addressed was not by nature loquacious, and returned no answer to the scoffer, whose tongue was never idle, when disagreeable news could be communicated, or an insult could be offered; but quickly attended the Baron's summons, who addressed him: "So, master Leech, Ludwig has been playing the fool, and has got a hurt."

"He has, Sir."

"Is it a bad one?"

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"It is."

"Will he be able to journey with us to-morrow ?"

"He will not."

"How long ere he will be cured ?"

"Can't say, no man can; it is an ugly hurt."

"Will he die ?"

"No."

"Enough," and the man of few words retired.

Hartorff was again summoned, and told to prepare for to-morrow's march; "and remember," added the Baron, "all immediately to their quarters, and you, Hartorff, no drinking to-night." He then waved him to retire.

Before it was light, Konrad left his home, and presented himself for admittance at the Castle gates; he held a small valise in his hand; a few coins in his pocket were all that his parents could spare from their wants.

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His heart was sad; he had entered on his present course of life for the reasons he had given Krantz,—to relieve his parents from his maintenance; and with the hope that fate might favour him to better theirs, and his own condition;—but he felt none of those buoyant aspirations which usually fill the hearts of the young when they take their first step in life to seek, by their own energies, the road to fame and fortune. He had not, he was well aware, one feeling in common with those into whose association he had entered; in heart he felt he should live in greater solitude than he had ever known in his native village; so grave and so sedate was his manner, when he joined the troop now assembling, that Hartorff observed, "the Baron wanted a scribe, but he has got a pharisee into the bargain:—that in giving them such a companion, he intended their march to be a pilgrimage and penance." He determined to impose one on Konrad, or give him

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a chance of keeping Ludwig company, and therefore selected the most unruly steed in the stables for his use; but his object was defeated, for Konrad, having adjusted the stirrups to his satisfaction, and inspected the girths, caressed the animal gently, held the rein loosely, and seated himself in the saddle with as much ease and composure, as if his charger had been accustomed to his management, and knew his master.

The troop, with trumpets sounding and banners waving, filed through the gates, and winding down the steep, crossed the small stone bridge which was thrown over the narrow stream, and were soon lost to view in the winding of the road. As they journeyed on, Hartorff turned to Schwartz, and observed loud enough for Konrad to hear: "'Tis carrying new coin to the Mint to take with us this saint to our holy war; for my part, I would rather have the porterage of his relics at my saddle bow in the

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shape of a skeleton head and cross-bones; however, he will work a miracle if he gives our leader a taste for sanctity; he is as coy as a maiden just shorn after her vows; I doubt if a popgun would not set his wits flying like the sparks out of his horse's hoofs."

"You hit him hard," replied Schwartz; "but it is behind his back, and he cannot see his danger; the youth rides well, you must confess, for I know not one of us who could keep that horse's temper and his own under control at the same time."

"Two bad things, I wot," rejoined the other, "not worth the wear and tear of the bridle that holds them." But we must leave the amiable Hartorff in order to retrace for awhile our way to the Castle.

Ludwig was too sorely hurt to be conscious, for some days, of the departure of the troop; but when he began to recover from the effects of his wounds, he was as miserable

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as the lion mentioned in the fable, who sued the mouse for his liberty, however, there was no use in brooding over his disappointment, and he felt grateful to his laconic doctor, when he gave him leave to quit his quarters. The careful leech imparted to him the orders left by the Baron, and that when sufficiently recovered, he looked to him to be responsible for the safety of his stronghold. Ludwig thought it probable that other duties would be required of him less to his taste, but this he did not think fit to communicate, he reserved to himself the privilege (as he was too ill, at the time his master left him, actually to receive his instructions) of shaping his conduct as he might feel inclined. As soon as he was well enough to walk with the assistance of a stick, he wandered down to the village. The day was sultry, and the wound became painful; he had loitered on beyond the outskirts of the village, when faintness compelled him to enter a

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cottage by the way side; this was the abode of old Hilda. Ludwig staggered in, and flung himself on a low stool; he was scarcely able to ask for some water. Hilda had no taste for the company of any of the inmates of the Castle, and she concluded that he must be one of them, as his appearance did not bespeak the dusty garb of a traveller; humanity, however, conquered her prejudice, and as she kindly gave what was required, observed :—

"Master, you seem to have had a bad hurt?"

"I have, Dame," he replied; "I did not wait for the dressing of my wound; the day is hot, and my head seems on fire; I am in great pain."

"You had better let me loosen the bandage," said the old woman; "I have been used to such things, and in my day had no bad character for my skill."

"Anything, good Dame, for I shall never be able to return if I do not get some relief."

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Hilda immediately took some warm water from the iron pot which was suspended over the few embers required for the preparation of her pottage; she carefully undid the bandage, and bathed the wound which had become partially inflamed from the exertion of walking and the heat of the day. She left him for a few seconds, and then returned with some simples which she infused and applied, infinitely to his relief. He felt grateful for the benefit received, as well as for the kind and willing manner of its performance.

"Troth, Dame," he said, "when our leech, yonder, dies from repletion of suppressed words, thou shalt take his place."

"You have had a sad wound, Master, but it has been well and carefully tended, or you could not have travelled thus far so soon."

"Nor have so good an appetite," rejoined he, and he looked around wistfully,

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saying, "As you have found such salutary healing for the head, I wish you would bestow some charity upon the stomach, or verily, I believe I shall play ogre, and devour the little children I may meet on my way homewards."

Hilda made no answer.

"Well, but, good Dame, I have wherewithal to defray the charge of a crust of bread and a horn of beer."

"If I had it, Master, Hilda is not the one to deny it, or sell her welcome, but the lone old woman's fare your dogs would spurn." Thus saying, she placed a small portion of stale black bread, and a can of water on the table. Ludwig looked incredulous, but the general appearance of poverty about the humble cottage, convinced him that Hilda told true, and had offered all she had.

"Dame, I am sorry I asked you, and that my appetite mastered my discretion, but

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get a better meal for the morrow," and taking from his pocket a few kreützers, he threw them on the table.

"No, no," said Hilda, "I am poor, but will not take money for a Christian's duty; put up your coin; though reduced to beggary, I am no beggar; no doubt Krantz will be down from the hill to-morrow, and he never enters Hilda's cottage empty-handed." Here was a spur to Ludwig's curiosity which he could not resist, spite of his hunger.

"Oh! they say yon miller is rich, and can well spare from his abundance."

"They who say so, say not true," replied the dame with energy; "he gives not from a full purse, but from the abundance of a generous heart."

"Oh! he seems a favourite of yours."

"And good cause have I to speak well of him and his, for they do kindly by me, and often pinch themselves, to give to their poorer neighbours."

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"But they say that the mill is his own."

"So it is," she replied; "and well was the gift earned."

"How so, Dame?"

"Ah! it is a long and a sad story, but it is time you were moving, or methinks you will lose a more savoury mess than mine."

"True, Dame; but I shall come again; so good day and many thanks."

Towards the evening of the next day, Ludwig renewed his visit. "He had looked in," he said, "to thank the dame; the leech had been called away, and he should be grateful for her further friendly offices." Hilda did willingly as she was asked. Ludwig inquired if Krantz had been there. He had, and had left her a loaf, which she was willing to share with him as well as the portion of pasty he had also brought for her.

"No; many thanks, Dame; I laid in my forage before I started; but favour me with

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this long story of which you spoke yesterday."

"True," said Hilda, nothing loth to find a listener to her reminiscences. "You must know, then, that years ago, before Krantz was born, his father, then a youth, attended the Baron Rodolf von Reiterstein to the wars. He was a bold and faithful fellow, and on more than one occasion, came between his master and death. The Baron, on his return, gave him his freedom, a tract of land on yonder chart, and the mill, which was then but a poor concern; he married; the Baron built for him the cottage as you now see it. Frederic Krantz, with the savings from his own industry, improved the mill, enclosed and cultivated a bit of his land for garden, and throve as he deserved to do, but could not put by. He had one son spared to him; his master was again obliged to serve in the field, and nothing could gainsay Frederic but he would go

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with him. He did so, and while fighting by his master's side, was badly wounded. The Baron had him carefully tended and brought to the Castle; all was of no avail, he never recovered, but lingered for some months, and before he died, entreated his protector to be kind to his boy, that he might not grow up in ignorance and wickedness. Young Krantz was then about six years old; the widow soon married again, and the Baron, then, took the boy entirely into his own care, and faithfully kept his promise to his follower. He was about a year junior to the young heir, Lewis, who was then but a weakly child. The two boys were companions; as they grew to be lads, the attachment between them increased; if there was a high tree to be climbed for birds' nests, or mistletoe, Krantz was soon at the top; if the pony was restive in crossing a pond, Krantz would swim over with the bridle round his arm; but would rather risk his

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limbs, than try his patience over his book. This vexed the Baron, because of his word given to the dying father. When tired, the young Baron, Lewis, would sit down on a bank, and tell Krantz of many things he had learned from the priest, so that by degrees, he thought how pleasant it must be to know so much, and for this, and to be more with his young master, he tried to learn. When they were well nigh men, the Baron Rodolf took them to the wars, and it was said there were not two braver lads; but they grew tired of this fighting trade, and returned, after three years, to the old halls. The young Lewis brought home with him a beautiful wife, and Krantz soon after married her favourite attendant, Theresa; as his mother and father-in-law had died during his absence, he settled at the mill, but still, every day he was at the Castle, Lewis always making some excuse that he wanted him. So matters went on, the good Baron

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Rodolf died ; a few months after, Lewis lost his first born, a son ; this was a great grief, and the Baroness often looked with envy on Krantz's thriving boy ; in another year she brought a daughter into the world, but lived only three days after its birth ; poor Lewis, never held up his head after this, for he dearly loved his beautiful and good lady ; his only comfort was to talk of his troubles to Krantz, and make him promise, if he should die, to protect his child, and you may be sure the other was ready enough to do this ; a few months, and we all wept for as good and kind a master as ever lived. He was laid in the Castle chapel, and while we were paying our last duties to our beloved lord, the nurse and child disappeared. Krantz was well nigh distraught, and swore he would travel the country round day and night, till he found her ; some say he did, but that, in consequence, she was removed, and although he was absent for

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months, he could never trace her. It was a sore and sorry time at the Castle; then the present Baron put in his claim as male heir, and took possession of all,"

"And who, do you suspect, Dame, took the child away?"

"Whose interest think ye," said Hilda, "was it to do so?"

"A sad story," said Ludwig, "and poor Krantz no doubt was sorry."

"Ah! marry, he was, he has never been the same joyous creature since, he is always thinking, he seldom comes to the village if he can help it, and never to the Castle, but to bring his yearly tribute. The old servants were all dismissed, the younger ones left the place, and the priest was no longer a welcome guest; he quitted the Castle, and has never since been heard of; it is supposed that he returned to his monastery; then some say he was privy to the theft of the child; but I do not believe it, for he was the instructor

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of Louis and Krantz, and although a quiet and reserved man, was much beloved, always in the confidence of the Baron Rodolf and his son, and was with them both at the last awful hour; the Castle after Louis's death, was certainly no place for one of his holy calling. This is my story, master."

"And so there is a chapel in the Castle?"

"In truth there is, where our noble Barons for generations have been buried, but they say, since the day of Louis's funeral, it has never been opened, Alack!—little praying or preaching down yonder, I reckon."

"And did you live in Rodolf's service?"

"In my youth I did,—there,—hard by in a cottage by the garden wall, after I married Schramm the gardener, and a happy home we had." Here old Hilda wiped away a tear; Ludwig still looked inquiringly.

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"No, no, no more, Master." Her lips quivered, and she motioned Ludwig to leave her. He saw that the old woman was pained and troubled, and saying "good day, thanks Dame," quitted her.

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CHAPTER V.

THE departure of the Baron was a great relief to the inmates at the mill. During Ludwig's illness they had been free from interruption; in the still hours of night, they could enjoy without fear of observation the clear atmosphere of the hill, and repose in a more airy apartment. Still Krantz was aware how irksome such a life must be to Clotilda, for so we must name his guest, and how inefficient all their efforts, must be, even deeply interested as they were in her fate, and fortunes, to while

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away the tedious hours, fraught with constant uncertainty, care and anxiety; although she found employment in attendance on her child, and joy in its innocent caresses. Whilst he slept, work with conversation filled up the hours, for those upon whose fidelity she had thrown herself, had been educated far beyond their sphere of life; Krantz had shared advantages known to few in those times, even among the higher ranks; his naturally fine understanding, innate good breeding, and the respect he felt for her, secured her from assumption and intrusion: her gentle manners rendered them if possible more zealous in her service, and more desirous to chase away, by every delicate and devoted attention, the uneasy thoughts which invaded her mind, and the painful reflections of how sorely she was beset by danger.

The night was calm, the genial air hardly perceptible, save from the gentle waving of

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the branches of the weeping birch. The heath was moonlit, and the gray-stone walls of the miller's house were conspicuous in the flood of soft light. Here and there the hollies and firs in the ravines cast their lengthened shadows on the sloping banks above, and gave the idea of depth and intensity to these shallow groves.

"How different," observed Clotilda, "did this heath appear on that tempestuous night when despairingly I sought this friendly shelter."

"It has ever surprised me, lady," replied Krantz, "that so unused to hardship, you were able to find your way through woods and over this wild chart; doubtless that providence, who ever watches over the helpless, guided your steps aright."

"You say truly, Krantz, if I had been inured to greater fatigue, or my venerable guide had been spared to me, I should not have reached your sheltering roof in such a

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forlorn and exhausted condition: I would fain know what has become of that good monk, whom I left in the hut in the dark forest; he gave me the route so carefully laid down for our guidance; but for the possession of such a direction, I never could have found my way over these pathless wastes. When I reached the heath amidst the storm, my slender basket of provisions was exhausted; how often did I sink, spent with exertion, and rise again in the renewed hope of gaining the beacon light, which, gleaming from your cottage windows, greeted my eyes. I was consoled by reflecting, that the violence of the tempest left me alone on the heath to seek my asylum unobserved amidst its terrors."

"Your wish, lady, has been forestalled. I sought the venerable guide of your steps, but could learn no more from the woodman than this, that after some days of suffering he left the forest in a very feeble state; it

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surprised me that he did not pursue his journey hither, to assure himself of your security, till better reasons for his not doing so presented themselves to me; doubtless he argued, so many days had elapsed, that he might be assured you had either reached us in safety, or that your failure had involved you in some danger, of which mischance it would be better to give timely notice, to those who entrusted you to his care; he was a stranger to this part of the country, and had given up to you the only clue to guide his search; enquiry would have been a finger post to your retreat; perhaps," he added, "he took the wiser resolution of returning to Augsburg."

"Your conclusions are ever just, my kind Krantz, what do I not owe to your constant vigilance and forethought?"

"Alas! fair lady, hitherto my endeavours have been but feebly seconded by my success, for believe me I hold my life at little price in your defence."

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"Look ! look !" cried Thumelda in alarm, "surely some object moves in the front of yonder clump of firs."

The miller's attention, also, was now anxiously fixed upon a dark figure advancing into the moonlight. "In ! in !" he exclaimed, starting up and drawing Theresa to his side, in order to cover the retreat of Clotilda and Thumelda; "now follow Theresa, and secure the entrance to the chamber, but return quickly." The figure still came slowly onward, and was but a short distance from them when Theresa returned. A man in holy garb stood opposite to them, the cowl which covered his head, nearly concealed his face, as his sable cloak did his figure. "Peace be to your house," he said, and letting fall his cowl, discovered the person whom Krantz most desired to see. The miller for a moment was overcome,—then moved forward, and pressed warmly the monk's hands.

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"Welcome, most welcome, Father Augustine; how grateful your presence is to us, I have not words to tell."

"And yet, my son, I have no good tidings to communicate; but where is Clotilda? surely from yonder copse, I saw more than two figures moving in front of your cottage."

"Truly you did, good father; the lady Clotilda is here and safe, but I fear I have been rash, even at this late hour, to venture my permission that she should leave her hiding place."

"Not so, good friend; anxiously have I watched, from yonder dell, the deepening shades of night with the gradual disappearance of the lights in the Castle and village. When I deemed that I might approach in safety for you and her, I left my lair, and intense interest aided my sight. This is not the wayfarer's path, but I feared my appearance by daylight might cause idle speculation in your household."

"What news, my good Father?"

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"The guide," he replied, "to whom I entrusted Clotilda and her child, returned to me in sorry plight. No doubt she has communicated the misfortune of his sickness, and that he feared to detain her with him until his recovery, he wisely determined when he could travel, on seeking me at Augsburg, where our convocation was then sitting. The assembly is broken up for a time; Maurice, as you know, invests Magdeburg for the Emperor, but still presses for the release of his father-in-law, the Landgrave of Hesse; I doubt not he has his own game to play as well; he will claim latitude for those of your persuasion; he also fears the Emperor's love of power, and his desire to subjugate the rights of the Electors; all is war and contention; no place is secure from its oppression and manifold evils. Alack a day! that civil discord should thus tear the heart of this unhappy country, and that Christians who declare themselves the followers of Him whose gospel preacheth

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peace and mercy, and whose deeds, while He inhabited this earth for the salvation of mankind, were clothed in charity, should thus, like voracious beasts of prey, live by blood and rapine, and sacrifice thousands of those, over whom destiny hath given them command, to their mad ambition! Fearful will be the reckoning of those who thus lead blindfolded into the pit, the herd delivered by our Great Shepherd into their keeping! heavy the account they will have to render for the thousands sent by them to their gory beds, unrepented and unshriven, in the prime of life, and in the fullness of their sins!" and here the good man crossed himself, and offered an inward prayer for those, thus misleading and misled; "but I must turn," he added from such harrowing scenes, "tell me how fare matters at the Castle?"

Krantz then detailed the events already recorded, and also the Baron's departure.

"And whom goes he to slay?" demanded Augustine.

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"Report," replied the miller, "says he goes to aid Maurice, but I fancy his sword will flash where most gold can garnish its scabbard, and friend and foe will be laid under contribution on the march. He takes with him sixty good men at arms, with the hope of increasing his troop as he journeys onward. Hartorff his lieutenant is next to himself in command."

"And whom has he left here as Seneschal?"

"One Ludwig, who was disabled by an accidental wound, the evening before his departure."

"Ludwig say ye? has he been long in the Baron's service?"

"I rather think he has from a boy."

"Enough," said the monk, "and now to the Lady Clotilda, I have much to say to her, and must leave you early in the morning."

Without delay they adjourned to Clotilda's chamber, Theresa going forward to prepare

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her for the monk's approach. She rushed to his arms, and for some moments was incapable of uttering those enquiries, which her heart yearned to make. The monk gazed with fond pleasure at her and her child. Krantz retired, for he was aware she might be restrained by his presence from asking many questions which she would fain propose. We will not detail the conversation, or forestal that which must be reserved for another part of this history. We are not under this restriction as regards Augustine's communication with Krantz. "You must be prepared my friend," he said "to travel with your charge at a moment's warning; be ready therefore with such apparel as may screen you both from observation. I will give you notice on my arrival at Magdeburg, if such a step should become necessary; should it be out of my power to do so, I must leave it to your sagacity, to take such measures upon the spur of the moment, as may seem

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best to you. Your slender means have been of late largely taxed, and I fear that your resources are low; if your departure from hence should be expedient, conceal these gold pieces about your person, and make over to Clotilda also, some portion of them in case of accident." He then laid a bag of coin upon the table: it was evident that this was an undesired gift to the miller, but the monk added—"Remember this loan or gift is for Clotilda's use; scruple not therefore to accept it, I would wish the child should be left in Theresa's charge, if so it can be managed."

"I know not how this can be," replied Krantz, "as all, for miles around, know that my children are unmarried, and that within many leagues I have no relation who would require at my hands the care of such an infant, neither am I sure that this asylum would be a safe one."

"Nor can I afford a safer," observed the monk, "in these times of religious feud."

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The miller mused, "There is one in our village most fit for such a trust."

"And who is he?"

"Our good pastor; he can be relied upon; he is so ill off, that I am sure he would willingly undertake the charge, but as he is a man so conscientious with respect to truth, that neither threats nor torture would draw equivocation from him, and also too simple to guard against deception, it were better to tell him no more than is absolutely requisite, and in telling that little, to bind him to secrecy; he will never betray that which may be intrusted to him; but how to manage this, or induce the mother to part with her child, I cannot counsel."

"Leave that to me," replied the monk, "the latter will be the more difficult task, but Clotilda's love for her boy must be my, weapon of attack upon her feelings. I must forego my intention of departure for a few hours, and devote the morrow

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to this purpose. Now, good Krantz, I will repose awhile; two hours will suffice for this refreshment. I shall leave Theresa and yourself to pave the way for the separation I must propose, and which it sorely grieves me to enforce."—By the first tint of dawn his pallet was empty,—the miller had replenished his scrip.

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CHAPTER VI.

LUDWIG, whose idle hours were many, and whose curiosity was of a weedy growth, like vegetation on uncultivated land, felt a strong desire, after the story recounted to him by Hilda, to visit the Castle chapel: he was by no means exempt from the superstition of the age, to which even his superiors in birth and education, in those times were wont to yield; he would fain have procured an associate to accompany him in this inspection of the sanctuary for the

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dead; but the consciousness that a feeling of awe, not totally unallied to fear, imposed upon him this desire for companionship, probably disinclined him for some time to make an application to any of his comrades to bear him company; or after he had done so, to one of them unsuccessfully, to hazard a second refusal; for the one to whom he did make this proposal answered; "Not I, master Seneschal, for who knows but those grim old knights, who they say lie there, may take huff at our visit without an invitation, and stalk out of their tombs; or some of the buried monks may rise from their stone coffins, to reproach us for our misdeeds, and perhaps carry us off at once into purgatory, without giving us time for an Ave Maria. No, no, my good friend, face the hobgoblins by yourself, and if, as I fancy you lack a screw to your courage, stay away. I warrant me the noble company there will go on sleeping

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as comfortably as they have done for long years past, without your whistling a fearful dirge over them; I have no taste for mouldy walls and cross-legged knights; I would ten to one rather look at a tailor perched upon his board, than on one of those marble gentlemen ready booted and spurred, as if prepared for a start."

Ludwig regretted that his request had been proffered to so unwilling a comrade, for he was a brave fellow, and could not brook to hear his name thus coupled with fear, nor were the suggestions offered by the other, calculated to encourage him to the exploration of this long neglected receptacle for mortality; if he did not now go, he knew the laugh would be against him, and if he did, he felt that the gratification of his curiosity would be dearly bought by the terror he might experience; and yet he reflected, "How foolish to mind this prating fellow, who carries more wine than wits in

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his head: what is there to fear from stone effigies? The bones lyingbeneath must have been dust long since; but then again spirits do not require bones or sinews to set them walking: but what have they to do with me? I am not their next of kin, the Baron might; feel some qualms; this perhaps may be the reason which causes the respectful distance at which he keeps from the holy place. But they may not choose perchance such a sinner as myself to invade their precincts. 'Never mind,' quoth courage, 'the chapel door may be left open, and I can retire if I find the company inclined to be communicative, disposed to take a turn with me, or meet me half way; and then again I shall have the laugh against that stupid fellow."

It was a relief to him, however, when he further bethought him that in all probability the door of the chapel would be locked, and that this fact at least would excuse him to his companions, without impeach-

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ment of his courage for returning without having fulfilled his design; he therefore proceeded with a stout heart round the ramparts, to that part where the chapel was situated, and pushed at the door, which partially resisted his attempt. He paused for a few seconds; but he was determined to record more than one or two efforts to gain admittance, besides the difficulty also prompted him to another trial. He essayed again the iron bound door, which yielded more readily than he had looked for, so that he nearly measured his length over the sill. When he recovered his balance, he was surprised; for he did not anticipate so easy an entrance, nor expect to find from its external appearance an edifice of such extent. It was of some depth, and admitted in breadth, side aisles. The clustered columns were light and airy, and supported in just proportion the gothic arches. Up the middle aisle, between the columns, re-

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posed the ancestors of the Reiterstein family, and monuments erected to the memory of its crusading heroes, whose bones were left to whiten on the sands of Syria. Their tattered banners hung listlessly over those neglected sepulchres of mortality, surmounting the tenantless helm, cuirass, and emblazoned shield. Ludwig proceeded to the chancel, where two monuments of more recent structure, and whiter hue, attracted his notice. The one to the last Rodolph represented that warrior sketched at length in his coat of mail; on one side knelt a female with her face upturned in an attitude of prayer, her arms crossed over her bosom; on the other a youthful belted knight, his unmailed right hand was grasped within that of the recumbent figure, while that of the left arm was supported on his bent knee, the open palm partly concealed the upper portion of his face; the fingers were passed through his disordered hair, the whole figure was

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expressive of deep sorrow. Opposite to this, was another tomb, evidently by the same artist; the young knight in a loose neglected dress, was depicted in all the agony of grief, leaning with straining eyes over a female figure, as if to assure himself of the dreadful reality, that she whom he loved best, lay there in the still attitude of death. A young child was lying upon, and encircled by her arm; a flower with a broken stem was held in the delicately chiselled fingers of her other hand. These monuments were evidently of Italian workmanship, the groups were exquisitely wrought in the purest marble; and even the unlettered youth who now gazed on the mournful sculptures, was absorbed in the contemplation of their beauty; they represented the sorrows of life, their loveliness was not impaired by the stern lines of its vices, or any of the horrors attending its extinction. What surprised him most was, that a chaplet

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of fresh wild mountain flowers adorned this tomb, magnificent in its simplicity: above it none of the evidences of mortal passion, and of mortal strife waved their dusty plumes and decaying remnants; the tinted light from the glass windows above, played with flickering caprice over the pale effigies below, imparting at times the hues of bloom and existence like the mixed and varied changes of life, then left these cold representations of the dead in the same calm repose as their enshrouded tenants; the tendrils of the ivy waved to and fro across the side casements, throwing their fantastic shadows over the pavement.

A dead silence, save from the breeze playing among these unbidden parasites, and the long grass, which found a bed among some of the decaying buttresses, pervaded the building. The untutored soldier felt subdued by the tranquil holiness of the place. He was suddenly aroused by

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the shutting of the chapel door, which resounded in long echoes through the building. He turned sharply round; there was no wind to have caused the door to slam with such violence; he thought that some of his companions perhaps had closed it in joke, in order to scare him from his scrutiny; he was proceeding down one of the side aisles, when a dark object advanced from behind one of the columns, and arresting his arm as he was in the act of flight, whispered his name. Terror now took possession of the hardy soldier, and his face was as colourless as those of the statues upon which he had been gazing.

"Fear not! good youth," said the figure, "it is a living man who addresses you; the inmates of these chapel walls will never again re-visit this earth; their mortal remains have long since been decayed; their spirits are, I trust, in those realms of immortality where corruption of body or soul

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may never enter. I would speak with you where none will venture to interrupt us."

Ludwig bowed assent, for he had not yet sufficiently recovered from his panic to find words for reply.

"Enough!" said the monk, "follow me."

The young soldier did as he was ordered; the monk proceeded slowly up to the altar, and turning, said solemnly, "now swear that you will never reveal this interview, nor anything which I may communicate to you on this spot!"

"I do swear," said Ludwig, in a voice still tremulous.

"'Tis well: remember you that some years since a priest rescued you from the battle field, where you had been left for dead, attended you in your sickness, and healed your wounds?"

"Indeed I do, holy Father, and to that good man I owe my life, and the knowledge of the only virtuous precepts I ever heard."

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"And does gratitude still warm your heart to that priest; would you serve him if you could, follow his counsel, and obey his bidding?"

"Indeed I would, and glad should I be to render him some service for all that he then did for me. Many a dreary day and night did he watch by my miserable pallet, finally restored me to health, and when I no longer needed his assistance, and could go forth in strength, supplied my wants with more than sufficient means to bear me on my journey, until I could join my commander. For his sake I have kept one of those coins, and here it is;" at the same time he displayed a gold ring and piece of money which were suspended by a small cord beneath his doublet. "We soldiers, Father, are somewhat superstitious, and I had a fancy that this coin, received from so holy a man, would bring me good luck."

Hitherto Ludwig had not seen the face

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of his mysterious companion, but the monk now threw back the hood of a large dark cloak in which he was enveloped; and in him Ludwig recognised the only person who had ever been to him a real friend and preserver. He fell on his knees before him, and said, "Holy Father your blessing, I have ill deserved it, but do not deny it me, I pray."

"Nor will I, my son," he replied, and laying his hands upon his head, he repeated a short but fervent prayer, then added, "now remember, Ludwig, you are upon your oath; I shall confide to you a charge which you must watch over, and shield from harm; meet me before day-break, under the clump of trees on the other side of the stone bridge. I shall deliver into your care a young child, also a sum of money; take both to the pastor's house; simply tell him that a stranger delivered them into your hands, to be conveyed to

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him;—that he must rear the child with care; ask no questions; answer none; and say that a yearly stipend, exceeding his own poor income, will repay his trouble. A cross will be found marked on the child's arm."

"And why not, holy father, do this errand yourself? I fear the pastor will not willingly receive a ward at my hands."

"Ask not my reasons why I would that my presence in this neighbourhood should not be known. You can truly state that you know nought of the child, and that its welfare concerns those whom he most values."

"But, good father, as you have proved yourself no ghost, how came you here unobserved, for you must have passed the Castle gates?"

"Again I say, ask no questions; I shall quit this place as I came, unseen by any but yourself," He now descended the altar

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steps, preceded Ludwig to the door of the chapel, and bidding him adieu, closed it after him, remaining himself behind.

Ludwig paced the ramparts for a time, in order to collect his bewildered thoughts, and to reflect upon what he had seen and heard, but to him it was all a mystery. How the monk could have obtained admission into the chapel, and his object in placing such confidence in him? however, as the more he pondered over these things, the more he was puzzled, he bent his steps leisurely to the hall, where he found his comrades in full occupation over a goodly pasty and tankard.

"How now!" cried Johann, "what news, worthy seneschal, do you bring from your pilgrimage? the dumb gentry I reckon have let you have all the talk to yourself. Their spirits do not seem to have brightened yours, for you look scared as a cat in the water. Has your appetite gone to look after your wits?"

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Ludwig might truly have answered that it had.

"Come, come, my good friend, a horn of beer, you, Johann, if I judge rightly from its appearance have kept your wit for a cut at that venison pasty, and now my adventures shall profit you in a piece of advice; never play the fool as I have done, and pry into that chapel."

They now clamoured to know what he had seen, and what he had heard, but Ludwig with a solemn tone and air repeated his injunction, remarking, that it was not permitted to tell dead men's tales, and that if he could do so, they would repent their ill-timed curiosity, and that the Castle would no longer be an agreeable residence for them; then rising from the board, he said, "it is time to relieve Brandt at the gates; the standing sentinel over them is, I must confess, a dull duty although not a heavy one."

Leaving his companions to all the con-

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jectures and terror to which his peculiar manner had given rise, and which would effectually prevent their making any attempt to visit the sacred precincts, he sought Brandt, and addressing him, said, "It is time that you were relieved, or those fellows will lighten the labour of digestion for you. Is the leech returned? has any one been from the village?"

"No one," answered Brandt, "I believe we are the only living beings hereabouts; they must have all died suddenly down yonder."

"Strange," thought Ludwig, "how could he get into the chapel? perhaps," he continued aloud, "the sultry weather has made you sleepy Brandt, and you saw not, because your eyes were shut."

"Think you they could come through the key-hole, or like witches fly over the battlements on broom-sticks?"

Punctually, according to the priest's de-

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sire, Ludwig, ere it was light, awaited him at the spot appointed.

Krantz had so clearly shewn to Clotilda how deeply her child's preservation and her own were involved in a temporary separation, that, amidst tears and fond caresses, she at last consented to place him in the priest's arms, at the same time carefully covering him from the night air; and before he was delivered to Ludwig, he was in a sound sleep.

"I must away, Ludwig," said the monk, "you await here for a time. The pastor I know rises with the sun; an hour, and morning light will relieve you from your sleeping burthen, but remember your oath, and as you hope for Heaven's mercy, do not break it. Here is gold to ratify our compact; you may need it, I know well that you have been a careless trustee of your own fortune."

"Father, I will not receive your gold; you

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have my oath and my gratitude, I will barter neither. Many a reckless deed I have done for that dross, but this shall not be added to the catalogue. If you still fear to trust me, take back the boy, and seek another, in whom you can better confide, to deliver him safely."

The priest replied mildly, "I do not doubt you, young man, nor offer you this purse as a bribe to the secrecy which you have already sworn. Keep it to use in my service; if such I should not require, I will again exact it from you. Here is the bag likewise containing the good pastor's hire, farewell;" and his receding figure was soon lost among the dark trees.

Ludwig carefully stowed the purse and bag of money in his doublet, and folding the child in his cloak, sat for a while watching, with impatience, the dawn.

He then slowly pursued his way to the village, happily found the pastor already

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risen, and enjoying in the porch of his small dwelling the freshness of the early morning.

Ludwig briefly told his tale, and laying the boy upon the good man's knees, and placing the bag of coin by his side, departed as quickly as he could, without waiting for reply or objection. He had drawn his slouched hat over his eyes so as to shade, his features, as much as possible, and the astonished pastor could not certainly have identified the donor of such deposits. The commission had been little to Ludwig's taste, and most heartily rejoiced was he when the business was concluded, for however deeply he might feel grateful to the priest, he had no desire for his presence, if it brought with it such onerous duty. His gratitude towards the good man was sincere, but it was evident to him, that his employer did not feel perfectly assured of his trustworthiness.

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He had made him merely the blind agent in whatever plans he might be purposing to execute, and however disguised by words was the object of the gift, he could only look upon the purse of money as a bribe, and felt somewhat irritated at the suspicion implied. But had his career hitherto deserved a more favourable opinion? He could not say it had. Both his commander and his lieutenant Hartorff bore arms for any who would hold out the fairest hopes of pay or plunder, nor did they confine themselves to open war, they levied their exactions on their own account, either in peace or war; town and village were alike subjected to their predatory excursions: the traveller did not always, if known to be well supplied with gold or jewels, escape their rapacity: and his comrades, were they not all of the same stamp, pursuing the same lawless courses? When he summed up these cogitations he came to the conclusion

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that in the priest's situation, he should not have confided in him (Ludwig) at all, and that either the holy father was not a prudent man, or that he was in a strait for some more trust worthy person to aid him, or perhaps he had discovered some latent seeds of virtue in him. This last idea was more soothing to him, for although he began his reflections in his own favour, he ended them by his own condemnation.

On his return, he proceeded to the chapel, but the door was fast, and no exertion on his part, had the slightest effect to move it. It was clear then that the priest must have preceded him there, but we will leave him to his duties, and follow for a while the march of the Baron and his troop.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE Baron rode on for some miles in silence, and Konrad felt as little desire to interrupt his moody meditations as to join in with, or to be the subject of Hartorff's, sneering and coarse jests. This worthy, however, was not easily repulsed when he thought he had the power of annoyance.

"Verily, Master scribe," said he addressing Konrad, "I fear your smooth face may bring our characters into disrepute. Our

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Baron, before our march, should have provided you with cuirass and cap of steel, or a shaven crown and cowl, if he thought to pass you as one of our sex; we shall be suspected of having levied a tithe in kind on some nunnery in our way, and be cited before the Holy Fathers."

"I have an arm, friend," retorted Konrad, "which will make the rough speech of those who say so smoother than my face, and teach them that I can be an able squire at denting a cuirass, or an expert valet at dusting a doublet."

"By my troth, sir scribe," quoth Hartorff, "you talk largely, but I doubt me if the shell you could crack must not be minus the kernel."

"No doubt, Master Hartorff, there is many a walnut tree which pays not the pains of thrashing; methinks now, you look as if you were well protected by your harness; but if you crack not your enemy's

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head-piece with more skill than your jokes, I would, if I were you, give over both trades."

"Ah! Master scribe, when you mount a shield, I suppose your motto will be, run and read."

"And yours, friend," replied Konrad, "run without the reading."

At this time the party were entering a wood; the boughs hung low, and the narrow path allowed but one at a time to pass. The Baron bent down to his saddle-bow, and passed under the thick drooping branches, but Konrad who was in his rear, flourished a stout ashen stick, the only weapon of any kind which he possessed, and skilfully turning his horse round, raised himself slightly in his stirrups, and nearly severed it asunder with his staff. It fell across the neck of the steed which Hartorff bestrode, who reared, and stumbling over a root that was in the path, lodged the Lieutenant, who was in truth a good

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and bold rider, upon the ground. He was up again in a moment, and rode after Konrad in order to strike him down with his pike. The other backed his horse into the overhanging brushwood, and the lieutenant would have come upon the haunches of the Baron's steed if he had not suddenly reined in.

"What is that?" cried Reiterstein sternly, rearing his charger round.

"Merely, Baron," said the youth coolly, "a courtesy on my part to save your lieutenant the degradation of stooping. I made a clearance of the boughs which you passed under anon, and Master Hartorff's steed, mistaking his rider's hour for repose, gave him a premature lodging in a bed of nettles."

"It was a malicious trick of that beardless youth to cast ridicule on your lieutenant; I was willing to teach him that better manners were due to your officer."

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"And is it usual to enforce discipline upon an unarmed man with a heavy pike? no more of these broils," said the Baron.

"Really," observed Konrad innocently, "I deserve better from your officer, Baron; perhaps he will now be convinced that a smooth face and a nerveless arm are not synonymous."

It was now past mid-day; the path became wider and the party quickened their pace, hoping to clear the forest ere sun down, but night in these sombre woods was forestalled by an hour, and after much difficulty, and some time spent in their intricacies and windings, in passing over fallen trees, projecting roots, and broken stumps, it was determined to bivouac for the night in the first open space which might present itself. A turn in the narrow way at length brought them to the spot they desired, with the advantage of a small spring, which after gurgling through stones and moss, fell into

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a hollow in the broken ground, and formed a small pool. It was evident that, although they had been winding their way for some time in the dark, day-light had not quite departed. There was yet sufficient to direct their operations. Every trooper was now busily engaged in unburthening his steed, and leading the tired animal who had not been unbitted since the morning, to the spring, then leaving him to find such forage as the more open glades rendered palatable, betook himself to the cares of his own comforts.

Each man had stowed in a bag at his saddle-bow, provision for the twenty-four hours; the Baron alone having led horses to carry such baggage as he might require for his own convenience.

The men cast aside their heavier accoutrements; cuirass and saddle formed their hard pillows. Konrad carefully groomed his steed; he fashioned a piece of sapling into

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a semicircle in order to relieve his beast from the sweat and dust of the journey, using afterwards a handful of dry cones as substitutes for a more convenient instrument with which to finish his operations, and having thoroughly examined and washed at the spring the feet of the noble creature which had carried him so well, was caressing and leading him back to his companions in toil, when the Baron who had been watching him, observed—

"No bad grooming for a novice, Hartorff; methinks in time he may make as good a trooper as the best of us; he seems as alert as if he had not travelled a league."

"He has not much to carry," replied the other, "and is the best mounted of our party."

"True, but he cannot be used to such hard riding: how happened it by the bye, that the highest couraged steed in the stable was apportioned to the lightest weight?

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he would have suited you better lieutenant."

"I have no great fancy for the beast," he replied; "our tempers do not suit; I cannot abide puling over an animal for an hour, to coax him into humour, but nevertheless I care not to change steeds, if it be your pleasure, and certainly the beast is a fitter one for a man at arms, than a scribe, with a spelling book in his pocket, and an inkhorn at his belt."

Konrad was determined not to part so easily with his horse, for Hartorff's motives were palpable; he was jealous of the credit he had gained in managing a steed believed to be untameable, and was willing to possess the finest horse in the troop.

"Hold, Master Hartorff, unless it be the Baron's pleasure, I shall not so readily part with black John; you ordered the steed to be delivered to me, I have no doubt with the friendly intention of giving me a taste for,

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and a lesson in, horsemanship. Our tempers suit admirably; my spelling book and ink-horn seem more consonant to his mettle, than the clatter of your steel clothing. I came opportunely to relieve you from an animal who would have been left useless in the stable."

Having thus replied, he led his horse among the trees, where he gathered such leaves as he could collect for a litter. Wrapping himself in his cloak with his saddle and valise for a pillow, he was soon in the land of dreams, in which Thumelda, the Baron, Hartorff, and Krantz, were mixed up in rapid succession and confusion. Fatigue rendered his sleep for a time heavy, but not comfortable, for though unused to luxury, he did not find much relief for his tired members on the hard ground. From time to time he arose to stretch his limbs; his rude companions were lying around, sheltered by the lofty firs, whose tall trunks,

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the growth of ages,—reared their tufted heads like stately columns on every side. The moon in her pale beauty shone over the open space, glancing her beams on the steel head-pieces and pikes which were piled in the centre, and reflecting them at intervals on the side arms of the sleeping troopers.

Konrad again courted repose, but was awake before dawn, and having refreshed himself at the spring, sauntered under the trees. His attention was arrested by a voice not far distant.

"I tell you, Baron, he will bring us no good; he will be but a spy upon our actions, and is too full of heretical doctrines and crude notions of honour, to serve our purpose. He forswears the idea of absolution, and prefers carrying his sins about with him, until he is loaded like a pack-horse, rather than relieve his pocket and his conscience to the first priest, who

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may be willing to lighten the one and release him from the burthen of the other. Then, as I heard from Schwartz coming along, he is the sworn ally of Krantz the miller, and they say is not insensible to the beauty of the daughter."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Baron, "the better reason he should be one of us. If he come as a spy, we must not lose sight of him; his conscience is no affair of ours, if he pile it with sin as high as the mountain of Brammelberg."

"Pardon me, Baron; a man who doth not shrive, is chary as to the load he undertakes to carry about with him in this world, and through the gates of death into the next; they say the miller has forbidden his suit to the maiden, and that he has left his father's house in despair."

Here distance separated the speakers from the listener. In half an hour the troop was in movement, and before mid-day, had

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reached a small gast-haus on the outskirts of the forest, where it was determined to make a halt until the afternoon.

Mine hostess was ill-prepared for such a troop of hungry adventurers, who, she was aware, were in the habit of living at free quarters; but to say nay, while there was kine in the field, or wine in the cellar, she knew to be vain, therefore met the necessity with good grace, and supplied them as far as her means permitted with apparent cheerfulness. Ere they were quite ready to take the road, the tramp of a horse at full trot was heard approaching, and a trooper drew rein before the door. He was well mounted, but divested of any armour of defence.

A stout doublet of dark brown cloth was girded round his waist by a broad belt of buff leather, in which were inserted two

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pistols and a dagger. A broad-sword hung from his side, by a cross belt of the same material. His legs were defended by thick high boots; he wore a cloak of the colour of his doublet; and a slouched hat, which from its peculiar shape seemed designed to shield him equally from sun or rain, completed his attire. He was of robust make, and his bronzed complexion denoted continual exposure to the weather. His hair was bushy, and added an air of ferocity to his features, which bore the stamp of audacity and courage, but of honesty also.

The Baron, ere his approach, had been leaning with his arms crossed in meditation, but suddenly rising from his listless posture, started up, and advanced towards him.

"This is greater speed than I looked for; I hardly expected you so soon. Here Schwartz,

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see to Hendrick's beast, and order that something be got for his master. Now Hendrick, what news?"

"Why this, Baron: the Elector is impatient that you should join him, therefore have I ridden hard, lest I should miss you where there are many paths."

"How fares the siege, soldier?"

"They are likely," replied Hendrick, "to give us a long sitting before their walls; and some days since, in an adventurous sally, Duke George of Mecklenburg with Sir Otho and some other nobles, were made prisoners, and are now profitting by the hospitality of the wool gatherers, and fat burghers of Magdeburg. The Elector, who narrowly escaped the same fate himself, owing to this misfortune, the more needs your presence, which he looked for ere this."

"By my faith," exclaimed the Baron angrily, "I have half a mind to decline his

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overtures; doth he not know that my force hath been much thinned in Italy, and that I have now left Reiterstein nearly defenceless, in order to bring such small numbers to his aid as are left me?"

"Doubtless," responded Hendrick, "the Duke is impatient, in order that you may share the honours of the siege, as well as some of the goodly stores its wealthy citizens have hoarded within their stone walls. He agrees to your terms, and proposes, that until Sir Otho may be released, his band shall be placed under your command."

"Enough," said the Baron; "now Hartorff, to horse. Hendrick will doubtless be ready by the time we are prepared to continue our march."

We shall leave this party for a time, and carry our readers to another scene; we must retrograde some days in order to explain the last part of the foregoing Chapter.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE Town of Magdeburg had been invested since September in the preceding year by Maurice's army, to which had been joined the forces of Duke George of Mecklenburg, both acknowledged Lutherans, and both in arms for the Catholic Emperor, in order to force the unhappy inhabitants to subscribe to, and receive doctrines in opposition to those of which they had declared themselves believers. But Maurice had ulterior objects in view, and although the Baron's

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numbers were few, his standard was certain to attract adventurers for other reasons, in addition to the reputation which he bore, as a brave and skilful soldier.

The captivity, besides, of the young Duke George, who commanded the cavalry, had deprived him of an ambitious and distinguished leader; and Maurice was well assured, that Reiterstein would be too eager in his desire to share in the expected plunder, resent any signs of displeasure which he might display, at his delay.

At the time this story commences, in a chamber of the keep in the Castle of Magdeburg, two prisoners were, and had been for some hours confined; a small lamp suspended from the ceiling feebly gleamed on the gray-stone walls, which were pierced bytwo loop holes only, scarcely admitting, even at noon-day, the light of heaven. A rough table and two low stools were all the furniture the cell contained; one of its occupants, spite of his

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recent wounds, was impatiently pacing the limited space; his cheek was flushed by anger and shame as well as by pain from the sabre cut which he had received in a skirmish of the morning; his hand intuitively essayed to clutch the sword from his side, which was no longer there, as if to cleave a passage through the massy walls; but when he recollected that he was weaponless he clenched his teeth, and stamped impetuously. The whole expression of his face and figure betokened high courage, daring ambition, and impatience under restraint, contradiction, or suffering. It is easy to imagine how hard imprisonment must have been to such a character, possessing all the fire of youth, added to a temperament as ardent as reckless. His companion in misfortune sat in silent abstraction, not less dauntless in his bearing; but sorrow and disappointment marked every lineament of his noble countenance, and his soiled and

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disordered appearance gave evidence that he had not been subdued without a fierce struggle; but there he sat, the sport of fortune, and the victim of war; many conflicting thoughts gave a varying expression to his face; there tenderer recollections were blended with, but softened the sterner passions. Much of his youth had been spent in Italy; its ancient freedom, grandeur, and renown accorded with his high sentiments of knightly valour; while its more polished arts and manners had thrown an elegance into his demeanour which manifested itself in every movement. His figure was exquisitely proportioned, and though firmly knit, was rather slender than robust; but for the alternate flashing of his dark eye, you would have said that he was calm, so perfectly tranquil was his attitude, and so free from any gesture of impatience.

"Truly Otho," said his companion with some asperity," you bear your misfortunes

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meekly; one would think that you were an old acquaintance with such accommodation as the good citizens have provided for us, instead of a free denizen of the earth accustomed to liberty and command:"

"It is the fortune of war," replied Otho tranquilly, "and resistance under it will not lighten, or abate the inconvenience."

"Inconvenience," retorted the impetuous Duke, surveying the dismal and narrow apartment; "by my spurs, inconvenient enough, for a wounded man; you seem to have foreseen some such mischance, by your supine manner of treating it."

"Nor in following your highness in daring exploits, need I be a dealer in forbidden arts, to foretel the possibility of such discomfiture as hath now befallen us; but a soldier should be prepared for such tricks of fortune, or if he cannot escape them, bear with them. If our good swords, (and well their temper aided us) could have saved us from this mishap, we should now be reposing in our tents."

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"Surely," said the Duke, "Maurice will take some more active measures for attack, and release us from this durance." ——"Not he," replied Otho, "it is neither his policy, nor his principle; he will cause no more slaughter among the good Magdeburghers than he can avoid; and there he is right. I wish not release at such an expenditure of blood. I fear we must content ourselves to remain prisoners, until he starves the besieged into conditions, or surrender; and more, I doubt if your adventurous courage does not shoot beyond the aim of his policy."

"And who will command my cavalry, think you, Otho, or your well ordered band, as valiant although not so numerous?"

"Albert of Brandenburg," he replied, "will supply your place and the dark Reiterstein mine. A messenger ere long, (if he cannot negotiate our release, which it is not likely he will be able, if willing to do,) will be sent to hasten and

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make terms with that worthy—if he be returned from Italy, and hath not pledged himself to some higher bidder, for larger hire; or has not already departed upon some predatory excursion, on his own account." And here Otho's calm resignation seemed to desert him, and his flashing eye, and burning cheek, denoted how intensely hateful to him the person was, of whom he spoke.

"Truly a worthy deputy for you," rejoined George, "a man ever ready to shed blood in any cause for gold, or to pay gold for blood, if likely to bring usurious interest on the outlay. But, I wonder me whether these pugnacious citizens mean to reciprocate by anticipation the Elector's kindness, and starve us out; or do they think that our palates are satisfied by the morning's taste of cold steel? and that abstinence will secure me from an access of feverish symptoms?

"If they would starve us out of their city," said Otho, "we might give them

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thanks for their spare rations; no, no, depend upon it they will nourish us, to keep up our courage, that we may lash and fret under our confinement in this stone cage; neither will they make better terms with the Elector by imbittering our imprisonment; they are only willing to shew us what they can do, if patients are refractory, and cause this first taste of captivity to be irksome, in order to render our after treatment more palatable; besides, the mélée of the morning, no doubt, has cast the authorities into some confusion; nor can we tell how long the fight lasted after our removal from the scene of action, whether renewed, or even if now ended; nor do Count Mansfeldt, or Heideck lack courtesy."

Further conversation was precluded, for the bolts of their prison door were withdrawn, and an officer of rank, attended by a surgeon and four musqueteers, presented himself; uncovering his head, he ad-

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vanced with respect towards the young Duke, who eyed him with some haughtiness, and trying to conceal his chagrin, observed:

"In faith, Count Heideck, we were meditating the question whether Count Albert had forgotten that fortune had made Duke George of Mecklenburg his prisoner?"

"The Count," replied Heideck, "is far too brave and courteous a knight himself, to bear lightly in his recollection that he holds Duke George of Mecklenburg as his guest; he begs, through me, his excuse for the brief discomfort which you may have suffered; but your Highness has heralded your coming by deeds, which have given him busy occupation; and an hour has scarcely passed since the reports brought in informed him of your detention; he regrets to find that you have suffered in the mélée, and would not leave the selection of an able practitioner, and more fitting lodging to

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other hands than mine. I will therefore conduct you to apartments better suited to your present condition, your rank, and the esteem in which he holds your valour, nothing doubting that you will not hesitate to pledge your princely word in order to guarantee him from responsibility. A messenger accompanies me, who, if it be your desire, shall speed with a flag of truce to the camp, with assurance of your safety; and will likewise be the bearer of an order for such personal attendants and baggage, as you may require. I am charged with the same commission to you, Sir Otho."

He then beckoned to one of the soldiers, to supply materials; a note was quickly despatched, the Duke's wounds were dressed, and Heideck preceded his prisoners to the apartments destined for their use during their captivity. Two attendants entered with some slight refreshment, and Count Heideck retired, saying, "he would return

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to conduct them to supper, as the Governor had commanded him to do."

The two friends were speedily in possession of such changes as they had sent for; and were prepared to attend Count Heideck when he returned. The Duke had some opportunity, even in his transit from his apartment to the hall, of observing the quiet order which was maintained throughout the Castle.

Count Mansfeldt advanced to meet his captives; different groups composed of the chief officers of the garrison, prisoners of rank and the heads of the state, were waiting their arrival. No evidence of the strife without was visible in the scene before them, for many were in the garb of peace, more befitting the presence of those graceful ladies who were equally mingled with their defenders in the circle.

Count Albert led the Duke and Otho to the upper end of the hall, and presenting

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them to two ladies, addressed the elder, saying:

"Isabella, fortune has favoured us with the presence of these noble gentlemen; I am sure it were needless for me to crave your consideration, in order to make the hours which they may pass with us, as little tedious as the limited resources of our beleagured town will allow."

The Countess bowed a graceful assent, and even Duke George could not but admit how widely different the scene before him, was from the rude manners of the camp to which he had been accustomed. The Countess was still in the prime of life; her figure was commanding, and peculiarly elegant; her features fine, just within the verge of being prominent; there was a character of determination about the mouth, and a brilliancy in the eye, which bespoke promptitude, and decision in emergency, unguided by impulse; she possessed nobility and recti-

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tude of manner, which, although urbane, did not condescend to wear the masquerading cloak of affability as the disguise of latent pride. She seemed formed for the stirring scenes of uncertain warfare, among which she moved, fitted to counsel, or even in extremity, to command.

The beautiful maiden, who stood by her side, was a softened and youthful portrait of her mother; a gayer expression gave more piquancy, if less energy, to the character of her face, which was rounder; a slight sarcastic turn was at times just perceptible in the play of the lip, but so tempered by the softness of her eyes, that ridiculous pretension alone called it forth. The Count's request seemed scarcely needful to bespeak sympathy towards the strangers; there was no allusion to the events of the day, which had thrown them into their society; and during the repast, Otho found, that his loved land of Italy was the favorite

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theme of the lovely maiden who was placed by his side.

Count Albert, his wife, and daughter, seemed to stand aloof from the rude manners of the age. Early in life he was disposed to become a convert to the Lutheran doctrine, but before he adopted tenets at variance with those of his forefathers, he examined with diligence into the differences and merits of both; when he travelled into Italy, the glaring vices, bigotry, and cupidity of the Court of Rome under Paul the Third, contrasted with the simplicity, and moral purity of the religion then under his examination, and which he was inclined to profess, settled his opinions upon the firmest basis—that of reason; he did not more lament the persecution against the Protestant church, than the fanaticism of many of its own professors, which but too often gave excuse for that persecution; and with sorrow he now saw the avowed friends of

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reformation armed against their brethren, to force upon them tenets contrary to their own persuasion.

Mansfeldt had no son to suceeed him in his fiefs, if he ever recovered them; accident had deprived him of his first-born, a boy; his daughter would inherit his allodial possessions, which he hoped in better times might be restored to him; no care had been wanting on the part of her parents to fit her for the inheritance she might possess.

The banquet was abundant, but not sumptuous; for Mansfeldt foresaw the possibility of the straits to which the city might be reduced, and not only judiciously regulated the consumption of provisions generally, but gave an example in his own household, of the economy he enforced elsewhere.

"Heideck," said the Count, "how is it that our nephew Henry is not among our guests? we can ill spare at any time the prop of our house."

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"I am never willing to be the bearer of ill news," returned Heideck, "but I grieve to say, that not long since, Count Henry was brought in from the sally of this morning, sorely, although not dangerously wounded." Heideck, as he qualified the first part of his speech, by the last sentence, looked towards Mathilda, whose blanched cheek told of a more than common interest in her cousin's fate.

The Count was starting from his seat, but Heideck added, "be not alarmed; your kinsman's hurt, as the leech assures me, will cause the brave youth some suffering; but with prompt and proper treatment, he has no apprehension for his life."

"Where is he hurt?" said the Count."

"A sword cut on the shoulder, Count."

"Would that I could measure swords with him who dealt the wound," said Albert; "his life should pay forfeit for the deed."

"It is in your power," said Otho, firmly;

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"unhappily your kinsman encountered me as he pressed eagerly into the fray; I grieve that the fortune of war should have cast it to my lot, to cause you so much concern; but your nephew's valour left me no alternative, and had he not been Count Albert's kinsman, his life would have paid the penalty for his bravery."

This speech was uttered with so much concern and calmness of manner, that Mansfeldt's better feeling of justice prevailed. He paused, and Schmidt observed:

"I think, Sir Knight, an you had been wise, you would not have proclaimed a deed not likely to lighten your treatment during your captivity."

"I should do the Count injustice," replied Otho, "if such a motive withheld me; he cannot condemn in his prisoner, the fair fight, which doubtless he applauds in his nephew, although that nephew suffered in the onslaught; nor shall I shield myself in

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silence to cheat him into greater courtesy, than his duty as a commander, and regard for his kinsman may incline him;" and in saying this, Otho's dark eye flashed with that energy of honest truth which his words conveyed.

Mansfeldt turning to him, said, "you have judged justly, Sir Otho, as one brave man should believe of another, although the other be his enemy in the field."—It was evident, however worthy of himself the Count's conduct might be, that the state of his nephew had greatly disturbed him; and he arose as soon as the repast was concluded, to seek the youth's apartment. He found him pale from the loss of blood.

"An unfortunate affair this, mine uncle. Heaven knows how many days and weeks may elapse ere this at present useless limb will be fit for service."

"I trust, my boy," replied Mansfeldt, "it may not yet be required either for attack or

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defence, but he who has thus scarred you is our prisoner."

"Faith then," observed Henry, "you have the keeping of a noble fellow. I saw him ever by the Duke's side foremost in the fray; I singled him out from the rest to essay my strength and skill; my honour was piqued, for he rather avoided the encounter; I pressed hard upon him, and called upon him to defend himself or yield: the former he was compelled to do, but still he seemed to hesitate, and somewhat stayed his arm ere the blow fell which disabled mine. I was unhorsed; our people came on him as he dismounted to raise me from the ground, and he was made, in aiding me, his enemy, a prisoner."

Thou art a rash boy, Henry, and hold too cheap a life, for many reasons, dear to us; learn from an old and tried soldier, who never stayed his arm where courage could avail, that rashness is bravery gone mad.

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I trust the hot blood which hath crimsoned the field to-day, will bring you to cooler reason; had I heeded the sneer, and implied counsel of the wily Schmidt, who always thinks we deal too leniently with our prisoners, (although not foremost to place himself in danger,) or had not your opponent's candour prepossessed me in his favour, I might, in the wrath of the moment, have done him some wrong."

"How fares my sweet cousin?" said Henry.

"As you would wish her, my dear boy," said Mansfeldt, smiling,—"much moved by your disaster; to-morrow she shall thank you in person for the paling of her cheek to-day; but for to-night you must dispense with further talk, or attendance, save of those who will watch you." He then turned and quitted the room.

Our captives were well inclined to retire to their allotted apartments.

"Otho," said George, "the lady Mathilda

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is a fair maiden ; she seemed to lend a willing ear to your talk of travel."

"And a less willing one," replied Otho, "to Count Heideck's report of her cousin's danger; 'pon my life I never before was so much out of humour with this right arm of mine."

Some days elapsed before Henry could quit his chamber, nor was he impatient under a restraint which yielded him so much of his aunt's and his cousin's society ; nothing crossed their mutual affection ; the sky of their destiny was clear, and they looked not for coming storms, which might dim its brightness.

Each day Duke George found his imprisonment less irksome; but each day Otho's manner became more sad ; his companion's raillery was of no avail to draw him from his long fits of abstraction, and the only moments which appeared to bring relief to him, were those he passed in conversation

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with Mathilda. This discovery seemed to irritate his companion. Otho, for a time, was too much absorbed in his own reflections, to take note of the pique which the other displayed; but George's fiery temperament could ill brook such apparent insensibility, and he sought for an opportunity to vent his spleen on his offending, although unconscious companion.

Mansfeldt had refused every overture for the release or ransom of his prisoners, but put no restraint on their persons; their parole was given, and accepted; and within the walls of the city they were free, till the closing of the Castle gates at sun-set, to parade the confined limits of the town.

Spring was advancing, but it brought no genial warmth to the heart of Otho; he paced the corridors with listless strides in melancholy musings. Wandering one morning into the long gallery, which ran at right angles with a narrow passage leading to

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their apartments, he suddenly staid his steps and leaned against the deep embrasure of one of the windows, contemplating with varied and bitter thoughts, the fair scene which lay stretched beyond the walls and the Elbe. The tents of the beleaguring army arose like dots in long files beneath, although too far distant to discern from such a height their shape or count their numbers. Otho was unconscious for some minutes that other eyes were directed to the same view, but a voice addressing him, caused him to look up.

"A fair field, and well laid out," said Henry; "if numbers will win our walls, we may despair of effectual resistance, or bespeak these towers to be our tombs."

"I trust not that," replied Otho, "for although not of your persuasion, I am not bigot enough to believe that carnage can be an acceptable or appropriate offering to Him, by whose name we designate ourselves."

"And yet your practice accords not with

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your speech, as my disabled arm gives me evident proof."

"Fate," answered Otho, "has carved for me the trade of war, but I love neither its abuses nor its excesses; and if fame did not blow her trumpet in praise of glory, and drown in its echoes the cries extracted by the manifold calamities which warfare brings, we should, in after life, look back upon our bravest deeds with horror and repentance, and write them down as murder."

"I trust," said Henry, "we shall not hereafter be called to account for them under this denomination."

"I hope not," replied Otho, "or at least that the onus may fall on those who needlessly provoke war, or who unnecessarily continue it."

"Now tell me truly," said Henry, "what staid your arm when we encountered some days since?"

"I should fear to offend you," answered Otho, "if I were to state all the causes

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which induced me to parry, rather than to return your onset."

"Fear not!" replied Henry, "for although you baulked my skill, my life was spared by you."

"Many hurried thoughts, brave youth, swept through my mind at the moment; I knew you by the bearings on your shield; I had heard that you were the beloved scion of a noble house; and pardon me, I did not believe that we were equally matched; you are somewhat my junior, and this your first essay in arms; such a victory would have added no leaf to my laurels, and I love not to spill blood for blood's sake."

Henry's face mantled, but Otho's name, though young in the field, was already known as one of high chivalry, and he felt that the candid declaration which he had elicited from him, was not tainted by vain boast.

From the end of the corridor, the Coun-

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tess and her daughter now approached, accompanied by Duke George.

"Ah! Mathilda," cried Henry, "vainly have I sought for you in bower and hall; I began to suspect, that you had taken the form of a dove, and on light pinions borne, had sped your flight to yonder host,—the harbinger of peace."

"I wish I could," replied Mathilda, with a sigh; "how gladly would I burthen my wing to bring back such joyful tidings;—but my cousin, your search, if I judge by the distance from your chamber, hath not been over wearisome."

"'Tis never wearisome to seek the prize we hope to find," said Henry; "and my seeking might have been continued for two good hours to come, if I had not intruded myself upon Sir Otho's meditations."

"I suspect they embraced a wide field," observed the Countess, gazing on the expanse of country which lay below.

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"They did indeed, lady," sighed Sir Otho, "as far as thought could span, and as rapidly; they included the sorrows of the past, and the hopes and fears of the future; unlike the gentle bird Count Henry quoted anon, my thoughts found no resting place, but with flagging wings, returned to their cheerless home."

"You should stay the flight of such profitless wanderers, Sir Otho," said Mathilda, "unless like summer-bees, they bear some honey on their wings."

"This were too hard a task, lady, while memory and want of occupation, enlist upon their side, to free them from restraint."

"I will then be their taskmaster," said Mathilda, gaily; "my cousin, the knight of the armed sling, for this same lack of occupation, hath broken the cords of my lute; and as he hath not able hands wherewith to repair the damage, I shall charge you to restring it; but on condition that you tune it to a higher key for mirthful melody than such

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sal musings give warrant of, or our song will resemble rather the wail of the wild Indian, than the tuneful outpouring of blithsome hearts, and the evil will be but little amended."

"Most gladly will I do your bidding, fair lady; and when your fairy fingers sweep the chords, the lark shall cease his carol, in wonder at the imitation which will so far excel his song."

"To the tilt, Sir knight, to the tilt, with this soaring bird," cried Mathilda; "we will bring his courage down, till he twitters like a sparrow in the ivy of your tower."

And off she darted, calling, as she passed, to the pages, who were in attendance at the end of the corridor, to follow.

The instrument and seats were quickly brought; and when the lute was put in order, Otho handed it to Mathilda.

"No — no, Sir Otho, if my unskilful hand should mar your tuning, we shall lose our promised victory." 15

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"Remember," rejoined Sir Otho, "I am but the squire to bear your lance, until you take the field."

"Then it is my pleasure," cried Mathilda, "that you try the temper of the weapon, ere I venture to run the tilt."

"If I do," he replied, "I must intreat the shield of your indulgence; but as a squire I must obey;"—and he sang a roundelay of exquisite sweetness, and with the skill of a perfect master.

"The bird is beaten! fairly beaten!" exclaimed Mathilda.

"Pardon me," returned the knight, "the squire hath but trotted round the lists."

"Now come forth, fair champion," said Henry, placing the instrument in his cousin's hands. "You truly are the challenger of the field, let it not be said that you are craven, and fear to measure sounds."

"You speak interestedly for the honour of your race, Henry; I question if you will

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be a fair umpire between me and this herald of the morn."

"Perhaps not," he replied, in a whisper, "if love be the theme of your lay."

"Go to, cousin Henry, I will not indulge you, or place your honesty in such jeopardy."

The gay and beautiful performer was declared victorious.

"And now, Sir knights, what guerdon for my hard fought battle?"

"Victory," cried Otho, waving his bonnet, "and the homage of all true knights."

Thus passed two hours; but Mathilda was obliged to confess, that Otho's excellence was even more prominent in the grave than in the gay; her end was answered, she had whiled him for a time from his habitual sadness.

Not to Duke George did such pastime yield pleasure. Those hours to him, had been hours beset by contending passions. It was evident

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that the cousins considered themselves as plighted; but whether the perfect tranquillity of assured mutual affection (a tranquillity he could not understand), an affection encouraged and approved by their parents, combined with Mathilda's playful bantering manner to her cousin, misled him into a belief that theirs was rather a compact of convenience than betrothment of the heart, and might be set aside, he certainly did not feel the jealousy of Henry, which Otho's accomplishments inspired.

The quiet, melancholy manner of the latter, increasing from day to day, with the interest which Mathilda took to draw him from his sadness, added to the young knight's refinement, so calculated to win the favour of a delicate and high-minded maiden, stirred up every jealous feeling of the Prince's nature, and blinded him to a the noble excellence of character he had ever before been willing to acknowledge that his companion possessed; nor could

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he account for the subdued and more tender manner of his noble hosts towards him, whom he now looked upon as his rival; in the Countess this was exhibited in look and tone,—in the Count by a deference to his opinion. The Duke stopped not to consider how widely different their characters were.—Otho seemed to expect nothing, to exact nothing, as one who had no claim on kindred or on friendship; George was more eager to bend all the world to his will, and to force that will although at the spear's point; his opinions were delivered with impetuosity, and he would have preferred strife through danger and difficulty, rather than brook contradiction.

"Upon my life," said the Prince, sneeringly,as they paced the ramparts together in the afternoon of this day, "you will be the David of our camp, if Maurice ever gains us freedom this side the grave—only that for the royal harp, we must read lute."

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"It would be well," answered Otho, quietly," if such weapons would ensure conquest—there would be less carnage."

"Your association," continued the Prince, in the same tone, "with these ladies, has made you as dainty on the subject of war as a beardless boy, who has never belted sword to his side, or clad his limbs in steel."

"Say rather upon the miseries consequent upon war, Duke George; many a lusty knight hath mourned over the foe whom his strong arm hath struck to the dust; and many a victorious commander has viewed the field, when the heat of battle was over, and the dying and the dead lay stretched around him, with sorrow."

"If such be your reflections, Otho, why did you not select the cloister? 'twere more befitting such womanish thoughts."—

Otho stopped short, and looking his companion full in the face, said:—

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"What mean you, Duke? It is not requisite that I should vaunt my courage, or defend my fame; both have been acknowledged by, and are known to none better than yourself; if to abhor the unnecessary shedding of blood, and substitute reason for often times brute courage, be woman's creed alone, she is man's superior;—if for reasons which I ask not, nor care to know, you wish to rid yourself of my society,—say so, but use not contumely to detach me from you; a friend who will not use his sword against you to resent it. I sought your standard with some few men at arms,—a soldier of fortune, but not a marauder; I have followed you for some months, and faithfully have performed, as I have held my engagement. If our imprisonment does not invalidate our compact in arms, at any rate it does not bind me to your companionship in captivity—I shall solicit other quarters.—Farewell." And Otho quitted his fiery companion.

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The Duke, judging by his own headstrong passions, fully expected a different result, and was turning to dare Otho to the fight, when the relief guard came up, and while it was passing to the different posts, gave him time to reflect upon the rashness of such a proceeding; he could allege no offence against Otho, who had abstained from noticing repeated taunts, and had borne the same respect to him in manner.—What excuse could he make to Mansfeldt for such a wanton attack upon his fellow prisoner, and hitherto companion? that he was in love with his daughter, the betrothed of his nephew? perhaps he was hardly prepared to acknowledge to himself that he had by his jealous impetuosity lost the society of a friend, who had solaced many a lonesome hour, and upon whose bravery and judgment he could equally rely.—But happily for human nature, conscience—that busy and intrusive monitor — whis-

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pered to him some intimation of the truth, although reluctantly admitted, and nearly smothered, before age could mature its speech, or headstrong passion would suffer reflection to nourish the nursling.

Otho sought the Count, and requested a removal to other quarters.

He little cared, he said, for personal convenience, he feared much that his quiet habits were irksome to the Duke; indeed in this he spoke as he believed, for the truth had never occurred to him: he was conscious how dissimilar were their tastes, and in most matters their opinions; and considered that his sad sober views, were ill assorted to a prince whose soul was in his sword.

His request was readily accorded, and he had far less reason of the two to regret the separation.

The Count did not doubt the reasons which he alleged, for the desired separation,

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for there was a singleness of heart in all he said and did; that the veriest sceptic could not have doubted that he possessed in the highest degree that greatest beauty in the human character—truth—without which attribute, however high in talent, however brave in action, the mind of man is but a chaos of deformity; but he was convinced there was some cause, unknown even to himself, for the Duke's distaste to his society, especially watching the characters of the two young men as he had done.

A short time revealed to him the truth, and most anxiously did he look for the hour which would rid him of his captive. From Otho he had nothing to fear, his manner was watchful and kind, but there was neither love, nor jealousy in his eye; and whatever his sorrows might be, it was evident they were blended with an anxiety which he had brought with him, and which had daily increased upon him; his general

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information, and the polish of his mind and manner, rendered him such an acquisition in chamber and in hall, that Mansfeldt reflected with regret, that the hour which would relieve him from one prisoner, must deprive him of the society of the other. .

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CHAPTER IX.

As Otho had foreseen, a messenger in the person of Hendrick was sent to hasten the Baron, who had before received dispatches requiring his aid, as we have mentioned at the commencement of our story.

Maurice's deep laid schemes of policy, required every augmentation to his force, which he could either obtain or command, in order to reduce the Magdeburghers to capitulation.

As Reiterstein's standard, from the un-

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scrupulous sort of warfare which he waged, attracted all loose and disorderly adventurers who infested the country, it was particularly an object with the Elector to engage him in his service, in order to relieve the neighbourhood from these marauding pests, and not only to strengthen his own army virtually by numbers, but also to intimidate by the numerical report of his besieging host.

Otho's followers, had been somewhat tamed under his steady command; they were a mixture of Spaniards, Italians, and Germans. Maurice therefore decided to add them to Reiterstein's band, while Albert of Brandenburg willingly held the command of Duke George's body of free adventurers during his involuntary absence.

The Baron, on their way to the camp, used every persuasion to induce Konrad to enrol himself in his troop, but finding that he steadily declined to enlist himself, viewed

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him with no favourable eye, and ordered a vigilant watch to be kept over him. It was rare in these times, even among the higher ranks, to meet with men posessing the common rudiments of education; a youth therefore of Konrad's attainments, might be a useful assistant in a camp, where there were so many conflicting interests; and where trust-worthy messengers were required.

Towards the decline of day, Reiterstein and his troop entered upon the plains. In the distance, Magdeburg reared its gray towers; a heavy cloud which portended a storm, tinged on its extreme edges by the setting sun, formed a dark back ground, whilst the steeples of its many churches, with their glittering vanes, and the lofty spires of the cathedral of St. Maurice, rose above its massy walls. The spirit of resistance to the invaders was manifest, from the redoubts and fortifications, by which it was

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additionally defended. The whole shone out in strong contrast to the purple clouds above, and the bright green of the open country. Thus stood Magdeburg alone, and high in her majesty; the forest of tents scattered in lines and groups upon the extensive flat, appeared like the habitations of pigmies, who were intent rather to smother this giant of the plain by their swarms, than attempt its destruction by any regular force they could bring against it. Small troops of horsemen were perceived cantering in different directions in search of forage, and here and there a single trooper was to be seen conveying orders to the different outposts and commanders; but few of those signs of active warfare were to be observed, denoting the energy necessary in order to reduce a city, which still held out, after a siege of some months.

"If this be Maurice's mode of warfare," remarked the Baron, "the commanders of

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the besieging army are likely to leave its termination as an heir loom to their sons; verily one could think they were encamped to view some gay tournament."

A small party of horsemen were now riding leisurely towards them from the camp; the foremost, a man apparently under thirty years of age, was above the ordinary height; his well-proportioned figure was unmatched for gracefulness, he was of fair and florid complexion, his eye keen, penetrating, and full of fire, but the peculiar expression of his countenance was that of watchfulness, mixed with valorous daring; no sight or sound seemed to escape his rapid observation; a bland and kindly smile at times played over his features; there was nothing of cruelty even in his most fiery moments, but a slight occasional contraction of the brow bespoke deep and concentrated thought, mingled with some anxiety. He was mounted on a stout jennet, and unarmed,

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save with a sword, which was suspended from a broad belt of red leather, richly embroidered in gold. A tightly fitting pourpoint of blue velvet laced with silver, did justice to the elegance of his figure; a mulberry coloured cloak of cloth, hemmed and overlaid likewise with a broad band of silver, secured by a thick cord, and tassels of the same, fell over one shoulder. A black velvet bonnet, looped on one side by an emerald of unusual size, and from under which his hair curled thickly, completed the costume of this hero,—the assertor of German liberty and of her religious freedom.

On his right rode a man, his senior, but more stalwart in his proportions. Every line of his face was marked by boldness and determination, and you might seek in vain for one soft expression to mitigate its severity. He still retained the cuirass, but his head was undefended, save by a cap of red velvet: such was Albert of Brandenburg. He bestrode

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a heavy charger, which seemed to require a strong and master hand to keep him in obedience; his curved neck, distended veins and nostrils, showed him of noble breed; an officer rode by his side, while two troopers followed.

"By my glove," said Hendrick, "the Elector and Duke Albert; I will ride forward and apprize them of your coming."

"Do so," replied the Baron, "and learn our station, for I conclude there are quarters allotted to us."

"No doubt, Baron, you know Duke Maurice executes, in an hour, what would take another man half his life to con over; he is ever before-hand with time." Thus saying, he spurred forward.

The Baron and his troop slackened their pace; a short parley, and Hendrick returned.

"The Elector, Baron, desires you to join him; I will conduct your men to their quarters."

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The troop wheeled to the left, preceded by Hendrick, while the Baron and Konrad rode forward to meet Maurice.

"Welcome Reiterstein," said he, "I fear we have somewhat hastened your march, but in truth," he added, smiling graciously, "we need our ablest and our bravest leaders to reduce yon obstinate city to obedience."

"If I were to judge, Duke, by the peopling of these plains, my small force is scarcely required for the accomplishment of this end."

"Baron de Reiterstein must be an acquisition," returned Maurice, "where bravery is not at a discount."

The Baron's services were in fact, of little account to him for carrying on the siege, but it was well to secure them for hereafter considerations; he would be useful for laying the country under contribution, or to do such duty as men of more honourable feelings might hesitate to undertake;

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and besides, he would decline no action, however desperate, if plunder was likely to accrue; therefore if Maurice doubted, and did not respect him, yet as a tool, he might serve his purpose.

"Yon city looks as tranquil," said the Baron, "as if there had been no watchers around its circuit for the last six months; your Highness' army must be somewhat weary of noting its defences, numbering its loopholes, redoubts, and embrasures."

"Say eight months, instead of six, my good friend," replied Maurice, boldly, "and the time will not have been mispent, if they have conned their lesson well by heart; you are fortunate in coming more tardily into the field, to profit by an abridgment of their observations and their catalogue."

"I love not an idle life, your Highness, and you considerately studied my taste, for your despatches reached me only three days after my return to Reiterstein,

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where many matters demanded my presence for a time."

"And who may this youth be who accompanies you?" asked Albert; "his garb savours not of war; is he a follower from Italy?"

"Not so," replied the Baron, "but one whom I thought might be useful; he is a youth of capacity, and some learning, and may assist your Highness's officers to a readier method of calculating the strength of yonder fortifications."

Maurice did not choose to notice Reiterstein's sneers, but backing his horse, waited for Konrad to come up; at one glance he read the youth's character in his open and intelligent countenance; he seemed misplaced with the Baron.

"And so, young man, instead of arms you bring some learning to our camp; upon my life an unusual market for such a commodity; but you offer us that which is somewhat scarce, and may not be won by sword or pike."

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"Pardon me, your Highness," replied Konrad, respectfully, "I would fight if the cause and the commander pleased me, but not if the former be against my conscience, and plunder, not honour, the reward."

Maurice looked at the young man with some surprise.

"Your speech, young sir, is a bold one; your tone high for your apparent condition, and which of these reasons may have decided you to prefer a more peaceable profession?"

"'Twere hard to tell your Highness, where either is sufficient to weigh down the balance, and to deter an honest man. I will not fight for those who are armed against my faith, neither will I bear arms for, nor do the bidding of one, who might exact that which would sully my name, humble as it is, and burthen my conscience, the purity of which is equally dear to prince and peasant."

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"What seek you then in such a scene as this?"

"That chance, your Highness, may befal of employment or service, when the siege is concluded, with some gallant commander, or perhaps a peaceful occupation within the walls of Magdeburg."

Maurice's quick eye again surveyed Konrad, and nodding, he pushed on to join the others. A short distance brought them into the middle of the camp, where the Elector's tent was conspicuous by its size and banner.

Reiterstein again mounted his horse, and accompanied by an officer, sought that part of the field allotted to him and his body of men. Konrad stood at the opening of his tent long after their departure, contemplating a scene so new to him. By degrees silence reigned around, and as the sounds of warlike preparation ceased, the elements seemed to take up the strife. Quick

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flashes of lightning succeeded each other, and danced fitfully athwart the towers of the devoted city. Thunder rolled on in deep-mouthed cannonades, and burst in claps, which seemed to threaten annihilation to the fragile tenements around.

Konrad smiled, and thought, "if knowledge were still hidden in benighted ignorance, it might be imagined this awful storm was a manifestation of divine wrath."

"How paltry," he reflected, "do all the contrivances of man for the destruction of his own species appear, in contrast to these evidences of supreme power,—effects produced by natural combinations, but all ordered, all regulated by the one mighty hand who rules omnipotent."

The storm came sweeping on; the lightning now darted its forked tongue at brief and briefer intervals, and a smoke at some distance proclaimed that it had struck its prey.

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With breathless haste, Konrad flew to the spot; some tents were on fire; they were those appropriated to the suttlers and the women, and close to the baggage waggons. The peril was imminent; the terrified women were equally afraid of the fire, or of encountering the terrific storm: but the soldiers, accustomed to the clamour of the cannon, had not been disturbed by the gradual increase of the tempest; there was therefore little assistance at hand. Konrad rushed among the burning tents, and dragged from one a woman, too much paralyzed by fear to find her way out. He called loudly to the few men by this time assembled, to cut the cords of those adjoining, and clear them away. Conceiving him to be an officer in command, he was promptly obeyed, and a space soon cleared, but not before many of these temporary dwellings had been consumed. Konrad paused for a moment from his exertions, and cried joyfully :—

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"The rain comes!"

It did indeed descend in torrents, and ran with velocity down and overflowed the narrow trenches which were formed as drainage to the encampment.

By this time, numbers of the officers and soldiers had assembled. Maurice, ever on the alert, and alarmed by the magnified reports of the immediate danger to the whole of the encampment in this quarter, involving probable destruction to magazines and stores, and dreading, in case of such an event, further outbreaks of mutiny, arrived with some of his immediate officers on the spot. He had witnessed the intrepidity of Konrad who, certainly had, by his promptitude and courage, been the means of stopping the conflagration, and saving the baggage waggons.

The women were soon sheltered in other tents, and the rain, which had arrested the flames, rendered further assistance needless.

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Konrad, drenched, his dress soiled, and singed, by smoke and fire, turned to retrace his steps to his own quarters,—when Maurice's voice arrested him.

"Young man, you have done nobly; come to my tent to-morrow, before mid-day, —good night."

It was nearly daybreak, before the youth sought his pillow. The Elbe rose high; the besieged in despair, saw their mills carried away by the turbulent waters, and their means of subsistence rendered doubtful.

A breach was made in their ramparts, and destruction from the warring elements appeared likely to forestal that which was threatened by their enemies, who possibly, like themselves, might feel the afflicting hand of Providence. The senate lost no time in idle lamentations, but sought with vigour to repair the evils caused by the irresistible storm. Boats were constructed for

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the conveyance of provisions to the brave garrison, but of this resource they were quickly deprived by the vigilance of their opponents, and with grief they saw all their hopes of receiving the succours collected by Mansfeld's exertions cut off.

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CHAPTER X.

TOWARDS mid-day Konrad bent his steps to Maurice's tent, before which two halberdiers were keeping sentry. In vain he urged the order which he had received the night previously from the Duke himself; they were still obdurate, and could not leave their post in order to ascertain the truth of his statement. Disappointed, he was turning away to seek some officer of the elector's household, when, the altercation being heard within, the captain of the guard

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appeared, to whom Konrad repeated the command he had received from the Duke; a similar one had just been delivered to him for the youth's admission, when he should present himself to claim access to the presence of the Elector, who was sitting at a table which was strewed with papers; his brow was clouded with thought, and marked by displeasure, mixed with care.

"And so, Albert" he said "these are the manifestoes which the good citizens send forth in my favour, but I heed them not; they shall not drive me from my purposes; their heads are as senseless as their own woolsacks. I would rather have it so; it assists my operations for their advantage."

He now looked up, and said with a sly smile, "And so, young man, you come to claim some consideration for last night's exertions, and well you have earned it."

"Pardon me, your Highness, I came by your desire; I have no claim, and do not

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wish to proffer any, seeing there is no ground on which to build it."

"You think then that your readiness and courage do not demand some recompense?"

"Any person would have done the same, your Highness; my late arrival placed me in the rear, and nearer to the conflagration than others; thus my speedy appearance at the time of need was accidental."

"It is well, but your self applause will not push your fortune. Who are you, and what your name?"

"My name is Konrad; Shröder my father is a Lutheran pastor, and dwells in the village below the Castle of Reiterstein. I am his only child; my views and hopes I mentioned to you, when you condescendingly spoke with me yesterday."

"You have received," said the Elector "as Reiterstein tells me, a good education."

"My father, noble sir, is a pious and a

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learned man, and if I have not profited by his instruction, the fault is mine."

"And would you wish to change your service?"

"I should, sir, but I have so far engaged with the Baron, that I could not at present quit him without a breach of faith."

Maurice smiled. "I doubt if the Baron will be difficult on this score; I suspect he will be here anon to crave some leave of absence, and I shall make it conditional that he resigns his claim on you. No doubt we shall find employment for you, if you answer the hopes I have conceived of you. After my interview with the Baron, I will let you know further."

He bowed, and Konrad left the tent.

As Maurice had foretold, Reiterstein, in the course of a few days, made his application for leave of absence, and the Duke in return, requested the transfer of Konrad's service. The Baron could not refuse,

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although, since Hartorff's report to him in the wood, of the conversation he had held during the journey with Schwartz, he did not wish to lose sight of, or abandon his power over the youth. He contented himself with believing that Maurice would keep him too constantly employed, to admit of his return to Reiterstein. Konrad, on the other hand, enchanted with his new prospects so far beyond his most sanguine hope, rejoiced to instal his person and his small property, the latter consisting only of his slender valise which looked as if it would benefit in bulk by being sent on the recruiting service,) in his new quarters, leaving a few groschens with the grateful creature whom he had rescued from the flames.

It was necessary for the Baron, before he left the camp which he had so recently joined, to regulate his military affairs, and issue many minute instructions to Hartorff for his conduct during his absence. This

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delay little suited his inclination, but Maurice was peremptory that the Baron's mercenaries should be left in a state of discipline fit for any service or emergency, and although he used all diligence in bringing into some form and order, the disorderly members who daily enlisted themselves under his command, many days elapsed ere he could take his departure. On the tenth morning by early dawn, he was in the saddle, and left the camp at a brisk trot, attended by two stout veteran troopers. We will not follow him minutely on his journey, which he pursued with short intermissions of rest, towards Luneburg, whose extensive heaths and wide wastes he traversed rapidly; the close of the fourth day brought him within sight of the venerable convent of Walsrode, the object of his journey.

A loud summons at the gate called forth the old portress, to whom the Baron signi-

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fied his wish to speak immediately to the lady Abbess.

"Wait a while," she replied, "and let me tell the superior who it is that would see her, and your business."

"Tell her, the Baron von Reiterstein claims an audience and waits her pleasure. As for my business, it matters not. Come, quick, old crone," he added,—seeing the ancient guardian still anxious to learn more before she ventured to announce a stranger into the sanctified presence of the Abbess,—"I have no time to dally, evening is at hand, and we have still to seek a place for the night's repose."

"Old crone indeed," retorted she, "old crone, old crone," increasing in anger as she repeated the disrespectful appellation, "is this a fit speech to one who keeps the gate of Walsrode; no doubt he calls himself a knight, but by the token of his spurs only, I guess; his civility to a damsel would not betray

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him as such,"—and still the offensive name by which he had designated her, was muttered as she crossed the quadrangle to the entrance of the convent. Leisurely she announced the visiter to the Lady Abbess, commenting, at the same time, upon his unknightly manners.

"Never mind, good Willfhild, he is a rude soldier, tired with travel, and somewhat out of humour; the sooner I see him the better,"—and as Willfhild left the parlour, she added, in a low tone, "it is a disagreeable duty, and I shall be more at ease when it is disposed of. I had hoped that foreign gold would have kept him still far away, and spared me this meeting." Her pale cheek was tinted with an unusual glow, as she made this reflection. Reiterstein entered, and the Abbess rose with stately demeanour to receive him.

"Lady, I have come to claim my ward at your hands; I should rather say my bride,

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for such it is my intention to make her. I would gladly speak with her, and prepare her to quit the home you have so long granted her. I have journeyed in haste from Magdeburg, and my movements must be rapid."

"I will not then delay to inform you, Baron," replied the superior, while her full blue eyes gazed steadily upon him, "that it is not in my power to restore to you the lady Clotilda."

"What!" exclaimed the Baron, starting, "is she dead?"

"Not so, Baron; Heaven forbid! that such a sorrow should have befallen me, or that one so fair, so young, so good, should have been called hence in the bright days of her youth."

"What then," said he, "you have not surely induced her to take the holy habit? Your convent will have added a portionless member to its community."

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"I doubt that," she replied with meaning, "even if such were the case; but again you are wrong in your supposition; Clotilda has not professed, at least, at our altar."

"Saints in Heaven;" exclaimed Reiterstein furiously, his dark countenance expressing alarm and anger, "where is she then?"

"She is gone from hence," replied the Abbess, "and was removed from our care after your departure for Italy."

"Removed, say you, madam? who dared to remove her? How dared you to resign to other hands the keeping of a ward of mine, intrusted to you by me? How dared—"

"Hold, hold," interrupted the Abbess with calm dignity, "I dare do much without the Baron Reiterstein's permission, who brought me no documents to prove the maiden a ward of his, and who deceived me by falsehood, and lulled all suspicion by spe-

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cious deception; I dared to obey the authority of those higher in power, higher in sanctity than him."

"And may I ask, reverend lady, who were those in authority audacious enough to usurp mine?"

"I may not tell, sir," she steadily replied; "nor more than this, that Clotilda is not here, I know not where she may be, and if I did, my lips should be sealed in silence. I have rendered you all the information I may give, and nearly all that is in my possession. The main fact I have truly stated, that she is not here, and that she was taken hence by those who had more right to remove her, than I to detain her." She then bowed gravely and quitted the parlour.

To endeavour to pourtray Reiterstein's rage, would be a waste of words, for none could be found of sufficient force to express it. Every angry demon seemed maddening

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in his brain. His eyes were bloodshot with passion; he stamped impotently on the floor, he swore he would back to Magdeburg for his men, raze the convent, devote to destruction its inmates, carry fire and sword through the province. By degrees this frantic violence subsided, and he resolved to seek in every corner of the empire for the innocent victim who had eluded his grasp. Such a misadventure he had never anticipated; he conceived, that like a miser's hidden treasure, Clotilda was secured from human knowledge; that there was no one living who had power to claim her; that he could abstract her at will from the convent; and that there were none who could deny his right to do so. Who could come between him and his prize? Whoever they might be, they should feel his vengeance. What clue had he by which to recover her? None.

Again he sent to request speech with the lady Abbess, but she sent him word that she

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had no further communication to make. Much agitated by this interview, she retired to her chamber. She well knew of what the Baron was capable; fortunately she was shielded by the strong arm of the church, which, although shaken by the rapid diffusion of the new doctrines which received support from some of the electors and princes in the northern states of Germany, still retained an overbalance of power under the Emperor's protection; in all cases it could assert its rights, and was enabled to preserve its sanctuaries from desecration, and its immunities from violation. Thus she remained buried in thought, long after her unwelcome visiter had departed, and until the closing day warned her that it was time to arouse from her meditations. A small silver bell summoned a lay sister.

"Gertrude, I wish to see Schramm; seek him in the garden, he is ever late among

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his flowers. If not there, let him be found and sent to me."

Again she relapsed into thought, from which she was diverted by a faint tap at the door, and Gertrude presented herself, followed by a person somewhat remarkable in appearance. He was clad in a doublet and hose of gray serge, and held in his hand a cloth bonnet of the same colour. Of his height it was not easy to judge, for he was bowed and bent, either by infirmity or labour. His person was attenuated to extreme leanness. A deep scar across his forehead, extending to the cheek which was pale, gave rather a ghastly expression to his face, which his scanty grisled hair, leaving his forehead bare, did not relieve. His eyes were gray and sunken, and yet with these symptoms of age, you would not have pronounced him to have been a man of fifty. His eyes were downcast, and there was trepidation in his manner. He advanced, bowing respectfully.

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"Daughter," said the Abbess, addressing Gertrude, "you may leave us."

When the door was closed, she beckoned for her visiter to approach, which he did until he came close to her side.

"Madam," he said in a whisper, "I expected this summons. I have seen him, and know his errand."

"I trust," she replied, "that he did not recognise you."

"No, Madam," he replied in the same low tone, "he did not see me, and if he had, it is not likely that he would have known me, unless conscience had carried back his memory, and then he would have believed that the murdered haunted him,—that the grave had given up its dead."—

"I dread him," said the Abbess with a shudder, "and would take some counsel of you. Think you that he will discover Clotilda?"

"If art or villany, lady, can compass it, he will."

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"He stated," continued the superior, "that he must return forthwith to Magdeburg, but in truth I was too eager to rid myself of his presence to ask him any questions. I marvel that our good father Augustine hath not journeyed hither as he promised. His absence induces me to believe that he is watching her safety: still I would wish to be assured that they are warned of his return."

"Give me your commands, lady, and neither danger nor distance shall prevent my search: Heaven grant that I may not leave this life without offering some atonement for the evil I have wrought. Oh! think you, pious lady," added the unhappy man, while the tears dropped from his eyes, "that there can be pardon for such sins as mine?"

"True repentance, Schramm, will find mercy at the throne of Him who searches all hearts; happily for you your sin did not prosper you, and the seducer of your virtue

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hath been the chastiser of your crime." You sought gold;— he denied it to you; you were enticed by love for one, who proved herself faithless, and left you for the arms of your and her betrayer. His secret was not safe while you lived; he waylaid to assassinate you, and hoped by your death that no witness would remain to appear against him; and your child, whom your faithless and miserable wife, believing you no more, confided to him ere she died, has been lost to you. If revenge animates your zeal, your proclaimed repentance is but self-deception, and will not be acceptable to Him, who promises to us forgiveness as we learn to forgive."

Schramm bowed his head. "Alas Madam! then dare I not hope for mercy? Hath he not corrupted my soul, seduced me from home and virtue, seared and maimed my body, robbed me of the wife of my bosom, torn from me my child, left me an outcast, and

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rendered my life a loathsome burthen, my body an object for compassion and scorn, and my mind borne down by sin and remorse? Surely such crimes as his cannot meet pardon, even from on high."

"Of this, Schramm, it is not for us to judge, nor the amount of retribution which may be awarded to him in another life. In those realms above, where the Father of all reigns in his everlasting glory, will he be judged, and suffer for the evil which he hath consummated in this transitory world; but had he not done all these wrongs to you, you might have persevered in your infamous career, and shared with him hereafter that condemnation, which you believe will be passed upon him: his crimes towards you, I devoutly hope, will prove the means of your salvation. Go, Schramm, and pray rather that repentance may visit his darkened soul, ere the last account be demanded of him."

"I will, lady; indeed I will, nor shall

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one of your soothing and holy words bloom without producing fruit upon the heart of the wretched but repentant sinner before you."

Reverently he bowed upon the Abbess's hand, saying:—

"As I know you would wish, so I will do," and slowly withdrew.

In the morning, Schramm was searched for in vain.

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CHAPTER XI.

MAURICE had discovered some symptoms of discontent among the troops, which now broke out into open mutiny. Their pay was already in arrear; many did not like the service, and were backward and lukewarm in their duties; such were chiefly the German Protestants; but his master spirit from time to time quelled these murmurs, and dangerous outbreaks. His genius, even more fertile in moments of difficulty and danger, was ever on the alert to turn all

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events, however unfavourable their aspect, to his own account: watchful and enterprising, no opportunity escaped his vigilance, or was lost by his inactivity; his delay therefore before Magdeburg the more puzzled those who served under him, and were accustomed to the rapidity and correctness of his judgment, and the celerity of his operations. Autumn was at hand, but his plans had been long matured, and now the season for the preliminaries to their execution began to press. He knew that he stood in a doubtful relation with both parties, Protestant and Catholic; but this conviction neither accelerated nor retarded his movements; his refined policy enabled him to keep both at bay; his game was so fixed in his own mind, the chances so nicely weighed and balanced, that he felt assured he could play it at the time most consonant with his own views, and win it.

There were but few slight elevations to

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relieve the uniformity of the plain, upon which the encampment was formed, but towards the site of Maurice's tent, the ground sloped slightly upwards, and the few feet attained by this inclination gave him a view of his outspread forces; with folded arms he gazed below; an involuntary sarcastic smile played on his lip, as he reflected how adroitly he moved and regulated these puppets,—each striving for his individual interests,—whilst he, without their perception, combined and directed their ambition, pride, envy, vanity, cupidity, fanaticism, party feuds, private animosities and jealousies, all to his own purposes. A feeling of contempt for his own species stole over him, thus to find beings so blinded by their own puerile and ignoble schemes, and base passions, that unconsciously and subserviently they worked out the will of a transitory being like themselves. But mentally he exclaimed:—

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"'They have done it, and shall do it still; nay, the proudest, and the highest of all these insects of an hour, one to whom all knees are bent, who rules o'er lands and draws the wealth of mountains, mines, and vallies his eye hath never seen, by the power and terror of his name alone, who can condemn to gibbet, sword, and flame, swarms of the human race who will not read their creed like his, whose policy will be the theme of after days, and strain the wisest intellects to fathom and dissect:—he too shall feel that Maurice is his overmatch, and be compelled by him to leave free thoughts to men, who struggle for the right to offer at their altars pure worship to their God, untrammelled by despotic laws, proclaiming death or obedience to priestcraft, bigotry and superstition. 'Twas God who called thee, Charles, to thy high destiny —'twas He who gave the sword of justice into thy hands, and knowledge of His holy

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book to temper it with mercy. But fire and flame have overspread thy foreign lands,—priestcraft has been upheld by thee, and His most precious testament hath been perverted as thy plea to yoke the souls of men, and stain its sainted leaves with spots of blood. He hath consigned the infliction of His wrath and punishment of thee to humbler hands; those lands, at least, where Maurice rules, shall see no faggots blaze, unhallowed offerings to Him who reigns above. 'Tis hard to sacrifice such hordes of men; but more cruel far to leave interminable war and slavery of soul to generations yet unborn."

As these high thoughts swept rapidly through the mind of Maurice, he looked upwards to the vast expanse above him, glittering with unnumbered stars. One splendid meteor blazed for a moment, and darting fell athwart the sky.

"'Tis ominous," said Maurice; "well!

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be it so, if thus HE WILLS. Before I fall like yonder meteor, my work will be well nigh accomplished, and my destiny fulfilled;" and slowly he turned towards his tent.

Konrad was awaiting his coming. Throwing his cap upon the floor, he seated himself at the table, mused for a few moments on the plans before him, and dismissed Konrad. As the latter retreated, the curtain of the tent was drawn aside, and the tall figure of the monk presented itself in the opening. He bowed slightly, and advanced to the table.

"Welcome, good priest, most welcome."

"I fear, Prince, that I am more tardy than I promised; but I have made the best speed I could."

"You have delayed a few hours only, Father, but I greatly need your aid."

"As peace maker I trust, Prince?"

"Even so;" and now Maurice detailed his

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plans, and the occurrences of the last few days.

"And may I enquire of your Highness what leave you have granted to Reiterstein ?"

"Rather more than enough to come and go. I was obliged to allow him some days grace, lest he should suspect I knew his errand."

"He will then," said the friar musingly, "make a hasty visit to Reiterstein, and I much fear, spite of all precaution, will pounce upon his prey."

"How so ?"

"Because he will send scouts in every direction, and that unfortunate detention at the woodman's hut will put him on the scent, if he chance to pass that way."

"Not a moment must be lost," replied the Elector, "we have yet, I trust, some short time to provide for her security ; he cannot already have left Walsrode. Now, friend, to your rest, and I will summon Konrad."

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Two hours before noon, on the following day, Konrad accompanied by a flag of truce was before the gates of Magdeburg. Mansfeldt commanded him to be admitted. He was speedily conducted into the governor's presence, and having delivered the dispatches with which he was charged, waited respectfully at some paces distant while the Count perused them.

Mansfeldt pondered for some moments, and having made a sign to the attendants to withdraw, beckoned for the young man to advance.

"Are you acquainted with the contents of these dispatches?"

Konrad replied in the negative, and stated that he was newly enlisted in the Elector's service.

"You would then deem it most prudent that I should give my answer in writing?"

"I thougnt it right, sir, to put you on your guard, as owing to my brief sojourn with the Duke, I have as yet had no oppor-

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tunity of proving my fidelity. From my present mission you might suppose that I was in his confidence."

Mansfeldt smiled, for he perceived that Maurice, with his usual clear sightedness, had selected, as his messenger, the one most calculated to conciliate his prejudices. He moved forward to summon again his attendants, when Konrad drew nearer, and said:

"I am further charged, Count, with a communication to one of your prisoners;" at the same time drawing from his bosom a packet.

"I would humbly pray your permission to deliver this. It is unsealed, and the contents regard alone the person, to whom it is addressed. I promised if possible to deliver it myself, and be the bearer of the answer."

The Count received the letter, and observed:

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"As part of my duty, charged as I am with the preservation and defencc of this city, I ought perhaps to demand by whom it was delivered to your care."

"I have no hesitation in anticipating your question, sir: Father Augustine confided it to my charge."

"'Tis well," said the Count, and summoning those in waiting, desired them to request the presence of Sir Otho, to whom on his entrance he presented the letter.

Otho retired with evident marks of anxiety and trepidation to the window. An inclosure dropped on the floor, which he quickly regained, pressed to his lips, and then impatiently perused. Turning, he said earnestly: — "Have I your permission, Count, to charge this youth with a reply to these papers?"

"Granted, Sir Otho, for I doubt if treachery would find such sanction from your lips as that precious billet hath received anon; an hour, I trust, will suffice to prepare our despatches."

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He motioned for Konrad to withdraw, who was conducted by the attendants in waiting to the hall. We will leave them for a while, and amuse ourselves with a separate scene of the drama, which has been progressing, while we have been wandering over the country, as true chroniclers of the ways and actions of our other migratory characters.

It would be tedious to move the hands of our time-piece backward, and note each minute as it passed. It will suffice to give a bold outline, and state that, since George of Mecklenburg's separation from his friend, he had abandoned the reins of his reason, and given a wild career to his hopes and imagination; and was now as deeply in love as complete idleness, opportunity, and an ardent temperament permitted. He suffered no doubts to check his pursuit, for although not a vain man, he could form no conception that his suit, if once declared,

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could encounter opposition, or that any previous claim could be preferred to his pretensions; nor was any coquetry on Mathilda's part necessary to induce this self-confidence. It was his nature in love or war, to bear down all opposition, and arrogate to himself supreme power.

Mathilda could not suppose that he would indulge in hopes unwarranted by her manner to him, and at variance with her father's intention of bestowing her hand upon her cousin. As love is apt to render the vision more acute, and even to magnify the objects it represents, Henry saw more clearly the state of the Duke's affections, but Mathilda gave him no cause for jealous fears; the glances of tenderness or approbation from her soft eye, were ever for him; the pointed jest or gentle word, for his ear; the trusting confidence, for his counsel; he watched to shield, but did not doubt.

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The trio were passing through the hall, while Konrad was waiting there for his despatches. The Duke's eye caught the form of the stranger, and addressing one of the halberdiers, who was parading the hall, demanded if he were a prisoner. The man replied, he believed the youth was waiting the Count's pleasure.

"His unstained, modest looking jerkin," said Henry, "bears a peaceable aspect; they seem to have made him welcome to a hard bench, and an empty board."

"Alas!" said Mathilda, "such parsimony is a sign of the times, for war and hospitality are sadly at variance. I foresee with grief the straits to which our good Town may be reduced: already I fear the hand of famine begins to press his bony fingers in fellowship with some of our poorer classes of citizens."

"Hush! hush!" said Henry, "we must not betray our possible privations.

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It would be as well to question that sober looking youth: he may take notes, and carry a report of your speech to the camp."

Our famished looks," observed the Duke laughing, "would hardly bear him out, if he sketches them also in his tablets."

Mathilda turned, and saw the blush of indignation on Konrad's face, as these aspersions of his honesty were bandied. It was an evidence that their conversation had not passed unheeded by him, and as certain a one, that it would not travel beyond the limits of the hall.

"Good youth," continued Henry addressing Konrad, "we wish to learn your privilege for listening to our speech?"

"The Count's commands," he replied, "to wait his pleasure here."

"And did the Count instal you in the office of eaves dropper?"

"Nature, sir, gave me the sense of hearing, and honour hath taught me not to

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misuse the gift, or the information it may chance unwittingly to place in my possession. This, I hope, will be sufficient to satisfy your misgivings, if I have gathered hints from a conversation which I did not seek to hear."

"You have been too hard, Henry, and unlike yourself," said Mathilda; "why suspect the youth's intentions to be unworthy?"

"'Twas wrong," whispered Henry, "but peril begets suspicion, and remember how much I possess within this fortress, to render its security the object of my life."

Henry gently drew her arm within his own, and passed through the hall. They were met at the upper end by a page, with a summons from the Count for his nephew's immediate attendance.

He found his uncle in close conference with Count Heideck. We will not forestal our narrative by detailing the particulars of this interview. In the space of an

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hour he returned, and accompanied Konrad to Mansfeldt's presence.

As they traversed the passages leading to his apartment, Henry's manner apologized for the roughness of his first salutation; he observed, that in the present critical position of the town and fortress, it was the duty of every one connected with its safety, to be on the alert against spies or treachery.

"Believe me, sir," said Konrad, "the Elector is incapable of such means to carry out his views."

"Report says," replied Henry, "that he is a crafty Prince, and uses policy to back his valour."

"True, sir, but both are of the highest grade, and if he had thus descended, he would have chosen an abler messenger."

This short parley brought them to the door of the Count's private chamber. It was a small but lofty room, panelled with dark oak;—the windows narrow, but high and

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deeply splayed, shewing the immense thickness of the walls. A suit of inlaid russet armour ready for immediate use, with a few prime arquebusses, pikes, and pistols, were suspended from the walls. The flooring was of oak, corresponding with the panels, with a low door nearly opposite to the one of usual entrance.

Konrad was desired to give his signature for the paper delivered into his charge, and was again conducted to the gates by Henry, who by Mansfeldt's order, whispered to him, before parting, the pass word for the night.

The Duke, in the mean time, had not been idle; upon some pretence he had lingered, and detained Mathilda in the corridor, and there with his wonted vehemence, declared his passion. Surprise and distress rendered her incapable of reply, while the Duke continued to pour out his impassioned harangue.

"Fortune, at last, fair Mathilda, has

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befriended me; and granted me the opportunity of offering that homage, which, from the day of my captivity, has panted on my lips. I have been doubly a captive, but an unrepining, and to you, a willing one; and my release can bring no joy, unless assured that your fair hands will bind me anew in dearer bonds."

"You surprise and grieve me, Duke; I thought that you were aware of the engagement between my cousin and myself; I lament that, unconsciously, I have induced you into a belief that my attachment could change its object, or that in my desire to render your residence among us less irksome, I have misled you into a declaration of affection, which I blush to receive, and cannot return. I will not prolong your wanderings in error, which I did not anticipate, and which cause me infinite concern."

"Is it possible, fair Mathilda, that woman's

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vanity hath never whispered to thy heart, the inevitable fate of those, who flutter like giddy moths around thy light of beauty? Thinkest thou, that unless allured into the vortex of thy numberless attractions, I could contentedly have left my sword to rust within its scabbard, and borne so patiently a captivity, which beyond all other ills, I dreaded most?"

"I am no judge, Prince, of your motives for bearing, with becoming fortitude, an evil you could not remedy. I conceived that your magnanimity pointed out to you the best method of enduring, unrepiningly, your misfortune. By my father's desire, my poor exertions were joined to aid you in tolerating a probation we felt must be at best, a hard one. We could not foretell that our limited endeavours could have been so misconstrued. I might well retort the charge of vanity," she added with some asperity, "if you can indulge in hopes

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scarcely honourable, to supersede my cousin Henry in the affection of his affianced bride."

"His bride?" quoth the Duke in wrath, "a stripling, whose blade has but recently flashed its maiden light, and knows only of deeds of war from nursery tales. He, thy father's ward, with name and station yet unknown; he to o'erstep the claims of George of Mecklenburg."

"'Tis even so," replied the maiden, piqued by his contempt for her favoured cousin; "Henry will prove, as he has done, his valour when occasion needs, and that is what a woman loves in her protector, and not the eternal clash and talk of arms; the pipe of peace is preferable to the fearful whoop of war;" then calmly added, "Henry hath my father's consent and mine."

"A covenant," said the Duke, "to join possessions, and he is welcome to his lordly

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fiefs; my sword shall win a dowry and jewels rare to deck my bride."

"You must wed an amazon then, Duke," she retorted, almost amused by this novel mode of wooing; "gauds wrested from others by such violent means, would be ill-suited for a female's wear, barring the plumes to shade her eyes from scenes unfitted for her sight; but you forget that the Emperor has deprived us of lands and wealth."

"If this suit you not, lovely Mathilda, I will dedicate my arms to your favourite Otho's patron saint, and learn like him to lisp soft numbers to a lute, watch your cunning fingers as they ply the silver threads, and breathe into your ear the tales of sunny lands as he does, provided such sacrifices will win you to a kinder mood."

"They will not, Prince; my faith is plighted, and had Sir Otho used his talents

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to lure me to a breach of it, they would have been as distasteful to me, as your wild wooing. Do not, I entreat, mar your own peace and mine, by a repetition of such declarations, for indeed they will avail you nothing, but rob you of the friendship I freely offer."

"I see it all," said George distractedly, "your cousin's suit is but the plea to shield my favoured rival."

"Your doubts are anything but courteous Duke; if guilty of so mean a subterfuge, I should be unworthy of the homage of a true knight; it would be beneath me to combat further such an accusation;" and Mathilda withdrew, leaving her impetuous lover discouraged, but not subdued.—

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CHAPTER XII.

The bells of church and tower were giving out their lengthened sounds to the hour of nine as two figures passed in earnest conversation up the middle aisle of St. Maurice's cathedral. The voices of the speakers scarcely reached a higher tone than a whisper. As they confined their promenade strictly to the centre of the broad long aisle, no one could approach within earshot undiscovered.

"It is even so," said the elder speaker;

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"Maurice's desire is to spare the city and the citizens, but the terms of surrender must be such as to satisfy the Emperor; he pledges his faith to mitigate them hereafter, as may be agreed upon beforehand, toleration equally to those of our church must be the prominent article assured in the convention."

"Fear not, monk, my ready compliance with this demand; our church, unless infuriated to retaliation, is meek and peaceful, and does not require coercion to extend and support its pure and simple doctrines, nor have we any right to invade the privileges or worship of our catholic citizens, they have not suffered, and they shall not suffer wrong while I command in Magdeburg."

"'Tis well, Count; the Elector demands personal communication with yourself, as time and place may best suit for both parties, and lastly, he prefers a request, not a condition."

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"Name it, good monk; I am not disposed to refuse Duke Maurice any boon, which may come within the bounds of my duty and ability: I feel confident, that he would not harass me by any proposition to transgress the one, or go beyond the compass of the other."

The monk's whispered request caused the Count to ponder for a short space; he then replied:—

"Most readily, father, I will grant the Duke's desire, if Heideck should approve the concession; believe me, to do so will yield me as much gratification as the Elector or yourself can experience in obtaining it; at this hour to-morrow meet me here, and you shall have my final answer; I trust it may be the one I wish to give."

They then separated—the monk disappeared among the cloisters, and the Count re-entered the Castle.

In the evening subsequent to this inter-

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view, but at rather a later hour, four persons similarly clad in holy garb slowly and silently bent their steps to the gates of Magdeburg. But few words were exchanged at parting, two only of the party passed the barriers, and proceeded to the camp. The pass word secured them from interruption, and they reached Maurice's tent unmolested. Ere the moon was high in the heavens, a troop of twenty horsemen armed to the teeth, were crossing the plain at a brisk pace.

One of the two persons who quitted the fortress two hours previously, had exchanged his cowl for a light coat of mail and helm; he rode a little in advance of the others with a companion; the latter was armed with sword and pistols, his body was encased in a doublet of thick leather; and a dark blue cloak of stout cloth, a plain steel skull-cap protected his head.

For many miles the country which they

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traversed was level, and would have given evidences of fertility, if Duke George had not devastated the fields, and burned the farms and villages. Towards the confines of the territory of Magdeburg, marshes in places, somewhat perilous to cross, and thick woods, rendered their progress after a while more tedious, and their chargers were frequently floundering deep above their fetlocks in the swampy pools; still they kept their course onward, in a compact body; and had traversed many weary leagues ere they gave themselves and their steeds some rest. The commander of this small troop appeared to possess unlimited control over the wills of his men; they were emulous to anticipate his orders, and a sign seemed a sufficient communication to regulate their movements. There was only occasionally an interchange of words between him and his comrade, but those brief sentences were apparently earnest, and of

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oth. Three hours after
ntered a small hamlet;
ayment and peaceful in-
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gasthaus afforded, which
able even to hungry tra-
host was assiduous, and
tained in the village, in
duce of his meagre larder,
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s of appetite. The lead-
quickly partook of their
re anxiously engaged in
ans for further and speedy
as our notice has been
we must leave them for a

rerogatory to trace their
ways and woods — their
ing fords over the tribu-
feed the mercantile Elbe,
ross the country, in order

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to attain the ultimate point of their journey with the least possible delay, or the tormenting anxieties which they endured when unforeseen obstacles impeded their speed,—their hard riding, scanty fare, and repose rather for their horses and men than for themselves, in miserable hovels or villages reduced to ashes, the embers of which, were still reeking from the incendiary flames.—The few inhabitants who had saved themselves by timely flight and had ventured to return to search for some traces of lost children, parents, or friends among the smouldering ruins of their homes, were too destitute and famished to yield food or shelter even in exchange for gold. Our readers can readily imagine all this, in an era when Germany was not as it now is,—the resort of tourists for health, information, or pleasure; not as it now is,—the abode of civilization, learning, arts and commerce; but as it was in the middle of the sixteenth

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century, when the dark clouds of the middle ages were but slowly clearing away, when religious war distracted the country, and the little learning existing in states, which now stand preeminent in literature and the arts, was confined to scattered monasteries, or the few more recently founded universities. What between the remains of vassalage, the imperfectly suppressed, and hitherto almost licensed robberies and feuds, the peasantry, if they could have obtained, although scantily, some of the comforts of life, dared scarcely to indulge the hope of permanently retaining possession of them; the property and domestic peace of the nobility were alone secured from invasion by lofty towers, and strongly fortified holds; (thus it might well be said that every man's house was his castle;) those who were emancipated from vassalage, and possessed the means, talents, and industry to pursue the golden road of commerce, were obliged to seek the neighbouring impregnable fortress

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of some powerful noble, in order to protect their gains; or when congregated in sufficient numbers, to strengthen their position by surrounding their cities with castellated walls. The peasants with their families, inhabiting lone cottages and villages, were left exposed to oppression and death, under all their most terrifying and terrible aspects of war and plunder. Thus had it been, and thus was it still in a great measure at this epoch; the population did not increase, or improvement ameliorate their condition. Ere the sun of Rome had set, it shed its lingering, but departing glories over Europe; its beams still for a space reflected some faint polish over its barbarian invaders, but myriads of unenlightened human beings, like insects from some swampy marsh, extinguished the fading light; a long and wearisome night of darkness and anarchy succeeded; horror, desolation, rapine, and superstition, struggled

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in contention during this long obscurity, and man was left to grope his undirected way towards the returning sun of civilization; violence alone gave law—the law to which the feeble were compelled to bend; the code of Justinian was overwhelmed, and for a time lost as if it had never been; meanness of condition was slavery; even that lowliness of state gave no protection.

Thus ages wore away, ere a misty and slow revolving dawn gave promise of a brighter day. At the present season, the plains of Magdeburg had been in many parts reduced to profitless wastes, by the unsparing hand of selfish and rapacious ambition; and although historians may term Maurice a crafty politician, as well as an able and brave commander, and although such means can hardly be justified by the most admirable results, still it is to be considered that he contended against one who worked by subtle rules when his resources

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were inadequate, when his arms were unsuccessful, or their power doubtful, and that although it cannot be denied that his private views of self aggrandizement appeared in a great measure to be the spur to the exertion of his abilities, yet, ultimately he was the cause of the toleration which was secured to the Lutheran doctrine in 1555, by the treaty of Passau, and that but for his preponderating influence over the other states of Germany, he never could have achieved such a glorious result,—a result so eminently beneficial to posterity.

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CHAPTER XIII.

"Go on, good Krantz," said Clotilda, "I never weary of these tales of the by-gone days of my parents, and every circumstance connected with them, is dear to me. How befel it that my father could ever trust or harbour one so base as the present representative of our house."

"He did not trust him, lady, but he could hardly imagine that one so young could be so wicked. He was his cousin, and poor,

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though nobly born, and your father who knew no guile himself, offered him a home. He was then but eighteen, and until my beloved lady's death was not much with them. She never liked him, nor did any about the Castle; he was a sullen, hard hearted youth; and even then gave promise of becoming what he now is. After your mother's death, he was more frequently an inmate at the Castle, but grief for her loss so preyed upon our dear master, that he took little note of his cousin's proceedings. He came and went as it suited him, and certainly tried every art to win your father's confidence, but there was no sympathy between them, and they passed little of their time together. As male heir, the Castle would be his, but the lands belonging to the fief were limited, and by no means sufficient to keep up any state."

"The allodial possessions, which had been purchased from time to time by your

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ancestors, were extensive and fertile, and these were to be your inheritance; so your father willed it;—that testament fortunately was placed in Father Augustine's keeping; he had been my lord's tutor and confessor from his youth, and still continued to live with him after his marriage, although often absent on the distant duties of his church. The Baron mad to find that he could not obtain possession of this document, if, as he suspected, for he was never told, there was one in the friar's possession, and not daring to use force, which all my lord's retainers would have resisted, hit upon the foul scheme of carrying you off; he was not then quite so hardened in crime. Poor old Hilda's son, then a youth, was seduced by him to aid in this vile act; he was attached to your nurse, and by promise of reward and her persuasion, he helped to execute what the other had planned. You may imagine the distraction and confusion at

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the Castle when we missed you. Every search was made in vain, and thus for more than a year, with short intervals only, did the good priest and myself wander in every direction. I was obliged to return home; from my continual absences, we were fast sinking into poverty, and my wife was again about to be confined. The good priest, however, still promised that he would try every means to trace you, and the Baron's villany was the cause of his doing so. He had secreted you with the accomplices of his guilt in a lone hut, on the confines of Luneburg, far from any habitation. Schramm, who was now the husband of your nurse, found that she was as faithless to him, as she had been to her trust of you. He reproached the Baron with his perfidy, who feigned sorrow and repentance, and basely urged in extenuation, that the poor fellow's wife had used every blandishment to seduce him. Schramm was frantic, and but for the

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sake of his child, could hardly have borne existence, for he tenderly loved the woman who had betrayed him; he threatened, in his wrath, to declare to the world the treachery in which he had aided, and to restore you to your rights. No doubt this was repeated by his wife to her seducer, for one evening, as Schramm was returning from Luneburg, where he had been to purchase provisions, he was attacked by the Baron and Hartorff, whom the former had lately engaged in his service. They left him for dead; they had come upon him unawares, for he believed them far away. At the time, Father Augustine was journeying from Hildesheim to Walsrode, and found him in a wood weltering in his blood, and scarcely alive. He staunched his wounds as well as he was able, and with the assistance of some peasants, of whom he went in search, carried him to a cottage. For many weeks, he lay between life and death. As

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soon as he was able to give some account of these transactions, and point out the place of your concealment, the priest sought you out. The wretched woman's conscience was awakened when she heard of the violent death of her husband, for the good father did not tell her that his life was spared. She heaped bitter reproaches on herself, and promised faithfully to restore the child; he bound her to secrecy, until he could return with means to remove you. Alas! when he did so, the hut was deserted, and the good man was as much at a loss as ever to discover where you were concealed. The Baron had won the secret of his visit from the guilty woman. As soon as Schramm was able to work, he found employment in menial and trifling offices in Hildesheim, for his health was too much impaired for hard labour. When the priest returned, after an absence of two years, he found him sinking under poverty, sorrow, and sickness; he provided him with

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some means of subsistence, and sent him to the good Abbess of Walsrode, requesting her to employ him in the convent gardens. When he had been there for some months Father Augustine's duties called him to the convent, and there he found the treasure he had so long sought. It appears, as you know, that the Baron had induced the Abbess to receive you, and requested that she would allow your nurse to remain awhile, until you were accustomed to the strangers about you, nor could she refuse the urgent entreaties of the woman not to be parted from you. She, poor creature, did not live a month, and on her death-bed disclosed all her seducer's villany; but for your sake and the safety of her child, whom she had left in his care, she entreated secrecy. When Schramm arrived, she had been dead nearly two years, but he knew not how to convey this information to his preserver. Schramm's father

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died broken hearted, and poor old Hilda never mentions her son's name. The priest sent me this intelligence as soon as he was able, but bade me do nothing, as you were in safe hands with the most exemplary of women, who would evade any proposal of Reiterstein to remove you, nor did he purpose to do so, until you had attained the age of eighteen, although he occasionally visited the convent, to assure himself of your safe keeping. When you arrived here, you cannot be surprised that I did not know you; but well I remember your father, ere he died, fastening that cross round your neck; it was always worn by My Lady. Many accused the good priest of being a party to your abduction; he did not discourage the idea, and has never since been in this neighbourhood to be seen of any but myself."

"Alas! how it grieves me," said Clotilda, "to hear so sad a tale of Schramm, but now

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I can well account for his strange manner, and his melancholy countenance, which seemed as if it had never been crossed by one happy thought, or known one cheerful smile. Now can I understand the cause of those bitter tears which he was wont to shed, when I chanced to meet him alone, or accompanied by the Abbess only in the garden; he used to look so mournfully in my face; and then at times when I begged the tempting fruit, he never failed to pluck for me the finest and the ripest; he would place it in my hands, and rush from me in agony; early and late would he watch for me, and kindly accede to all my childish whims; plant and replant the little plot of ground assigned for my hours of recreation, as each new fancy took me for some more showy flower; and that kind Abbess, how gently would she rebuke his sorrow, preach repentance, and hold forth better hopes. I was then too young to understand all this,

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and wondered why so kind a man should grieve, and look, and be so sad: and as I grew in years, his watchfulness seemed to increase; although the high walls enclosed the garden from all without, his eye was always on me; every sound seemed to startle and alarm him. Upon those occasions, which were rare, when the Baron visited the convent, to assure himself that I was still its inmate, though unobserved by him, he was ever loitering near, and I thought at such times I could perceive the handle of a poniard in his vest."

"His treachery," observed Krantz, "has fallen heavily on his own head; sorely has he been visited for his ingratitude to those, who aided his honest parents to rear him."

"And yet," replied Clotilda, "how greatly have my parents' virtues sheltered my infant days, when surrounded by peril; how protected me, when I was unconscious of the neces-

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sity which existed for assistance; but my child, Krantz, my darling boy, how I tremble for him."

"Lady, he thrives, fear not for him; he is safest where he is, till the danger of your present situation be past. At any hour you may be compelled in haste to quit this shelter, as yet his birth is unknown. When the pastor stated to me, that a child had been confided to, or rather forced upon his care and humanity, I advised him, in order to stop all enquiry or idle speculation, in which village gossips might indulge, to say that he was an orphan intrusted to his rearing; but as he was scrupulous on this head, I have spread the report for him. I love not falsehood more than he, but I trust the necessity may excuse the act.—"

While this conversation was passing at the mill, a feeble and wayworn traveller bent his steps to the village; he often

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paused as each remembered spot greeted his searching and anxious eye. He descended to the brink of the stream, bathed his face and hands, and entering the village, sat himself down on the stone bench before the small gasthaus, looking up at the Castle towers with a heavy sigh. Voices of merriment within caused him to draw his gray bonnet closely over his brows; hardly had he done so, before two men made their exit from the house.

"Come! come! Brandt," said the younger of the two, "thou hast had beer enough; one would think from thy fondness for that flagon, 'twas thy twin brother;"

Then, looking good-naturedly upon the weary traveller, added—

"Thou hadst better bestow the rest of its contents upon this wayfarer, who seems to need some refreshment; it will be doing a charity to thy brains, which are well nigh drowned, as well as thy stomach, and then

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thou mayest chance to find a straighter path homeward."

So saying, he took the flagon from him, and presented it to the traveller.

Brandt looked stupidly on, holding out his hands for the restoration of his idol.

"No, no more, go thy way, and sleep thyself sober ere the night watch is set."

The fellow looked wistfully, but did as he was bidden.

"Thanks sir," said the man, "it is a welcome draught."

"You seem rather tired, master, and not over robust for a long journey."

"And yet," rejoined the other, "I have within some days trodden many and many a weary league, and in truth am well nigh exhausted, so much so that I doubt if I can travel further to day."

"Rest here then, my good friend, mine host will gladly furnish you with a night's lodging."

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"I love not a gasthaus," replied the other; "is there no quieter abode to be found, think you, for a weary man?"

"Upon my faith I know of none, unless old Hilda can help you where to seek one, for she seems to have been born ere the church was built, and knows not only every cottage, but verily I believe every chamber in the village."

"Hilda!" said the man with some emotion musing, "old, say you? Is she alone?"

"I believe so, I have never seen any living thing with her but a jackdaw, who pecks at passengers, and seems to do duty for a house-dog which I reckon she is too poor to keep. I doubt me if the daw, by his cannibal appetite and his ferocity, ever knows the dainty pickings of a few dry crumbs."

"Will you direct me then, sir, where to find this poor creature?"

"Oh! for the matter of that I will go with

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man hath done me some
ar of late I have neglected
e is not over fond of

is staff and bundle, arose,
the village together. A
brought them to Hilda's
sitting before her door,
as usual.

id she, addressing Ludwig,
ad conducted the traveller,
tching for you ; I feared
the lone old woman. I
seem to count for your
m have you here ?"

ame, who wants a lodging
d finds the gasthaus too
o suit his liking, for he is
ht mayhap you could tell
rest for a few hours."

during this short parley,
inst the mud walls of the

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cottage, and gazing on Hilda. He moved at the conclusion of Ludwig's speech, and coming closer to her, scrutinized her features with curious eyes, then entering the cottage into which they followed him, looked around, as if in search of some familiar object.

"Where gottest thou this old oaken chest, Dame?" he demanded.

"Got it," said Hilda ruffled, "what is that to thee, friend?"

Again he looked steadily in her face.

"Had'st thou once a son, Dame?" he exclaimed hurriedly.

Hilda tottered to a seat, her arms fell helplessly by her sides, and she cried, "I had; what of him? knowest thou aught of him? dost thou bring tidings of him?"

"I do, for I am HE, I am THY SON," and he threw himself upon her neck. "The troubles I have brought on thee, and long years, have sadly changed thee, mother."

Hilda sank fainting from her seat, Lud-

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wig ran for water, and having sprinkled her face, laid her on her pallet. It was some time before she could find utterance, then sitting up, she looked disappointedly at him.

"No, thou art not he; he was a blooming youth; no, it cannot be."

"Indeed I am thy son," and going close to the side of the pallet, he leant over her, and whispered a few words, and the old woman sobbed upon his bosom.

After a pause Ludwig said, "Dame, as you are better, I will leave you now; I think," turning to the traveller, "I need not seek further for a lodging for you."

"Not so, good youth," said the traveller hastily, "I would speak with you before we part; and if time does not press with you, I will beg you to remain a few moments longer, for I must intreat your forbearance, not to tell any one of my presence in this place. Now one question, mother,

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which I dare hardly ask; knowest thou aught of my boy?"

"Thy boy?" replied Hilda, "I knew not that thou hadst a son, thou forgetest that."

"Oh! no, mother, too well I remember all;—I dared not seek thee. Years of repentance have, I trust, somewhat blotted out mine iniquity and my shame; I have found thee alive, but where shall I seek my boy, my own Ludwig?"

Ludwig at this mention of his name, started from his seat; "Ludwig said you?"

"Yes, young man, so was my darling, my only one named."

"How were you parted from him?" demanded Ludwig in hurried accents.

"He was left with the Baron Reiterstein, but those who have sought for him since could never gain tidings of him."

"Have you no token, no mark to know him by?" asked Ludwig.

"Alas! none; but they did tell me that his

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mother, ere she died, placed her wedding ring around his neck, offering a prayer to heaven that he might keep it holier than she had done; the Baron alone knows his fate."

"Should you recognize the ring?" he demanded in agitation.

"Yes, among thousands."

Ludwig hastily drew from his vest the ribbon to which was fastened the coin and ring; this was eagerly examined.

"This, this, is it! how came you by it?"

"That I cannot say, but it has ever been mine, I have worn it thus from childhood."

Schramm (for it was he) still hardly dared to believe that he beheld his son. His eyes wandered wildly over him; he arose; he again seated himself; he pressed his hand upon his heart, as if to keep it within his bosom; his whole frame was convulsed, but he was powerless to weep or speak, as he fell on Ludwig's shoulder.

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Ludwig feared to move, or give way to the emotion which agitated him, lest in this direful struggle, he should find life extinguished in his new found parent: at length in subdued terror, he said, "MY FATHER."

This tender appeal seemed to recal Schramm's bewildered senses. Tears and sobs at last relieved him. Hilda taking the young man's hand, said affectionately, "My heart has ever yearned towards him."

Ludwig then related that for some years he was hardily, though kindly reared by some poor peasants. It seemed that the only atonement the Baron made to the unhappy woman whom he had so deeply injured, was in the injunction he gave to these people, not to remove the ring from the child's neck. They were superstitious about it, and made the lad promise, when he left them, never to part with it.

When the Baron removed him into his own service, Ludwig found that he had no

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claim of kindred on them; he had never known any name, but that by which he was baptized. Krantz, fearing that Hilda might disclose Schramm's retreat, and endanger his discovery to the Baron, had never told her more than that he lived; of Ludwig he knew nothing himself. Schramm now related his story to his mother and his son, and then said:

"Now, Ludwig, it must be evident to you, that my life, and possibly your own, depends upon your prudence."

Ludwig, in his horror at the Baron's complicated villany, exclaimed passionately:

"And this is the man I blindly believed to be my benefactor, the betrayer of my mother, murderer of my father, and thy oppressor," kindly pressing old Hilda's hand. "This is the man for whom I have shed my blood, for whom I have watched and worked. Ah! that my sword's point were in his base heart. Father, I can no

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longer eat that bad man's bread, or serve such a demon in human form; but say, are we free, or like so many peasants of these lordly fiefs, the slaves of his will?"

"We are free," replied Schramm; "the father of our loved lord whom I so basely betrayed, declared he would never be served by feudal slaves: he gave freedom to all on his lands, freedom of body, freedom of mind; nor was that generosity repaid by ingratitude by any, save by me."

"This then is the reason," said Ludwig, "that the Baron always alludes to his uncle's memory with sneers and reproaches. Service of mine shall he never have more; to his face will I dare him, and accuse him of his crimes."

"Forbear! my son, forbear! calm yourself, I will seek Krantz to-morrow; now leave us, lest you be missed."

"My Father, I have time to spare; and besides I command at the Castle during that

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villain's absence. It wants two hours to sun down ; tell me, what will you that I do ?"

"This, my son, that by word or deed, you let no one guess this meeting. Not our lives alone, but those of others may be endangered by such an indiscretion. If you are silent and watchful, you may aid, and perhaps," he added with a groan, "repair the mischief which I have done."

"I see it," said Ludwig, "and solemnly promise I will keep counsel ; but you want food, which my poor grandmother, I am sure, cannot supply ;" and hurriedly he darted from the cottage. He had hardly departed, when a whistle announced to Hilda, that the miller was at hand. He had brought a measure of flour for his poor neighbour. He was not a little surprised to find a stranger occupying a seat by her side. Hilda beckoned him to her; there was a beseeching expression in her looks, as she pointed towards Schramm, who, in confusion, had turned aside.

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"Krantz," she said, "I had a son."

"I know it, Dame, and luckless the hour for you in which you gave him birth; he hath helped to bring misery to many of us."

"But, Krantz, he was my son."

"Well, Dame, I will say no more against him; I hope, in his repentance, he will find mercy; but why speak you thus now, Dame, and before a stranger? I fear me your head wanders."

Schramm now turned round, but no recollection appeared to cross the miller's memory.

"Ah! Krantz," he exclaimed, "you know me not; you do not recognize in the humbled being before you, the wretch whom your words have condemned."

"Schramm!" cried the miller, "is it possible? so changed, not one trace of what you were?"

"True, too true," cried the unhappy man, as he pressed his hand on his forehead;

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"changed, blighted I am, but penitent and punished, and humbly I bow under afflictions so well deserved."

Krantz was now informed of the events of the morning, and that the son so long lost to his father, was found.

Ludwig soon returned with such fare as he could purchase. A short consultation was held; he again promised the utmost caution, and quitted them. The miller arranged that Schramm should join him early in the morning at the mill, and leaving him for the present with his mother, wound his way up the hill.

Clotilda and Theresa were soon in possession of the disclosures which had taken place in Hilda's cottage, and had reason to rejoice in the assistance which they might hope to derive from Schramm and his son, both of whom had so much cause to detest the villain who had so wantonly injured them.

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CHAPTER XIV.

WHILST our indefatigable horsemen were snatching a short repose on the evening of their departure from the camp, we will turn to those who demand even more of our interest, as rendered, from their sex and habits, more helpless. Consternation prevailed at the mill, for towards the evening of the day, which had succeeded one of storm and rain, Krantz entered in haste, heated and troubled, and called his trusted inmates to immediate consultation; he had

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been to the village, and on his way home had found Ludwig at Hilda's cottage, who informed him that the Baron had just arrived, and from orders issued, he had no doubt that he meditated some mischievous adventure. Krantz readily conceived that some mischance had revealed to Reiterstein the probable place of Clotilda's concealment, and that he would resort to immediate force to regain possession of her; nor would he scruple to devote to destruction the mill and its inhabitants, in order to compass his object; not a moment was to be lost, if escape was to be thought of; Thumelda would not hear of separation from Clotilda, for she said, "either in the event of escape or captivity, she will require my assistance."

Krantz prepared two stout horses; and the party having equipped themselves in garments suited to their mode of travelling, and having taken an affectionate and mournful

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farewell of Theresa, in less than an hour bade adieu to an abode they had vainly hoped was secure from discovery; Krantz placed the light form of Clotilda before him, while Schramm protected Thumelda in the same manner. It was determined to procure additional horses at the first farm or village they might reach; every inch of the country, with all its paths, was well known to the miller, and he trusted that the few hours they had gained in advance, would lodge them in safety.

The heath was soon traversed, and the deep woods seen from the hill stretching beyond, held out hopes that their friendly shades would shield them from observation; but ere they could reach them, they would be compelled to cross a rapid stream which traversed the valley; when arrived at its borders, Krantz saw with despair, that the autumnal rains had so increased its volume of water, that the usual ford upon which

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he had calculated, was no longer feasible; and that they would be forced to make a considerable detour, before they could find a practicable place, by which to cross over into the opposite forest; he did not hesitate, but spurred on, trusting that the obscurity of the night, although it rendered their passage more doubtful and dangerous, would cover their movements; a more fordable part now presented itself, but here as well the stream was rapid, and the horses at the first plunge were immersed to their girths; in ordinary seasons, it was of no great breadth or depth, but it was now extended much beyond its usual limits, and was swollen into a river.

Clotilda gave no expression to her fears, but was too much terrified by the noise of the rushing waters, and the evident difficulty which Krantz found in keeping his horse's head across the stream, to give any reply to his encouraging words: at last

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happily they gained the opposite shore, and here it was necessary to pause for a few seconds, as well to await the arrival of their companions, as to give breathing time to their good steed, who sturdy as he was, broad of chest, and strong of limb, stood panting from the exertion he had been compelled to make, in order to stem the strong running stream, while the water dripped from his sides. Krantz looked anxiously over his shoulder for his companions, but Schramm was not as he expected in his wake; with terror he cast his eyes around; the current had been too powerful for the willing animal, who in spite of his own efforts and those of his rider to cross the tide, was fast floating down, being borne onward by the strength of the gurgling waters; Krantz knew that at some distance below the ford they had attempted, there was a fall of many feet, and that if they continued in their present course, their destruction was

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inevitable. Assisting Clotilda to dismount, he rode rapidly along the edge of the extended stream, to a point a little beyond where his companions were vainly struggling, and once more plunging into the swollen river met them, and seizing the bridle of Schramm's horse, landed them in safety. The poor animal, nearly spent, could scarcely keep on his legs. Schramm dismounted, and led him to the spot, where Clotilda, in an agony of suspense, was awaiting them. As soon as the over-wrought steeds could recover breath, and the fugitives had wrung some of the water from their garments, they remounted, and were soon under cover of the thick woods; Krantz producing his flask, which was hanging across his shoulder, made them partake of a cup of wine.—Their progress was slow, for they travelled in total darkness: and the morning broke ere they gained a broader path, which led to the outskirts of the

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forest. They were now winding round the base of a low hill, the woods still on one side of them; the horses were put to a brisker pace, and in half an hour an open and more level country was before them with a farm in the distance.

The travellers hailed with delight the prospect of some rest and refreshment, as Clotilda and her faithful companion were well nigh overcome by fatigue, for which their long confinement, and want of exercise had ill prepared them. Cantering through some fields of bright green pasturage, they reached their destination. Krantz dismounted, and was heartily welcomed by the inmates of the farm, who speedily prepared a substantial breakfast, after partaking of which Clotilda and Thumelda sought some repose; they were likewise willing to supply them with additional cattle.—Krantz with his usual activity, made every preparation, and took every

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precaution, which his readiness suggested, and with as little delay as possible prepared for a continuance of their journey. He had already brought the steeds round, and was assisting Clotilda to mount, when his quick ears caught the tramp of horses; and before flight was possible, they were surrounded by, and in the power of their pursuers: Schramm fortunately had not come round from the stable; vainly Krantz fought, and struggled, he was quickly overpowered by numbers, and pinioned, while the two females were lifted almost senseless on the horses which had been destined for their escape. A trooper rode on either side of them; the miller was guarded in the same manner; the poor people of the house terrified by this sudden invasion, fled in different directions to conceal themselves; one of the men perceiving Schramm turning the corner from the stables, spurred up to him; it was Ludwig.

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"Back! back!" he said quickly! "you can now do nothing, save yourself for those whom you would save; the beast will carry the prey to his lair." Then turning his horse, he was quickly by the side of Krantz; one glance assured the miller of his fidelity. During this fray, which did not occupy the space of three minutes, so rapid had been the movements of the assaulters, so instantaneous the capture of the assailed, that not a word had been spoken. The Baron now gave the command to proceed; and dismissing one of Clotilda's guards, took his place by her side; malice and triumph were struggling for mastery in his dark features, as he gazed on the almost inanimate but beautiful form before him: most unhappily for Clotilda, a new passion was stirring in his bosom; to call it love, would be to desecrate the name of love, for neither intellect, beauty, nor virtue, had the power to inspire one pure feeling in the animal nature of that dark man;— the indulgence of

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lawless passions, like a tempest, which lays the fairest flower of hill and valley low, and leaves only the withered stem, and stunted sapling as land marks, to show the wreck of nature's works, had left their impress upon features, which heaven had originally stamped with more than ordinary comeliness;—his soul was a continued storm, or cloud, vacillating between contending vices, but never admitting one ray of benevolence or softer feeling, to illuminate his wayward and unbending nature; his manner was tarnished by the corruption of his mind; imperious and commanding, he was incapable of practising forbearance, or receiving that exterior polish, which is the gem of society, and adds lustre to talent, birth, and beauty: he had passed through life without one tender tie, nor could memory, had he tested its powers, have recalled a single act, which could redeem his soul from its chaos of crime; stern, selfish

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and harsh, he might inspire fear, or elicit hatred, but there could be no affinity in a tender nature to link itself with his.

He rode on by Clotilda's side for some time ere he spoke, his large dark eyes wandering over her features from time to time. Hers were half closed and bent down, as if to shut out the form of a being who had well deserved the appellation of her evil genius; her thoughts were busy, and she felt how imperious was the necessity for the exertion of all her fortitude and energy. No complaint passed her lips; not a tear dimmed her eye, but the fervent and inward prayer was devoutly offered for strength of mind, to act with judgment and courage when the hour of trial should come.

They pursued a different route from that which they had trodden the night before, and as evening fell they arrived at the hut, where some months before Clotilda had,

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with her guide, sought shelter in her way to the mill; there was no doubt that Reiterstein had tracked her from this point, and if there had been any, his observation would have chased it.

"These are poor lodgings, lady," he said, "but you will not object to harbour for a few hours, where, by your free choice, you spent some days." She made neither reply nor remonstrance, but quietly suffered herself to be lifted from her horse.

It was a relief to find herself once more with Thumelda. The hovel consisted of two small rooms; they had evidently been prepared (although hastily) for their reception. Thumelda's fears were greater for her father than herself, for she felt assured, that if his fate hung on the Baron's mercy, it would be one, from the contemplation of which she shrunk with horror; she imagined her poor mother's agony, when Schramm should reach their dwelling, and carry the intelligence of their capture.

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Clotilda felt, indeed, that sad as her own position was, this poor girl's was infinitely worse, and she sought by every means in her power, to comfort and console her. Ludwig, she believed, would save Krantz, even at the risk of his own life, and indeed the reflection that they had a friend in the Castle of their enemy, was a consolation to both. Clotilda urged Thumelda to take food and repose, and gave the example.

"We shall have occasion," she said, "for all our physical as well as mental force, and to neglect any means for the preservation of either for the sake of others, whose happiness depends on us, will be culpable."

The gray morning found these companions in peril equipped for their unhappy journey, when a low tap at the door, prepared even as they were for a summons, startled them, for however we may have exerted our reason to bring our minds to the endurance of a certain and inevitable evil,

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its immediate presence ever causes a revulsion. They paused to recover composure, and then answered the demand for admission. Ludwig stood with a cheerful countenance, bearing a basket with some provision for breakfast. Advancing into the room, he closed the door, arranged the contents of his basket on the table, and said softly, "eat, and take courage."

Clotilda, to whom it must be remembered that personally he was a stranger, looked at him doubtingly, but he quickly relieved her by adding:

"I am Ludwig, the son of Schramm; whatever you may see, whatever you may hear, follow my counsel. Do not judge either by my manner, or speech, but trust confidently in me;" he then left them, and these few words restored the appetite his presence in the first instance had chased away. In half an hour he returned, bade them prepare quickly, and follow him.

Thumelda, ere they mounted, looked anxi-

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ously around for her father. His countenance was composed, but he appeared to writhe with torture, from the tightness of the cords which confined his arms.

The tears glistened in Thumelda's eyes as she imagined all the agony he was enduring. She was still more grieved, as turning to Ludwig, she perceived a repressed smile playing round the corners of his mouth.

"This man," thought she, "bids us trust in him, while he evidently enjoys the suffering inflicted by his base commander."

They proceeded in the order of the day preceding, winding through the forest; a deep ravine was now before them, and the path so straightened, that they were compelled to traverse it in single file. The Baron ordered two troopers to lead; he followed, then Clotilda and Thumelda with three troopers, Krantz and Ludwig brought up the rear. The ground was slippery from moss and damp, and their pace in conse-

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quence slow. The horse which Krantz rode, suddenly slipped and fell with its rider; his rein was passed through the arm of a trooper immediately in advance of him, who was also nearly unhorsed by the sudden jerk; the fall appeared to have burst asunder the cords, by which the miller was bound, for in a moment he was up and free, and with one bound, darted into the thickest part of the wood.

Thumelda turned at the moment of her father's escape; the same satisfied smile was on Ludwig's face, and she now saw the cause of that expression which had so much offended her, as they left the hut in the morning, and felt that he might indeed be trusted.

He pretended to shout and rave at the prisoner's escape. As soon as the word was passed to the Baron, the party halted, and Ludwig dismounted and rushed into the wood. In the space of half an hour

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he returned, soiled and heated, swearing at his ill luck. "The fellow must have had all the imps of the forest to help him," said he, "but to search for him among such thickets and pit falls, I fear will be labour lost;" and certainly from the state of his face, hands, and clothes, he made it appear to be so: he said however that he was willing to pursue the fugitive, and urged the Baron to permit him to do so.

"Who pinioned the fellow?" said the Baron in a rage.

Schwartz replied that he did, with knots and cords sufficient to have harnassed a team of oxen.

"Bungling rascal," urged the Baron, "thou shalt pay for this;" at the same time dealing the man a heavy buffet with the flat side of his sword.

His rage would have lashed him on to murderous violence, had not Ludwig interposed.

"He well deserves what he has got, Baron;

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s," he added laughing, "he
ord, by straining it so tight
urst it asunder. I warrant
too much disabled, too stiff,
y cut by my comrade's fast
far, therefore if it be your
endeavour to track him."
wig, and take one of the men

e, Baron, but it would be a
the convoy ; I flatter myself,
d unarmed rustic is no match

o, but remember, if the fellow
stance, dispatch him on the
ve us the trouble of dangling
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making his way for some

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distance through the brushwood which bordered the narrow path, gave a loud whistle, and Krantz stood unarmed before him.

"Thou hast saved my life, brave youth, and Krantz is not ungrateful. I fear you may suffer, if the Baron suspects your connivance."

"Never fear," said Ludwig, "the fellow who bound you may suspect, and try to clear himself at my expense, but I will manage that; take these pistols and dagger; they are your own, which on your capture I concealed about my person, use them fearlessly in your own defence, if any of our men discover and attack you; for once at the Castle, your death is certain. Hark!" he added, "that fellow surely is on our track. Away, hide yourself, doubtless he has dismounted; however, he shall find his way back on foot. Make for the road which crosses the forest between this and the hut, if you find his horse, mount it, and away." He moved for-

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ward quickly, and perceiving Schwartz's tall figure, and glittering arms, as he forced his way through the underwood, he took another direction and regained the path, where truly enough, as he supposed, the trooper had fastened his horse, and somewhat below the spot where Ludwig had left his own;—he broke the branch to which the rein was attached, leaving it hanging by a few fibres to the tree, and whipping the animal, caused him to rear and plunge, tearing up the ground, and leaving the marks of his hoofs deeply imprinted, as if he had freed himself from his tether by his own exertions; leading him to a distance considerably above the place where he had left his own horse, he drove him into the forest. Skirting the path, he regained his charger, and slowly proceeded on his way; when within sight of his party, he put his steed into a brisk trot, and overtook them about a mile from the Castle.

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"Well, what news?" said the Baron.

"I am sorry to say," replied Ludwig, "I have not succeeded in making a capture."

"And where is that stupid fellow Schwartz, whom on second thoughts I sent after you?"

"I have not seen him, sir; I went alone."

"I know it, sirrah; as soon as that dolt returns, he shall be taught in his person, how to secure a prisoner."

The party now crossed the stone bridge, and in the course of a few minutes, the Castle gates closed on the unhappy Clotilda and her companion.

Krantz continued to elude his pursuer—deceiving him by an occasional shout or whistle, till he had bewildered him completely in a labyrinth of wood, and then made his way rapidly towards a cartroad; here when he had proceeded for above a mile, he found the trooper's charger, who was quietly feeding on the herbage by the road side: he sprang upon the animal's back,

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and before the morning, had regained the farm.

Fortunately Schramm had decided to remain there, hoping that through Ludwig, the miller might obtain his release, and join him: he urged Krantz to repose, and taking the horse led him round to the stable.

In the afternoon they were again mounted, but pursuing a different course from their first intention on leaving the mill.

After what had taken place, there could be no question as to the necessity of seeking immediate assistance. This perhaps was a forlorn hope, but it was the only one which suggested itself or presented a chance of rescuing Clotilda and Thumelda, from the hands into which they had fallen.—Krantz did not doubt, that Ludwig would do his utmost, but he was young, inexperienced, and equally with the others in the power of Reiterstein. The miller was not yet aware that Ludwig had studied his

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master's character, that his gaiety had been subdued by the events which had lately occurred; and that he burned to avenge the sufferings of his parents upon the villain who had caused them, by entrapping him in his own toils of wickedness.

The object now of the two anxious travellers, was to make their way as rapidly as they could to Magdeburg; they pressed on in the direction which would put them in the way of reaching the camp; they had kept the road bearing higher up in the forest, where they were less encumbered by underwood; but they did not gain the one which they sought, and which ran at right angles to that which they had for some time been pursuing, till night had closed around them; however they decided to push on by the light of the stars, for an uncultivated tract of some miles lay before them, and until they had passed this wild waste, there would not be a prospect of shelter for the

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remaining portion of the night. The road was level, and their horses, although fatigued, were still fresh enough to do the distance without being sorely distressed. The riders were too much excited by the danger which threatened those dear to them, to feel either hunger or fatigue; they had hastily refreshed themselves and their animals, at a small brook which ran bubbling down by the way side, and lost itself in the forest. The draught seemed to invigorate both men and beasts.

Krantz, after a lengthened silence, seemed to have shaken off in some measure the dismal forebodings which had hitherto been the indulged and hopeless companions of his way.

"Schramm," he exclaimed, "a ray of light breaks on me."

"Thank heaven," answered the other, "I trust it may increase into a glorious sunbeam; but by what course of reasoning, my

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good friend, have you brought yourself to hope?"

"By a very simple one, which might have presented itself to me sooner, if I had not been bewildered from my usual composure by the disastrous events of the last three days, but you shall judge whether there is any rational basis for my speculations."

"Father Augustine must be informed ere this of Reiterstein's movements; he departed many days since in order to give his assistance, and use his influence in negociating a peace between Duke Maurice and the Magdeburghers; even if Reiterstein had not declared his intention, that he was going in search of his unfortunate cousin, the monk will not, if I judge him rightly, sleep upon the necessity of sending immediate succour to secure her safety; the hope I spoke of therefore is, that he may have forestalled us."

"It is possible," said Schramm, with a sigh, "and I trust probable."

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"I fear you think," replied the miller, "that it hangs upon too many chances to say that it is a foundation upon which we may build, and feel certain that our superstructure will stand."

"Heaven grant it may, for alas! my poor child!"

"Fear not for her, my friend; she will not be molested till the great prize has been drawn, and ere that, at least we may hope for her deliverance."

"You reason truly, Schramm, but the beatings of a father's heart are not easily stilled, whilst a shadow of danger threatens his offspring."

They had now made some progress, and had nearly gained the midway over the long stretch of upland, at the termination of which they had determined to remain for the rest of the night, when a glimmering light, at some distance, caught their eager attention.

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"How is this?" said Krantz, "we must be cautious, for I know of no dwelling hereabouts, but a shepherd's hut, where, when on the moor, he takes his rest at sun-down; and yet surely from that cabin the light must proceed; let us keep our horses on the turf, and go on with caution; although not likely, Reiterstein may have sent for a reinforcement." Upon this plan they rode forward, but either owing to the stillness of the night, the echo of their horses' tramp before they left the road had been conveyed to some attentive watchers, or their distance was less than Krantz had supposed from the hut, for while debating in whispers how to shape their course, and avoid the cognizance of its temporary inmates, they were challenged, and a sharp whistle brought three horsemen quickly to the support of the challenger. To dare a fight would have been madness, when most likely there were numbers to contend with, and overcome

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them; and their beasts were too tired to compete with horses fresh and well fed, in the attempt at escape.

"What would you with us?" cried Krantz in despair; "we are peaceable travellers, and not worth the pains of searching; let us on, I beseech you, our business is urgent, it is for life or death."

"You must come with us, nevertheless," said one of the party, "and if it be, as you say, you will not be detained."

Krantz, upon this assurance, held his peace, and quietly followed his captors to the hut, once more the sport of fortune.

One of the men dismounted, and entering the cabin, was absent for a few seconds; "our commander," he said on returning, "must examine you himself, so dismount with your companion."

The miller obeyed, and with Schramm was ushered into the miserable hovel, which presented a curious scene. The earthen floor

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was thickly piled with dry fern, on which was sleeping a dozen troopers, leaving Krantz scarcely space to approach him, whom he concluded to be the commander. This person had thrown aside his heavy armour, and was seated on a low stool, whilst on another was placed a flask and drinking cups, with some cold viands, and coarse bread.

That they had not fallen amongst banditti, the first glance assured him, for the countenance of the man who was to decide upon the truth of his statement, was noble and ingenuous; and the elegance of his person denoted him a knight in the field, and a noble at the court. There was a uniformity in the equipment of the sleeping men that bespoke them to be regular soldiers, habituated to the word of command.

Schramm followed, but he no sooner cast his eyes on the young knight before him, than a sudden exclamation of 'Sir Otho,'

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escaped him, and he threw himself in the deepest agitation on his knees before him.

At this moment Krantz felt his shoulder pressed by the hand of some one, as if anxious to pass, and turning he uttered loudly and with surprise, "Konrad! heaven be praised;" he added more lowly, but fervently—"They may be saved."

Konrad now made a sign to his commander, who immediately arose, and the four left the solitary cabin to the sleeping men. Moving to some little distance, Krantz briefly told his tale, and the perilous situation of those for whose rescue they were now on their way to seek assistance.

It was now Konrad's turn to explain the cause of his presence in that lonely spot. In the mean time, Schramm had remained close to the stranger, who had been dreadfully agitated during Krantz's recital; advancing, he took the miller's hand, and said: "It is to you, my brave friend, that I am so

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much indebted for such service, there can be no recompense, but the deepest gratitude which can never cease to animate me, while I have consciousness to feel, and breath to give expression to it."

Krantz now explained to Konrad Thumelda's concealment, and honestly told him that he had feared in the first instance to trust him with the secret of her confinement at the mill, so deeply had his conduct impressed him with the idea of his want of prudence, but, added the miller, "may I be so bold as to ask, Sir Otho, how your release from imprisonment has been obtained?"

"Thus, my good Krantz, when father Augustine, and in truth, I may call him my father, stated through Duke Maurice, to that noble fellow Mansfeldt, my unhappy position' he granted me a temporary release on my parole, until I could obtain, bring with me, or place in security my beloved Clotilda; with scarcely necessary rest, we have spurred on

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hither, the good father has provided us with minute plans of every outlet to the Castle, which we hope to reach to-morrow; your presence will possibly cause some alteration in our first determination. The Elector would rather that we should spare violence—but, my friends, you must need repose, our men shall be aroused; it is now the hour in which we had proposed to quit our temporary abode, which was chosen by Konrad as the most secure from observation. You must occupy for some hours their rough pallets. The men who have already had their rest, will attend to your horses. Accept such coarse fare as we can offer; and in the morning, assisted by your direction, we will pursue our way."

With minds more at ease, Krantz and his companions thankfully laid themselves down upon the fern, which the troopers, aroused from their slumbers, had just quitted; and as they did so, almost doubted,

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so intense was their weariness, if they could have reached the bourne they had proposed; for Krantz had scarcely closed his eyes since he had left his home, and robust as he was, nature was exhausted. On quitting his hard bed in the morning, he was well pleased to view the troop before him. They were a body of well-ordered hardy men, completely armed, appointed and well-mounted.

Krantz and Schramm were soon again in the saddle, and rode forward with Otho and Konrad, retracing a part of their last night's road. When within a few miles of Reiterstein, it was agreed that Schramm should proceed alone on foot to the mill, convey to Theresa the news of her husband's safety, and endeavour to procure an interview with Ludwig. They were about to change their route from the direct road to Reiterstein, and advance to the Castle on the western side, when a turn in the road

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presented Schwartz to their view; he was making his way slowly onward, when the party approached; he endeavoured to conceal himself, but he was quickly drawn from his hiding place. It appeared from his own account, that he had wandered for some hours in the forest. When at length he emancipated himself, he found that his horse had, as he supposed, got loose; he wandered in search of the animal the whole day, living upon such wild fruit as he could collect, and some black bread, bestowed upon him by a party of wood-cutters, whom he had encountered in the forest; he was soon mounted upon Schramm's horse, and the party proceeded.

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NOTES.

MAURICE OF SAXONY was born at Freiberg, the twenty-first of March, 1527. His earliest years were spent at the Courts of his Uncle George, of the splendour loving Albert, Elector of Mentz, and of the Elector, John Frederick. In the year 1541, he married the daughter of Philip of Hesse, and succeeded his father, Henry the Pious, who died during the summer; he quarrelled with the Elector of Saxony regarding the amount of taxes to be imposed upon a Dependency of Meissen, of which they were joint proprietors. He professed his warm attachment to the doctrines of Luther, but the favour shown him by the Emperor for services in the French and Hungarian campaigns, together with the reception into his service of the former counsellors of his deceased uncle, the zealous Catholic George, warned the Elector of the prudence of

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watching the movements of his kinsman.—*Rose's Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, vol. xvi. 4to, 3rd edition, *History and Biography*, 1839.

Maurice left only one daughter, who was afterward married to William Prince of Orange, by whom she had a son who bore his grandfather's name, and inherited the great talents for which he was conspicuous. — *Robertson's Charles the Fifth*, vol. iv. book xi. p. 136.

PAGE 93.

Chart (Heath - Waste) derived from the Saxon *Chert* or Hornblend—a stone almost confined to lines of green sand formations.

PAGE 148.

Sur ces entrefaites, le vingtième de Décembre, ceux de Magdebourg qui n'étoient point de garde, sortirent sans bruit, dans le dessein de surprendre le quartier de la cavalerie ennemie, logée à Ottersleben. Ils ne tronvèrent aucune resistance, parceque les sentinelles étoient plongés dans un sommeil si profond qu'ils ne s'apperçurent de rien ; de sorte que les troupes de Magdebourg s'emparérent aisément de différens quartiers, et égorgérent tous ceux qui tombérent sous leurs mains. Ils firent aussi un grand nombre de prisonniers, entre lesquels il y eut deux cents cinquante officiers de la première condition, qui furent menés comme en triomphe dans Magdebourg.

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Cette victoire enfla tellement le courage des ast siégés, que dès le lendemain ils se mirent en campagne et firent des courses pour braver l'ennemi. Le Duc de Meckelbourg, indigné de cette insulte, fit venir la cavalerie qui étoit à Neustadt et à Olfenstal, et se prépara à venger l'affront que ses alliés venoient de recevoir. Comme il cherchoit l'ennemi, il fut pris en queue par la troupe qui s'étoit signalée à Ottersleben, et attaqué de front par un autre corps qui marchoit à sa rencontre. Son infanterie fut taillé en piéces, et la cavalerie se débanda après avoir fait une longue et vigoureuse résistance. Il se vit alors enveloppé de toutes parts et forcé lui-même de se rendre prisonnier.—*Histoire Générale D'Allemagne, par le P. Barre* tome viii. partie 2, p. 823.)

Dès le 26ème Janvier, l'Electeur Maurice de Saxe étoit retourné au camp devant cette place (Magdebourg). Quatre jours après son arrivée, il courut risque d'être fait prisonnier par les assiégés. —*Abregé de l'Histoire Universelle de J. Auguste de Thou,* tome i. livre iv. p. 260, 9ème edition.

19th December, 1550. — All the horse and foot within Magdeburg, but what were upon the guard, sally out of the town after midnight, that they might fall upon a party of the enemies' horse that lay in a village not far off. It was indeed a

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dangerous attempt, because they were to march betwixt the enemies' camps; however, it succeeded: for before the enemy could arm, they possessed themselves of the village, and set fire to it in several places, all of them having white shirts over their armour. Of the enemy, whoever made any resistance were killed, most of them being persons of quality: many fought from the houses, but these being set on fire were burnt. Many gentlemen of quality were taken, and presently carried to the town, with about two hundred and sixty horses. Next morning, when by break of day they were upon their retreat homeward, they met a party of horse, commanded by George Duke of Meckleburg, who presently charged them, but being beset by the horse on the front and the foot on the rear, he himself, who first began the war was made prisoner, and carried into the town.—*Sleidan's History of the Reformation of the Church*, translated by Edward Bohun, book xxii. p. 505.

PAGE 155.

Ils furent déclarés généraux de l'armée et on donna le commandement de la cavalerie au Duc de Meckelbourg.—*P. Barre*, p. 812, tome viii.

PAGE 158.

On commenca alors à conférér avéc Maurice: le secretaire nommé Heydeck, alloit sans cesse de

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la ville au camp, et du camp à la ville.—*De Thou*, tome ix. book viii. p. 82, 4to. edition, Londres.

PAGE 164.

Albert Count Mansfeldt was in the town, who had not, indeed, been outlawed by the Emperor, but was turned out of all, for his having continued to the last true and faithful to John-Frederic, Duke of Saxony.—*Sleidan*, book xxii. p. 504.

PAGE 190.

During these transactions the siege of Magdeburg was carried on with various success. At the time Charles proscribed the citizens of Magdeburg, and put them under the ban of the empire, he had exhorted and even enjoined all the neighbouring states to take arms against them as enemies and common rebels. — *Robertson's Charles the Fifth*, vol. iv. p. 40.

PAGE 192.

Maurice was of middling stature, but of slight growth; his bearing was proud and daring—his countenance was small, his forehead high — his blue eyes sharp and clear, displaying equally deep wisdom and courageous vigour—his light red beard hung down to his very breast, he wore the hair of his head cut short, according to the custom of the times. In his dress and arms, he combined what was splendidly ornamental with what was suitable and useful. In chivalrous exercises, Maurice was

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dextrous and powerful.—From *Moritz, Herzog und Churfürst zu Sachsen,* by *T. A. Von Langenn*; 1st *part,* p. 506; see also *Arnoldi Vitâ Maurit: apud Menken.*

PAGE 193.

L'Electeur Maurice fut donc déclaré par la diète, Général de l'armée; on ordonna le payément de la somme de dix mille écus d'or pour les frais qui avoient deja été faits, et on en accorda soixante mille par mois pour le tems que cette éxpédition dureroit encore.—*Le Père Barre,* tome viii. p. 815; *De Thou,* tome i. livre vi. p. 434.

PAGE 200.

L'Elbe s'enfla alors extraordinairement. Les moulins qui étoient sur cette rivière furent emportés par la violence des eaux, et une partie des remparts de la ville fut abattue. Pour réparer ces pertes, la Régence de Magdebourg fit armer deux navires, dont on se servit pour transporter des vivres dans la ville, et pour s'emparer de ceux des ennemis. Mais les Impériaux ayant équippé quelques bâtimens, et conduit leurs travaux jusqu' au bord de l'Elbe, empêchérent les assiégés de naviger sur ce fleuve.—*P. Barre,* tome viii, p. 835.

The enemy then built castles upon the Elbe, above and below the town, and having posted vessels on both sides well manned, hindered the townsmen from venturing out by water.—*Sleidan's*

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History of the Reformation of the Church, translated by Edward Bohun, book xxii. p. 513.

PAGE 224.

While the citizens of Magdeburg, animated by the discourses of their pastors, and the soldiers, encouraged by the example of their officers, endured all the hardships of a siege without murmuring, and defended themselves with the same ardour which they had at first discovered: the troops of the besiegers acted with extreme remissness, repining at every thing they suffered in a service they disliked. They broke out more than once into open mutiny and demanded the arrears of their pay.—*Robertson's Charles the Fifth*, vol. iv. p. 42; also *Sleidan*, book xxii. p. 514.

PAGE 250.

But afterwards George, Duke of Meckleburg, the son of Albert, a youth who had served under Duke Henry, wheedled them all into his service. He began his march through the country of Halberstadt, and came afterwards into the Province of Magdeburg, plundering, burning, and spoiling wherever he passed; there he surprised the Town of Wansleben which he burnt and razed; and having attacked the castle that stood hard by, but in vain, and lost some of his men, he marched forward, doing a great deal of mischief in all places. —*Sleidan*, book xxii. p. 500.

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George of Mecklenburg, a younger brother of the reigning Duke, an active and ambitious prince, collected a considerable number of those soldiers of fortune who had accompanied Henry of Brunswick in all his wild enterprises; and though a zealous Lutheran himself invaded the territories of the Magdeburgers, hoping that by the merit of this service he might procure some part of their domain to be allotted to him as an establishment.—*Robertson's Charles the Fifth*, vol. iv. p. 40.

Ainsi ayant pris son chemin par le territoire d'Halberstat, il entra dans le pays de Magdebourg, où après avoir laissé faire à ses soldats tout ce qu'ils ont coûtume de commettre, lorsque la licence n'a point de frein, il prit la ville de Wansleben, et y mit le feu le 17 de Septembre &c.—*De Thou Histoire Universelle*, tome premiere, livre vi. p. 429, 4to. ed. Londres.

Cependant le Prince George de Mecklenbourg, à l'instigation de Charles Quint étoit entré dans le pays de Magdebourg, où il mettoit tout à feu et à sang.—*Abregé de l'Histoire Universelle de J. Auguste de Thou*, tome 1, livre iii. p. 225.

END OF VOL I.

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AURICE,

TOR OF SAXONY.

CAL ROMANCE OF THE

ENTH CENTURY.

S. COLQUHOUN.

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TO

THE KING OF SAXONY.

HREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
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1844.

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ERRATA TO VOL. II.

Page	4,	chap. 1, *for* habitation, *read* habitations.
	22,	1, — after human mind, *read* that.
	30,	1, — disharm, *read* disarm.
	33,	1, after reach—"
	38,	2, *for* " is adulterated," *read* " be adulterated."
	41,	2, after speak, a comma.
	46,	2, comma after current.
	48,	2, dele to *before* recal.
	59,	3, *for* expressions, *read* expression.
	63,	3, semicolon after hall.
	65,	3, *for* gleaned, *read* glaneed.
	68,	3, — pourtraying, *read* portraying.
	69,	3, dele now, *between* were and passing.
	92,	4, *for* poignard, *read* poniard.
	110,	5, — not, *read* none.
	112,	5, insert with *after* pace.
	159,	7, *for* agy, *read* gay.
	163,	7, dele comma after ransom.
	163,	7, *for* amids, *read* amidst.
	164,	7, — hankercheifs, *read* handkerchiefs.
	164,	7, after fate, insert of.
	164,	7, dele comma after flocked to see.
	164,	7, dele comma after admiration.
	166,	7, *for* for, *read* towards.
	173,	8, dele comma after like.
	179,	8, dele " after word.
	211,	10, *for* Besides, *read* Even.
	259,	12, — would, *read* could, last line.
	263,	12, after Magdeburg dele semicolon.
	278,	13, *for* grey, *read* gray.
	279,	13, — naerer, *read* nearer.
	287,	— drew, *read* crew.

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MAURICE,

THE

ELECTOR OF SAXONY.

CHAPTER I.

CLOTILDA was suffered to remain for that evening free from intrusion in the apartments allotted to her, but it was in vain that either Thumelda or herself sought repose; she could not conceal from herself the imminent peril of her situation;—and where could she expect aid, shut up in a castle, which had ever been considered almost impreg-

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nable from its position and strength, in the power of a man who would not quail at the commission of murder? Should Krantz ultimately succeed in escaping, days must elapse before he could reach those who would bring her succour;—she might gain a brief respite; but this was doubtful, and she felt that her preservation from dishonour could only be attempted on the spur of the moment.

From a bed, which such reflections rendered a bed of torture and anxiety, she arose early, and unrefreshed. In the course of an hour a heavy footfall at the door of the room destined for their sitting apartment arrested their attention, and the loud withdrawing of bolts sent the colour from her cheek;— Ludwig entered with breakfast, followed by an attendant.

"Ladies," he said addressing them gruffly, "the Baron has given me the charge of your safe keeping; I hope you will

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follow my counsel, and receive him with duty and respect, and not trouble me to inforce his orders;—he expects you to greet him courteously."

He then deposited the breakfast on the table, and placing conspicuously before them a loaf of bread, said, with peculiar expression:—

"Divide this between you,—you will find it palatable; if you should require any thing further than I have provided, there is one without who waits your commands, I shall return at noon;" and bowing, he left them.

Clotilda hastily divided the bread, as she had been told to do; and discovered a small dagger, which was buried to the hilt;—she concealed the weapon in her bosom, but shuddered as she did so, doubting if, in any extremity, she could bring herself to use it.

The poor prisoners had not even the con-

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solation of seeing the village from their windows, which looked upon the roofs of some low buildings in the yard beneath, and the glimpse which could be obtained of the country beyond, presented no signs of habitation.

Ludwig's short discourse, although uttered harshly, evidently conveyed some latent meaning, which he was compelled to disguise in the presence of his followers; she therefore determined to shape her conduct accordingly, and to conceal from her persecutor as much as possible the abhorrence she felt towards him.

We have viewed her hitherto as a character rather acted upon by circumstances, than capable of action; but if such is the reader's impression, we must hasten to undeceive him.—The last of her race, who for generations had been distinguished for bravery and virtue, their noble qualities seemed to be concentrated in her. Eminently

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beautiful, with the softest expression of countenance and the gentlest demeanour, she possessed judgment beyond her age, for she had barely seen nineteen summers. The courage inherited from her ancestors, enabled her to bear up with fortitude under personal danger; her affections were so powerful, that unless they had been regulated by reason, they would have verged on passions; her imagination so vivid, that but for the same habit of reflection, it would have amounted to giddiness.

The good Abbess's careful education had so directed and guided her high qualities, that they had not degenerated into faults;—her heart was as pure as true. It may be imagined how great a constraint she must have put upon herself, in dissimulating her detestation of her oppressor. When Ludwig entered at noon, she was prepared to notify her acquiescence with his desire of the morning; but unfortunately he was fol-

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lowed closely by his two attendants;—he looked at her with meaning, however, saying:—

"The Baron proposes to visit you, lady, this afternoon."

"I shall receive him," replied Clotilda, "in a manner due to myself."

It may not be irrelevant in this place to observe, that, previous to their flight from the mill, Krantz, on learning from Ludwig of the Baron's arrival at the Castle, had communicated to him (Ludwig) in part her history; this confidence had interested him still more in her fate, and Krantz's unvaried charity and kindness towards his helpless grandmother, bound him to give assistance to the good man's child, whose faithful generosity had placed her in her present dilemma.

We are invariably more interested in a person whom we have once assisted, and a second service is usually performed even more willingly than a first; thus it was with

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Ludwig; when he found that he had been the chosen medium for the preservation of Clotilda's boy, he was doubly devoted to her interest.

Upon some pretence, he dismissed the other attendants, and seeing the disinclination the unhappy prisoners felt to taste the viands before them, gently urged them not to send them away untouched.

"Fear not, but for heaven's sake waste not your strength by abstinence—I have a few moments only for brief words—he will probably propose an immediate union, deny him not, but gain time—I will guard, but possibly may not be in attendance upon you, for he must not suspect me—I shall feign to request my dismissal as gaoler; but will equally watch to serve you, lady, and preserve both you and your child from harm."

He then withdrew, and now by stealth examined every part of the Castle; he was sure there must be some secret outlet

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known only to the monk; but no trace of it could he find; every plan for Clotilda's escape was rejected as soon as formed in his mind;—in moody silence he paced the ramparts, and ultimately came to the determination that the Baron should fall by his hand rather than he would be a tame spectator, while he consummated his villany;—he shrunk from the idea of deliberate assassination, however urgent the necessity, but tortured his imagination in vain to devise any other means for the release of his captives.

The apartments in which Clotilda and her companion were confined were on the western side of the building, and the golden tinted sky had already given intimation of the day's decline, when Reiterstein intruded his unwelcome presence. He was dressed with great care, and some splendour;—a purpoint of green velvet, slashed with satin of the same colour and richly laced

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with gold, fitted closely to his shape;—a purple cloak of similar material, lined with white damask silk, trimmed with dark sable, and fastened by a golden chain, hung loosely from his shoulders, he held in his hand a bonnet which was of black velvet, and into which a single heron's feather was attached by a ruby of some value.—He had studied the dress the best calculated to set off his figure to advantage, and approached Clotilda with more than his ordinary courtesy of manner, bowing lowly as he kissed her hand. He gazed for a few moments on his victim with evident admiration, and endeavoured to throw some gentleness into his tone and manner; but like an indifferent picture highly varnished, these outward seemings served but to render the defects more apparent;—his smile, which he intended to be winning, was sinister;—the malicious triumph of his eye shot through the glances he wished to beam

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with tenderness. The mask was too close a resemblance to the person who attempted to conceal himself under it, to succeed in inducing deception.

Clotilda arose, bowed slightly, and reseated herself in the recess of the window, from which, previously to his entrance, she had been hopelessly gazing. Reiterstein appeared at a loss how to commence or shape his discourse,—and she remained silent.

"I have been careful," he at last observed, "not to intrude into the presence of my fair cousin, until I judged she might have rested from the fatigue of a long journey; but my anxiety to inquire in person of her welfare, would brook no further delay. I grieve that apartments more fitted to the honour I would show her were not in readiness for her reception; it concerns me also that I have been constrained in a manner somewhat unceremonious to reclaim my right of guardianship, and secure her com-

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pany as my honoured guest at Reiterstein by means unsuitable to her rank and my own inclination to pay her all deference and homage; but I had no other alternative, by which I could secure the happiness I now enjoy. The first evil will, I trust, soon be remedied by the distinguished treatment she will receive,—and I hope I shall find excuse in her candid mind for measures, which as I have stated, I was most reluctantly compelled to take."

Clotilda replied: "The apartments are well enough, and spacious for a captive; greater splendour would not reconcile me to the means which have been so harshly taken to deprive me of my liberty. I am sure you will feel the propriety of relinquishing the claim to a guardianship which is neither acknowledged by me, nor legal; and generously relieve yourself of an unwilling guest."

"Pardon me, fair cousin, I am your nearest relation, therefore the duty you are

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so prompt to deny devolves on me;—your withdrawal from the asylum I had provided for you, unsanctioned by my permission, is, you must acknowledge, a justification of the measures which I have taken to restore you to my protection."

"The dread of the violence I have now experienced, Baron, drove me from that happy asylum."

"I fear, lady cousin, if such are your sentiments, the freedom which I came to offer from the more strict confinement of these apartments, must, for the present, be postponed; and I must rather seek you here, than hazard a second flight to wander over the country, with low mechanics—a vagrancy unbecoming your station, and the dowry I propose to bestow with your hand."

"As you please, sir," replied Clotilda coolly, "I shall claim no more from you than my inheritance, which will need no

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addition, and I am fully prepared to treat you with the respect due to our difference of age, our relationship, and the regard in which I am told my parents held you; at the same time I am sure your sense of decorum will point out to you, that, prisoner as I am, lengthened visits may give rise to a false interpretation."

Clotilda felt that she hazarded much by giving this hint for his departure, but it was evident that it was not his intention to press his suit at that moment; and as what she uttered was spoken in a calm tone, it might induce him to hope, that by not forbidding his visits altogether, time, and a respectful deference to her, might soften her feelings towards him; and thus she might postpone the evil hour: and such indeed was the effect of her manner, for he was too much absorbed in his own schemes to fathom those of others; and never for a moment conceived that a girl reared in seclusion

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could dive into his character, or attempt to thwart his plans by any other means than those of escape. He supposed that possibly his portrait had been sketched to her in dark colours, he wished to obliterate such unfavourable lines, by filling up the picture with gaudy tints which might deceive her inexperience.—He soon rose to take his leave.

Ludwig took an opportunity of requesting that some other might be appointed to attend upon the ladies. "It was," he said, "an irksome office, for his services were thanklessly received, and he got only sullen looks and short answers for his pains."

"I should have thought," said the Baron, "that the bright eyes of the miller's daughter would have rewarded you for the office of gaoler; if I had not higher game in view, I should take some pains to win or force her favour."

The epithet of "villain" nearly escaped

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Ludwig's lips. "Of the first," he replied, "there is little chance, and I am sure the Baron von Reiterstein would deal vengeance upon me, if I were to attempt the latter."

The Baron looked at him searchingly, but Ludwig appeared as if he was serious, and believed what he said.

"Till I find some one more fitting to take your duty, Ludwig, you will perform it yourself."

Ludwig pretended to look sulky; and the Baron left him to the enjoyment of his successful ruse. When he took the supper to his captives, he briefly stated what had passed. Schwartz did not return, and Ludwig rejoiced at his absence.

The Baron continued his visits daily, and used every art of apparent kindness and flattery to win a more gracious reception from the cold and stately Clotilda,—but the same calm and distant manner re-

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mained unchanged during each succeeding interview. Time pressed ; he had already over-stepped the day on which he had engaged with Maurice to return to the camp; but he was resolved to secure Clotilda's hand before he quitted Reiterstein ; he saw, and felt, that all his efforts to procure a willing consent were likely to fail, and decided without further hesitation or delay, to announce his commands, if persuasion would not avail.—Ludwig did not remain in ignorance of the coming storm, but as we have said, he was determined to save Clotilda from the fate which awaited her, even at the hazard of his life. He was ordered by the Baron to have the long disused chapel in readiness, to take with him that evening an escort, capture or bribe some priest, and bring him to the Castle; the alacrity with which he undertook these commissions deceived the Baron,

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who believed he would be glad to be freed from his attendance on his prisoners.

Clotilda was prepared by the young soldier for the trial which awaited her; but appealed to that Eternal Being whose arm of power can be stretched to save when all human hope has fled, to spare her from the horror of the coming hour.

The difficulty was to gain access to the chapel;—but after a long search the key was found. Ludwig had visited Hilda some hours previously, and gained intelligence from Schramm, who by this time had arrived there, which guided his further proceedings; he selected four of the best soldiers from the thirteen now at the Castle, and made his way to the westward towards the road which led to Zwickau.

The night was chilly, and a mist confined the view; they had ridden briskly across a wide common, and were entering on a road

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inclosed on either side, when the word, "sur
render," arrested them, and ere it could b
repeated or answered, they were surrounde
by many horsemen. Some shots were ex
changed, and one of Ludwig's companion
fell; the others were made prisoners, di
armed, pinioned, bandaged, and led away.

Ludwig held a short parley in whispe
with one of the leaders of the party, then r
turned to the disabled man; he found hi
endeavouring to rise, and having staunch
the wound as well as he was able, a
waited a few minutes till the fellow h
overcome the giddiness occasioned by t
fall, which had stunned him, urged their r
turn to the Castle. "There is no time to
lost," he said; "doubtless they are plunde
ers; if they return and find the wound
birds flown, they will soon overtake us."

The Baron was pacing the hall in no b
nign mood, for he had just quitted Clotild

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l received a colder recep-
-when Ludwig entered.
you have sped your errand

fortunately," replied the
beset, ere we gained the
band of men bent on
of our party are cap-
ave brought home the
wounded. I was un-
believing us not likely to
trouble, left us as fair prey

you to believe plunder

doublets underwent as
as if they had been stuffed
goods; and because, by
, I judge they were disap-
nding a richer booty;—
ave not left me a kreutzer;

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as for my wounded comrade, he had not even so much to lose."

"What were they like?" demanded the Baron.

"Like, Sir Baron? what they were, robbers, armed apparently with every sort of weapon; and scarcely two alike, as far as I had time to judge; for they did not halt in their work. Pitiful fellows! to rob a soldier of a few kreutzers!"

"But the priest,—where is, the priest?" cried the Baron impatiently.

"That is more than I can say, for our holy search was cut short. Confound them, they have defrauded some worthy man of a comfortable tankard, a night's lodging, and a fee into the bargain, besides the shriving of our garrison."

"You have mismanaged this business, sirrah, and your head seems to have been as lukewarm in my service as your sword was idle," said the Baron sternly.

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Ludwig feigned a stupid astonishment at this accusation.

"Why, Sir Baron, you yourself laid down the route we were to pursue, and the activity of my sword must have multiplied greatly, to parry the attack of twenty desperate robbers."

"It is enough, sirrah; see that a priest awaits my orders by to-morrow's sunset, or you shall learn, on the following morning, to die without fighting; hence, and if your memory cannot hold the commission, the penalty for its failure shall render its service useless to you for the future."

Ludwig retired not a whit intimidated by the threats which had been vituperated against him, and the Baron continued his irregular strides. He wished to woo and win his cousin with her own consent. Her evident disgust at his society wounded his self-love more than harsh words would have done; he could have stormed in return, and

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in her resistance have found some excuse for the violence he meditated, or possibly have cajoled her by fair promises and words into a reaction of feeling towards him; but she seemed equally impracticable to all his blandishments, implied threats, or professions of entire devotion. His vanity was mortified at the idea of forcing the woman he fancied he loved, to accept his hand; but there was too much at stake for any motive to induce him longer to delay, or relinquish his object; and if passion and avarice had not urged him on, so unfathomable is the construction of the human mind, he would have persevered in his iniquity, for a thoroughly bad man feels as shy of contradicting the tenor of his former life by a worthy deed, as a virtuous one would be ashamed of losing his reputation, by the commission of a bad one; and thus sin begets sin. He suddenly stopped short in his evolutions—he was not satisfied with Ludwig's account of the

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evening's adventure. Krantz's escape occurred to his recollection, but still Schwartz's continued absence bespoke his consciousness of some neglect, and the unembarrassed careless manner of the other told in his favour; he could not but grant, that if he stated truly by what numbers himself and his comrades had been overpowered, there was little use in, or even the possibility of resistance. To satisfy these doubts, he sought the wounded man, who corroborated Ludwig's statement. "He was," he said, "hurt, and stunned at the beginning of the attack, therefore had no time, so unexpected was it, for previous observation." When he recovered his senses, he stated, that Ludwig's horse was on the ground, and the attacking party had ridden off. Better assured of the fidelity of his follower, he returned to the hall, again sent for Ludwig, and demanded his pistols; he had laid them aside, he said, but would fetch them. Brandt was ordered to bring the weapons; they had

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both been discharged,—another evidence in Ludwig's favour; a passing thought might cross the Baron's brain, that guilt is the parent of suspicion. An ingenuous mind never suspects in others, the acts it deems impossible, consistently with its own ideas of virtue, and thus it is that deception flourishes, and seeks its victims among the good and honourable, entrapping guileless hearts, and spurting its loathsome venom to soil the most honest intentions.—He now desired Ludwig to announce to Clotilda that he should take supper in her apartment.

As the Baron's suspicions had been aroused, Ludwig was sure that the time he should have in which to tell his news, would be short, and that the Baron would quickly follow his messenger; he rushed on therefore rapidly, and in a few words, told Clotilda not to fear,—aid was at hand; to be upon her guard,—to make no disclosure,—he

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would endeavour to explain further in the morning, and then retreated. He met the Baron a few paces only from the door of the apartments; spite of Ludwig's assurances, her tormentor's presence at that hour terrified the unfortunate Clotilda. She essayed to rise, but sank again into her seat; her countenance assumed such a death-like hue, that the marble effigies in the chapel, which he had visited that morning, seemed linked in his mind with the half fainting being before him, and a momentary shudder assailed him. Thumelda watched the transitory feeling, and her sparkling eyes spoke hatred and contempt; she almost wished at that moment, when she witnessed the effect his presence had produced on her beloved companion, that her hand was clasping the dagger intrusted to the keeping of that dear one. The Baron's remorse was too momentary, to leave even a brief memory that it had ever been; and he commenced his en-

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quiries and conversation with his usual composure; he had proposed his company to his cousin, for he felt lonely; his further stay at Reiterstein was impossible, without detriment to his honour; he had matters to communicate of the utmost importance to his future welfare, for which it was necessary to prepare her.

Clotilda emphatically repeated the word, "HONOUR," and relapsed into silence.

"Yes, lady, the honour of a true knight."

"TRUE KNIGHT," again repeated Clotilda almost mechanically, her lips and cheeks still colourless.

The Baron took her cold hand, but his touch appeared to restore the half-suspended faculties of her mind and body; a fiery poison seemed to have been instilled into and was circulating in her veins and brain; never was disgust and abhorrence more unequivocally exemplified without the aid of words or gesture; for she was as tran-

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ner's sea, and even the villain
or an instant, by the uncon-
gs of nature before him.
reature who had ever for a
red him with fear, was the
who now sat powerless in his
ainst whose peace he had been
ears. The strange control
eld over him, and the mad
which she inspired him, were
-guards which shielded her
It was a relief to him,
entered with the attendants,
gements for supper; he has-
im to fill a goblet of wine,
gerly quaffed at a draught.
ed at Clotilda so cheerfully,
es she regained some compo-
ron extolled the vintage, and
fair cousin to pledge him.
declined the proffered draught,
anding to her a small cup, ob-

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served meaningly: "Fear not, lady, the wine is not so strong as it seems, and I have heard the Baron's guests observe, that it brings *pleasant dreams.*" He watched anxiously his lord's repeated libations, and, fearing the frenzy they might produce, upon a fresh demand, coolly replied, "that he must then go for more, for the flask was empty."

Dismissing the attendants, he departed, but did not return; when they were gone, Reiterstein threw off all restraint, and announced to Clotildá his desire that she should prepare to receive him as her husband, pointed out to her the advantage she would derive, penniless as she was, from such an alliance, expressed to her in glowing colours his admiration, and his love, and finally, hazarded the hope that she would accompany him to the chapel on the following evening.

Clotilda fixed her beautiful eyes steadily upon him, and said "you require me, Baron

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von Reiterstein, to do an act willingly, to force me to which you have used unjustifiable means; I never can, or will be your bride, never insult high heaven by mingling unlawful and false vows with yours, at its sacred altar; you may force me to that sanctuary which contains the mortal remains of my parents, and there immolate a victim of their own blood and ancient race, to the manes of those who sheltered your youth, gave you with unsparing hand the means to keep in honour, and to aggrandize your name; and wind up the climax of your ingratitude to them by the destruction of their offspring. I have registered vows—vows which heaven and our holy religion hold sacred,—*never* to be your wife; beware how you press or force a ceremony which will bring vengeance upon your head: you may bar your Castle gates, and line your walls with armed men, commit unhallowed crimes in the dead silence of the

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night, and veil them from mortal eyes in the full glare of day under a specious semblance—but, there is ONE whom *you* know not,—ONE who holds not communion with corrupted souls, but to judge and to condemn,—ONE whose omnipresence neither bolts nor deepest dungeon can detain, to whom neither gates nor walls can bar access, who can disharm the armed without a blow, who by a breath can lay millions of the strongest low, and can save the innocent in the utmost hour of peril, who can strike the mighty, and raise the fallen—IT IS HE, to whom *your* knee never bends—IT IS HE, whom *your* heart never acknowledges—IT IS HE who is veiled from *your* mental vision by the darkness of your soul; His all powerful and hallowed name—IS GOD."

Clotilda's voice was firm, full and energetic; its rich tones added force to her speech, but her manner was calm, nor did anger bend her open brow; the words fell from

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rningly and solemnly;—a hectic
for a moment on her cheek, then
anched as the snowy mountain
cts the dying light of the sun
to rest.

less, I find," said the Baron with
argue with a fanatic; I would
by gentle methods, and yield to
nage I have never yet deigned
oman; I would avoid using the
you seem by your mad oppo-
et. Mine you *shall* be, cousin
the demons of hell conspire to
from me, even at the altar—
ar your denunciation, nor am I
your opposition, and if you
hen the ceremonies of the church
us, in such wild and wilful re-
espotic master shall usurp the
e of a devoted husband;—think
s, fair cousin, and spare your
ights for your Confessor's ear.

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We meet to-morrow evening in the chapel; the hour you will learn in time to don your bridal attire, if it suits you so to deck your charms, to meet the happy destiny which awaits you."

He now mockingly bowed, and quitted her presence. Clotilda pressed her hands to her pale brow, for wild confusion was revelling in her brain.

Ludwig talked of aid, what was it? how could he procure it? whence was it to come? if it failed her, dishonour might condemn her to everlasting misery—Thumelda stood watching her in silent alarm, fearing to interrupt too suddenly the current of her thoughts, leaving reason awhile to retrieve its sway she remained almost motionless bending over her; after a few minutes of anxious suspense, for she almost feared for her intellect, she gently took her hand, and softly repeated Ludwig's words.

"Doubt him not, lady," she added, "he

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would not have been so barbarous as to mislead us; he has as much cause to hate the oppressor as ourselves, and has he not given you the means to avenge, and save yourself?"

"But MURDER! Thumelda, MURDER!" she cried shuddering; "how can I stain my soul with such a crime? how can a woman's nerveless arm deal the blow surely which an assassin's would not miss?"

"If yours fails you, lady, Ludwig's will aid you."

"And you, my gentle Thumelda, you will equally be the prey of this ferocious animal, —for man he cannot be."

"Never, lady, never! I have been reared to roam more at free will than you, endowed by hardier habits, with greater strength, and he shall never live to compass my disgrace while a weapon is within my reach.

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CHAPTER II.

It was now nearly midnight, and still the Baron roamed around the Castle. The mist had settled into rain, which fell heavily, and drove in gusts against his face; in turning an angle, he encountered Ludwig, who said:

"I have been seeking you, Baron; fortune has commanded for you that which I could not compass; a priest an hour since begged shelter for the night at the gast

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haus; their only spare apartment was occupied, they could not harbour him, and have sent him here; he also encountered those inspectors of plethoric purses; they detained him for some hours, and set him free not long since; shall I admit him?"

"Yes, fool, why ask you? keep him till his work is done, and if not willingly done, tell him his eternal night's rest shall be spent in company with my ancestors; truly an honourable grave for hood and cowl."

Ludwig left him to provide for the priest's comforts.

We must pass over in silence many hours of the following day; they were spent by Clotilda in restless anxiety, and continual apprehension on her part, and in words of consolation on that of Thumelda's.

"If you doubt," she said, "your power to use that weapon, give it to me; ere he pollutes you by one embrace, it shall do its duty."

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"No, no, Thumelda, I will not cast the sin of murder on thy innocent soul, and Heaven grant that I may not be compelled, in the defence of my honour, to resort to such direful means."

The morning passed, and Ludwig did not appear; each minute accumulated fresh anxiety. The Baron might have discovered the schemes that had been formed for her release; he might have sent him out of the way on some distant mission. An hour after noon, however, brought him to their apartments laden with a package, which, having closed the door, he threw upon the floor.

"Here, lady, I have brought your bridal attire, I need not say, do not put it on, nor Thumelda the fanciful garb the Baron has provided for her. When you are summoned, cover yourselves with these cloaks, remember the red for you, lady, the blue for her; make no resistance when the escort comes to guide you to the chapel; let the priest proceed

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with the ceremony, and yield yourselves willingly to those who will rescue you. Take freely the refreshment which I have brought; snatch some repose if possible, and be careful to extinguish your lamp before you quit your apartment; now farewell, I must not be missed longer than to do my errand."

The bowl was now flowing in the hall; Ludwig sat at the head of the board as master of the revels, and sent it round in quick succession; he proposed the healths of the Baron and his bride, and when he found that the deep potations were producing their effect, he ordered the men, whose turn it was to guard the gate, to relieve the soldiers then on duty, and brought the latter to partake in the general intoxication, which was in progress. Having arranged matters thus, he sought the Baron, whom he found in no placable mood, nor with a bridegroom's smile, but nevertheless gorgeously arrayed.

"Wine, Ludwig, wine!" he cried, "I sup-

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pose I shall have tears to mix in my bridal cup to-night, and would fain quaff the draught ere it is adulterated. It is time that the chapel were prepared, and my beautiful and willing bride," he added scoffingly, "brought forth; I hope she will not play fantastic airs at the altar."

"I trust not, sir," said Ludwig, "but women are dangerous weapons to play with, they can cut, and wound, and sometimes blunt a man's courage; but the wine, Baron, I will bring it, and hope the cup of matrimony may prove as palatable."

Having done his errand, and filled the cup to the brim, he departed on his way to the chapel, accompanied by the priest. He carefully closed the doors, and throwing a quantity of incense into a concealed brazier, quickly filled the building with dense and overpowering fumes. He placed two guards outside the door, conducted four soldiers to Clotilda's apartment, gave notice to the

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Baron that she was on her way, and preceded him with a flambeau.

Reiterstein desired him to await the bride's arrival at the entrance, strode up the aisle, and placed himself at the altar, where the priest was already waiting, whose cowl was not wholly thrown back, and in some measure shaded one side of his face, while a white beard covered his upper lip and chin.

Clotilda walked firmly up to the altar, and stood calmly awaiting the commencement of the ceremony.

"It were better, lady," observed Reiterstein, "to dispense awhile with that unbridal like cloak."

Clotilda shuddered, and said, "*I am cold.*"

The service began, and when the time for her response arrived, and was solemnly demanded, she replied with a firm voice:

"I will never be the bride of the Baron von Reiterstein."

The Baron advanced to seize her hand,

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when an armed figure started from behind her father's tomb, and others immediately surrounded the altar. A blow felled him to the earth; Clotilda and her companion were lifted up and borne away, as if by magic; the lights at the altar were overthrown, and the chapel left in total darkness. As the Baron fell, he saw Ludwig laid prostrate at his side. The guards were too much overcome by wine, and by the smoke with which the chapel was now filled, to perceive what was occurring at the altar steps, in time to make any resistance.

The females were carried through many tortuous passages, scarcely believing in their deliverance, until the cold air blew on their faces. Armed men and horses were awaiting them; they were lifted upon two strong jennets, and the party was immediately *en route*. Three or four troopers gradually dropped in, who had been picketted as outposts, to secure the retreat of

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the rescuing party. A familiar voice whispered to Clotilda:

"Heaven be praised, you are safe."

It was Krantz who spoke; he who was apparently the commander, now approached; 'twas he who had seized her from the grasp of the Baron, and had borne her tenderly and carefully to the outlet of the Castle; he did not speak but took his place at her side, and guided with care the steed she rode over every deep rut or rough ground, and Clotilda felt, even in the darkness of the night, that his watchfulness never relaxed. And was there no one to perform the like offices for Thumelda? assuredly she was equally protected, although Krantz was at the head of the troop, regulating their speed, and directing their way.

A drizzling mist had continued to fall without intermission during the night, and now as the morning began to show some faint gray streaks of light in the east, they

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were crossing an uncultivated upland, which afforded not a bush for shelter. As night lifted her dark veil from the earth, the air became keen and piercing, and even the continual exercise could scarcely keep up circulation in the extremities. He who rode by Clotilda's side disengaged himself from his cloak, and carefully wrapped it around her, for the one Ludwig had brought was of fine and light material, not calculated to be impenetrable to the unceasing rain. Krantz now increased their pace to a brisk canter, till they reached a small hovel situated midway upon the waste. It was the same habitation which we have before described to our readers, as the scene of meeting between Krantz and Sir Otho.

Here the party halted, Clotilda was carefully borne in the arms of her faithful guide into the hut, which presented rather an improved appearance since our last visit to it. He removed the wet trappings from her

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person, then lifted the helmet from his head, and she found herself pressed to the bosom of her husband.

It is a scarcely possible task, however one may understand, and may have felt them, to pourtray the extremes of joy or sorrow, the overwhelming tide of bliss, or the agonising and hopeless bitterness of grief. There are moments which surpass the utterance of human eloquence.

The soul, that essence inspired by Him who rules and reigns on high, with all its combinations, stretches its infinite, varied, rapid, and intense evolutions beyond the power of those mortal functions with which it is incorporated.

What painting from nature can ever attain nature's perfection, or give the softened yet glowing tints she gives. We are sometimes deceived, because we are willing to be so; and when we lavish praise upon the successful artist, and laud the skill which

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ranks him high among his fellow men, we only sing the praise of that power, who thus endowed him, and we feel that he is but as a foil to that creating hand of all things, and can justly claim no higher title than that of imitator. Poets with poets' licence may rhyme of art which rivals nature; but nature knows no rival, and in the display of her beauteous works, yields to man those stores for study, which enable him to reach the pinnacle of fame. Philosophers may promulgate their speculative creeds, and metaphysicians mystify their enquiries into the heart and understanding, analyze and describe the various thoughts, which incessantly circulate through the human brain; but can they lay down certain rules, or enlighten mankind upon all the combinations and mingled feelings which actuate the millions dispersed through different climes, acted upon by varieties of climate, religion, customs, and manners?

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No; He alone, He who imparts life and spirit into man, can disentangle this wondrous web; He alone can do all this. Shall we then attempt to describe the happiness that in its wild excess amounted almost to pain, and seemed to hold Clotilda's faculties in abeyance? We may, perhaps, imagine placed in her situation, enduring all she had suffered, snatched in a moment from misery, shame, and death, by the hand most dear, pressed to the bosom of one most fondly loved, to a bosom fraught with every pure and honourable feeling, beating with every soft emotion towards her, to whom he had plighted his true faith; we may imagine, but how can the pen trace faithfully the commingling of all these blissful sensations. The heart may feel, the mind may pass all this in rapid review, but pages would not suffice to pourtray all the intense and varying emotions of that brief space, which found again

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these lovely and loving beings rejoined on earth.

Did Konrad look with less affection on Thumelda, or Thumelda's eyes glisten with less true love on Konrad, than they were wont to do when their young hearts first budded into tenderness, when roaming the wild chart, she decked his bonnet with the blooming heath, and he formed garlands of the harebell and wild anemone, with which to crown his little bride?

When the overpowering sensations of these thus re-united ones had in some degree subsided, and the tide of joy flowed in a more tranquil current Clotilda, pressing her husband's hand, demanded why he had concealed his presence from her during their wearisome journey of the night.

"Instinct," she said, "suggested to me that he, who so watchfully and tenderly guided me through the storm and darkness might be my husband; but I did not dare to indulge

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in a hope so improbable, although so blissful; if the obscurity had not favoured your deception, love's quick sight would have penetrated through all disguise."

"My beloved one," replied Otho, "the concealment was neither to my liking nor at my will; but Krantz insisted that such a temporary privation was better for both than to hazard delay from the violent emotions which such a disclosure must produce, and thereby diminish your nerve and strength for the long journey of the night before us."

She now related to him all she had endured, and perhaps it may be as well in this place to account for her quitting her husband, and undertaking so long a journey into the neighbourhood she had the most reason to avoid.

Otho, as we have seen, was a soldier of fortune; when he was made prisoner on the day following that on which he had rejoined

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Maurice, he could no longer protect his wife, and Father Augustine, knowing the fidelity of Krantz, considered the mill as her safest asylum. He knew that von Reiterstein was absent, and that despatches had been forwarded to engage his service, and to recal him immediately from Italy to join the beseiging army. He had, therefore, no idea of his visiting his own Castle; the monk's object was to remove her to a place of security, before his arrival at the camp. With an escort, therefore, and in the care of a worthy priest, she commenced her journey. It was agreed to dismiss their attendants when they had gained the forest, and for the two to proceed by by-paths to the heath, that her arrival might not be bruited abroad.

A sudden illness seized her protector, and she was compelled to travel on without his guidance. Augustine in despair to find that von Reiterstein had repaired to the

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Castle, sought the mill as we have seen, reached it after his departure, and provided for the safety of the child, by intrusting him to the pastor.

On his return to the camp, finding that the Baron had gone to Walsrode in pursuit of Clotilda, he lost no time in taking measures to rescue her in the event of her retreat being discovered. He alone knew the secret pass to the Castle, and had provided Otho with minute directions how to discover it, and, if necessary, to take possession of the fortress, for he was well aware, from his conversation with the miller, how slenderly it was garrisoned.

"This day, my beloved Clotilda," said Otho, "you must take repose; to-morrow we will continue our journey to Magdeburg, for I wish not to trespass too long on the temporary release which Mansfeldt has so generously granted me."

"What! back to prison?" cried his wife.

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"Even so, my love, will you not share it with me?"

"Do you doubt it, Otho," she replied reproachfully, "even if it were the deepest dungeon in the fortress."

"And so you shall, my wife, and in the noble Mansfeldt's treatment of your husband, you will perceive how light has been his personal inconvenience, but the deepest dungeon would have been preferable, could I have been assured of your safety, and that of my beloved child."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Clotilda, "that ruthless man cannot even suspect the existence of our precious boy."

Krantz now entered: he suggested that their conference should be broken up for the present, and that Clotilda and Thumelda, having partaken of such scanty fare as they could offer, should seek some repose.

Schwartz, who dreaded the Baron's fury,

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and was well nigh tired of a commander who was neither liberal nor humane, volunteered with the captured men to enter into Otho's service.

He had been sent back with them and a trooper to the hut, and, according to orders, had formed, from the peat and heath on the waste, a temporary shelter for the men and horses. Krantz and Otho, wrapped in their cloaks, laid themselves down within the door of the hut, leaving Konrad and Schwartz to keep guard till they relieved them.

We left the Baron stunned, and prostrate before the altar he was about to profane, by the blow which felled him to the ground; Ludwig had preconcerted that, in the event of any miscarriage in the arranged plans, the means should still be in his power to save Clotilda and her companion, and place them in the hands of her liberators. Schramm had provided him with an infusion of narcotic herbs, which

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he mixed in the Baron's cup, and which would have taken effect ere he left the chapel. He had partially administered the same potion to the soldiers, and had burned the incense to aid its effects.

These precautions would have rendered them harmless for some hours, and incapable of pursuit: he had also prepared horses for their flight, for the sentinels being reduced to a state of oblivion, there was no one to question or forbid their egress.

After a time he arose from his feigned fall, groped his way to the stable, unsaddled the steeds, and aroused such of the domestics as he had deemed it safe to leave in possession of their faculties. The soldiers whom he had left at the door of, as well as those within the chapel, were in a state of stupid intoxication. The Baron was carried, still senseless, into the Castle, and the leech was summoned. Ludwig described to him the assault, but confessed

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that he knew little about it, as he was struck down ere the Baron fell.

"And the women?" said the compounder of drugs.

"Escaped, as I suppose," said Ludwig.

"Glad of it," was the reply, "this is a case of too much wine as well as wound."

"No doubt," said Ludwig, "I imagine my honoured lord thought nothing would cover the absurdity of matrimony, but the cloak of drunkenness, making one folly stand godfather for the other: he pledged the cup however so frequently that he has escaped pledging himself."

"How was it, friend, that you were not likewise infected by the contagion? Did the thought of matrimony, though not perpetrated in your own person, sober you?"

"I did not drink," replied Ludwig; "those sponges who are lying in the chapel imbibed all the liquor; the Baron's activity in requiring my services here, there, and every

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where, as well as their greediness, kept me on my legs, till some of those trespassers knocked them from under me, thinking no doubt, that if I was not drunk, I ought for good fellowship, to have been so. They did not consider it prudent to allow me to stand up in my master's defence, and intended to forestal my intention of laying down my life for him."

"Where is the priest?" demanded his interrogator.

"Why he was sober also, and perchance has walked away to safer quarters, unless these interlopers carried him off, to perform a similar ceremony, or give them absolution by the way, for interrupting one; besides as the Baron assured him a safe conduct to the gibbet, and a snug cell in the chapel vaults, if he did not complete his part of the business, he was not likely to linger in order to claim so tempting a reward."

"You seem," said the leech significantly,

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ot at any rate a clear head,
firm footing in the business,
then turning away, he again
is patient, who remained for
a state of unconsciousness.
suspected the truth, he kept
el, and as soon as unequivocal
returning sense exhibited
xecuted a copious bleeding on
which at an interval of two
ted.
oiced internally, when at the
, he saw the awful Baron still
ake into consideration or exe-
ive measures. He reproached
eir inebriety, and so effectually
their fears, that they intreated
al from the Baron their true
nd accomplished, he remained

ft the party under the Castle
ceeded to his mother's cottage :

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having paid Theresa a visit on the following morning, to relate the success of the undertaking, he again started to overtake the fugitives at the hut, where it was agreed to await his coming.

One may easily imagine the Baron's rage, when he reviewed the defeat of all his plans; it was too intense for expression. He had no doubt that Krantz was the contriver, but how, unperceived, he could have gained the chapel with a body of men, or from whence he had collected them, he was puzzled to fathom.

The sentinels averred, that no one had entered, or had even been seen lurking in the precincts of the Castle. No strangers had passed through the village; he must have been foiled by some one, who had the power, as well as the will to do so, and this reflection maddened him the more. He swore a deadly revenge against the miller and his abettors; he would gladly have immolated

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in order to satiate in part his
geance; but there was no one
n he could bring suspicion.
ained the same careless man-
He had obeyed his orders, he
ter; he had two wilful women
sides a priest, and though he
g them to reason, he had done
ng them to the altar.

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CHAPTER III.

With renovated hopes and lighter hearts, our wanderers, after a day's rest, quitted the hut. The morning was clear and bright; a white frost had crisped the ground, and silvered the brown fern and heath. There was that invigorating freshness in the air, which makes trouble sit lighter on the spirit, and renders joy itself even more buoyant: there was nothing in the bleak scene around them, or perhaps in the prospect of their future fortunes, to account for

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the happiness which sprung from their hearts, shone in their eyes, and prompted the gay laugh, but they were again together, and every ill which might have been anticipated in the distance, seemed to fade away. The dreadful incubus under which they had sunk oppressed, was removed, and hope,—that elastic spring of youth, ere the world's disappointments have taught us to mistrust and to despair,—shone brightly in their path, imparting vigour to their minds, and inspiring a happy confidence in coming days; neither was it necessary that reserve should cast her mantle of decorum over the expressions of that affection, by which their young bosoms were animated. They rode apart from the rest, conversing of future plans, and days of hallowed bliss in store for them, and those around most fervently prayed that no blight might wither their contemplated joys.

Schramm had joined them on the previous

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night; their party was now sufficient for security, and their march, though rapid, partook not of the nature of a flight. On the evening preceding their arrival at Magdeburg, Schramm pressed forward in search of father Augustine, in order to announce to him their coming: the good man met them on the skirts of the plain, and their happiness was reflected in his venerable countenance.

"My children," he said, "you have escaped from one prison, it is my task now to lead you to another. The Elector craves your pardon, my daughter, that he cannot offer to you the hospitality he could desire to do or induce your husband to linger one moment in the camp. I must straightway accompany him within the gates of the city and into Mansfeldt's presence; he is responsible to the citizens for all prisoners of note."

"Believe me, good father," said Otho, "

delay one moment in surren-
f, but, if possible, I would fain
risoner to the good Count and
silken bonds more befitting
oor Clotilda's gear is confined
y suit in which you now see her,
r that she is indebted to our
antz."
mind sit lightly on that small
; your wife's loveliness shall
ack of costly robes to make its
ion."
v fares my fellow captive, Duke
er? I trust I shall find him in
able mood."
, he will receive you with open
th more just reason than in your
turned the eye of jealousy on
y!"
of me?" cried Otho, "impos-

lly, my son, he was."
can well account," said Otho,

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musingly, "for his waywardness towards me."

"He wooes unsuccessfully," continued the father, "but will be convinced neither by denial, nor by reason; this wilful behaviour adds much to the annoyances by which Mansfeldt is environed; most willingly would he dismiss him, without ransom or condition, dreading him less as an opponent in the field, than a turbulent inmate; he woos, as he would win a strong defence, by storm, and wearies his noble jailer by continual skirmishes within the garrison. Mathilda keeps him at bay by her pointed jests, which hit, but do not wound too deeply for pardon or for cure; whilst ever and anon, she seeks the sheltering shield of her father and her lover."

"Ah!" sighed Otho, "he feels that he has birth and station to back his suit."

"But not a higher fame than yours, Otho," replied Clotilda, her eyes, as she spoke,

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beaming with love and pride upon her husband, "and in accomplishments and knightly chivalry, he must, in comparison with you, sink into obscurity; for if fame trumpets him truly, he is not skilled in the softer graces which befit a lady's bower."

"Thy love, dear Clotilda, blinds thee to the claims which adventitious rank and wealth will ever assert, even over all the graces, acquirements, or qualities which can adorn a man. Each quartering on George's shield stands proxy in men's eyes for a virtue."

"Let those who think so," she answered, "bow before such ancestral trophies; the honours of the heart content my humble spirit, they are the emblems which adorn the domestic hearth, when the proud shield hangs rusting in the hall; the view of its manifold quarterings will not arrest one tear, or turn aside one unkind word. Thine of bland argent is more valued by thy wife,

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for although no heraldic symbols are engraven on its polished and fair surface, such are not requisite to designate the only blazonry she values,—truth, honour, love,—and these her heart and reason have long painted there."

Otho looked fondly on his beauteous wife, and internally gave thanks to Heaven, who had granted to him so pure a spirit to soothe his rugged path through life, and banish his useless regrets.

They were now skirting the camp; he made a halt, and drawing his small party around him, addressed them:

"My friends, in many a field you have gallantly fought by my side; we must now part, I hope for a brief period only; but bear with you my thanks for this last service, which far outweighs all others."

The men with one accord assured him of their fidelity, and conducted by Konrad, bade adieu to their commander. Accompanied

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by the friar and Krantz only, Otho and Clotilda proceeded to the gates of Magdeburg; here Krantz was to leave them; Thumelda's tears fell fast; she had a thousand cautions to give him with fond remembrances to her mother. She entreated that he would avoid any encounter with Hartorff, or with the Baron, when he should arrive.

Krantz endeavoured to satisfy her anxieties, and promised, through the father, to give her every information of his proceedings. The gates closed upon them, but how painfully was Otho struck with the change, which a few days had wrought; the listless gait and feeble steps, emaciated figures and pale faces which he encountered, too plainly showed the straits to which the town was now reduced; he regretted the necessity of adding even his female companions to the already famishing numbers, and what might be their fate or their fare? Still from the knowledge which he had glanced of Maurice's cha-

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racter, he trusted that he would negociate a capitulation, rather than storm the town in its present enfeebled state; starved as the appearance of the inhabitants bespoke them, no murmur arose from the pale lips and drooping figures which passed him; he perceived that Clotilda shuddered slightly, as her eyes met these evident signs of want; he deemed it most prudent to be silent, but felt relieved when they were admitted within the fortress.

The monk beckoned to a page who was in attendance, and whispering a few words to him, the youth respectfully requested Clotilda and her companion to follow him; she looked at her husband, but kissing her forehead, he said,—

"I will join you ere long, my loved one; I must not linger a moment in rendering myself again a prisoner to the noble governor," and pressing her hand, accompanied by Augustine, he quitted them.

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The page then preceded Clotilda and Thumelda through many passages and corridors, and finally conducted them into a suite of apartments, which he told them were destined for their occupation.

"Once again," said Clotilda, "we are prisoners, but how different the feelings with which I view this second captivity, and how little do exterior circumstances affect us when the heart is assured and at rest;" but even in personal comfort their philosophy did not appear likely to be tested.

A table was spread with refreshments, and in the inner chamber were laid changes of garments, which had evidently been selected by some tasteful female hand. Clotilda was too high-minded to indulge in the petty vice of vanity, but she was not insensible to the necessity and propriety of a becoming outward appearance, nor careless to shine before all others, in her husband's eyes, and justify him to society for the love

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he lavished on her. While in the convent, her dress had been of the simplest kind, though not unbefitting her station.

Ere Otho returned, the soiled and worn garments had been changed, and he beheld his lovely wife radiant in beauty. He gazed with rapture on the fair form before him, on that sweet face beaming with innocence and tenderness for him, and folding her in his arms, he blessed the hour which made her his.

"The Countess is impatient to see you," he said; "but first I will lay aside this harness, and then conduct you to her presence."

How elastic was now the step with which he trod those corridors where often he had been wont to pace for hours, meditating in silence with a tortured mind, his fancy darkly pourtraying every fantastic and mournful image which an enthusiastic spirit could suggest and truly these doleful imaginings had not far outstripped the reality. Buoyant and

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light, he now bent his way towards the Countess's apartments, his heart bounding with the anticipated pride and pleasure of presenting his beautiful Clotilda, to those so capable of appreciating her worth and excellence.

They were now passing along the gallery which we have before had occasion to mention; Otho directing her attention to a figure at the further end, whispered to her—

"That is Duke George."

At this moment the Duke turned: he hesitated for a few seconds, and then advanced, evidently at fault as to who the intruders might be. A few steps, and he was convinced of Otho's identity; a slight embarrassment, combined with a feeling of doubt and perhaps a lingering shade of jealousy, kept him silent for a time; he was aware that Otho had been absent, he had not regretted his departure: his mission he had not inquired into, nor did Mansfeldt

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deem it necessary to communicate his reasons for allowing him this unusual indulgence. These mingled thoughts, as they chased each other, gave a varied expression to his features, and a gaze of surprise was added, when his eye caught the beautiful form of her who was leaning on the arm of his former companion.

Otho was the first to break silence.

"I have lately made, as you have probably heard, Duke, a sally from this stronghold, and here is the trophy of my victory; allow me to present a fellow captive in the person of my wife."

The Duke for a moment looked with some astonishment, and then said gallantly:—

"If the beauty of your prize, Sir Otho, adds proportionate strength to the fortress, the governor may thank you for rendering his Castle impregnable."

"Mine," said Otho, pressing Clotilda's

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hand in his own upon his heart, "I have long surrendered."

The Duke's face brightened, and however passionate his admiration was for Mathilda, he could not but confess, that the exquisite being before him was not likely to be dispossessed by any rival. There was an inexpressible grace in all her movements, and her smile, as she bowed acknowledgement for his flattering salutation, conveyed the idea of every sentiment which could bespeak amiability and sincerity: it was a smile so gracious, and so winning, that prepossession rewarded its bestowal; perfect as all her features were, the beauty of her mouth was unequalled, and that lovely smile once seen, could never be forgotten. They parted from the Duke in the gallery, and entered the saloon; the Countess arose and advanced to receive her guest, with that bland kindness which bids welcome more warmly than courtly speech can do. Otho was

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grieved to see that the shade of sadness, which too often clouded her brow, was still more deepened and confirmed by added care, and even the gay Mathilda wore a look of anxiety ill suited to the bright days of youth, and more particularly striking in a countenance usually dimpled by mirth, imparting its beams of sunny gladness to all around.

"It may seem ungracious Sir Otho," said the Countess, "to descant at our first meeting upon unpleasant themes, nor would I do so, and cast an unwelcome shadow on the joyous moments of your reunion, but to apologize to your fair lady for a dull reception, ill befitting the honour she does us, and faintly expressing the pleasure her presence affords us."

"My obligations, noble lady, to the Count and yourself are too deeply engraven on my heart to need the seal of empty ceremony to stamp their value; fortune I trust

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will grant us the power to wile away some sorrowful moments, rather than load you with an additional source of uneasiness."

"I doubt it not, Sir Otho, and perhaps you will think me selfish, when I confess that I rejoice in the occasion, which yields the society of the lady Clotilda to my dear Mathilda, for in truth her parents are too sorely pressed by melancholy thoughts to chase away, by seeming cheerfulness, the sadness produced by the scenes of suffering which encompass them."

Clotilda's eyes were bent in admiration upon the subject of this discourse, she was far exceeding in beauty all her husband had taught her to expect; she accused him in her own mind, of having played the niggard in his eulogiums.

Surely he could not think so meanly of her, as to fear the hazard of raising a woman's jealousy, by the praise of superior

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charms, neither could he imagine it was possible for her to suspect his constancy.

When these questions were afterwards suggested by her to Otho, a simple answer accounted for his slender praise, which had appeared lukewarm to Clotilda; that her image which was ever present to him, cast all others in the shade, and all other beauties in the back ground; if she thought thus of Mathilda, that lovely maiden herself dealt out the full mead of admiration to the elegant creature now presented to her; fortunately, each person has a standard of loveliness of his own; the prejudice of affection may influence the judgment, or flattery may predispose it; habit, manners, and a thousand accidental circumstances often guide, perhaps pervert or mislead the taste, but there are acknowledged rules of beauty, which none can fail to appreciate and admit, although envy may impose silence, when the fear of its detection hushes open

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detraction, and such Mathilda felt was the undeniable beauty of her new friend; well could she account for, and sympathize in the misery she had seen Otho suffer during the period of his absence from his wife.

The usual formal barriers of society were broken down at once by the peculiar position in which all parties were placed, and the defensive armour of ceremony was laid aside for the more becoming robe of kindly interest.

Two hours had elapsed unnoticed by the party, when Mansfeldt joined the group; advancing to Otho he said kindly:

"My duties have detained me longer than I expected—I must thank you for the volunteer whom you have added to our circle; alas! a volunteer to falling fortunes!"

He now drew Mathilda aside, and reluctantly communicated to her the necessity of circumscribing her charities.

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"I grieve to tell you," he said, "that the public stores are all but exhausted, and the list of our private ones now remaining, present so meagre a catalogue, that a few days, in spite of all our provident care, will find us destitute of necessary food."

"Oh! my father," she exclaimed, "say not so; What is to become of our hospitals? What of the poor and sick? Must they perish miserably? Shall I see those kind familiar faces who look to me for support, fade and vanish from around me, without the power to save?" And the kind girl, sinking on her seat, burst into tears.

The Count, who had long before seen the lamentable results of such a lengthened siege, although greatly moved, soothed with manly, but gentle fortitude his sorrowing child, who, thinking little of the privations which must assail her as well as others, felt only for the misery of those dependant upon, and accustomed to her bounty.

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"My child," he continued, "we have perhaps forborne too long to reveal to you the real state of affairs, but now we can no longer conceal the painful truth, and would advise you not to witness the increasing distress which you can no longer relieve."

"And is there nothing to spare, my father, nothing?"

"But little I fear, my love."

"But," she replied, "words of consolation and sympathy are still in my power, and I will not shrink from discharging a duty which heaven and humanity command."

"I should grieve to thwart your good and pious intentions my child; but I must tax your love and obedience to be circumspect. Disease, the foster child of famine, is adding its inroads to the cruel ravages which starvation is making; do not expose yourself uselessly, where you cannot aid, or incur the hazard of rendering desolate the home and hearts of your parents."

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Mathilda promised discretion.

When Otho and Clotilda had retired, ere the family party separated for the night, arrangements were made for every possible retrenchment and economy throughout their household. Many a parent was snatched from the brink of the grave, and many a mother knelt in thanksgiving over the child, saved from death by the self-denying and generous exertions of this amiable girl; but in following up this work of charity, what scenes of horror, suffering, and woe, did not her young eyes and heart encounter; how often were her patience and forbearance taxed by the unavailing repinings of the miserable, and their implied accusations against her noble father and the senate; hints thrown out, that the poor alone were suffering under the pinching pains of scarcity disturbed her, for the uneducated are apt to believe that the resources of the great are

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inexhaustible, and that want is unknown to those of gentle blood.

Clotilda was her companion in these visitations, and this labour of mutual Christian duty, although they professed different faiths, linked them in closer friendship.

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CHAPTER IV.

KRANTZ, when he had lodged his charges in safety, was anxious to return to his deserted wife and home; he deemed neither secure from the vengeance of the Baron, who would naturally suspect him as the contriver or abettor of his recent discomfiture; but the friar and Konrad would not hear of his stemming his fury alone; Schramm would not desert him; Konrad urged the necessity of bearing him company, but this proposition was over-ruled, and it was

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suggested that Hendrick, accompanied by a trooper conveying letters from the Elector to Reiterstein, should join the party. These arrangements were made on the fourth day after their arrival, and the following one was fixed for their departure, provided the Elector would sanction their measures. The father willingly undertook the responsibility of the mission to him, and bent his steps to Maurice's quarters.

"Well, father," was his first salutation, "how fares your gentle ward?"

"Thanks to your timely interference, your Highness, safe, and securely lodged in Magdeburg. That noble Mansfeldt deserves not the course of abstinence you compel him to undergo; his prisoners are the only members of the population in that goodly city who are likely to escape the consuming pangs of famine, and the advancing strides of sickness; a few more weeks will yield to your forces the maiden city, desolate and

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destitute of inhabitants, an easy conquest of stone and mortar, like an inanimate body when the soul has fled, and wherein you will find ample space to lodge your troops when they shall have purified the streets and houses from the infection of the unburied and pestiferous dead."

"I trust, my good father, that we shall not witness these extremities, and that the professors of my faith, as well as those of yours, will escape such utter extirpation. It rests with Mansfeldt and the Senate to decide their fate; you know well that our conferences have peace for their object. Maurice's reputation will not be tarnished by his treatment of yon maiden city. So let this rest."

"'Tis well, my son, the scenes of misery which I witnessed ere I left the town to day have made me somewhat eager to press the matter to a close; besides advices have reached me from Inspruch, which further

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demonstrate the necessity of a speedy conclusion to this siege;" thus saying, the monk delivered a letter to Maurice, which the latter attentively perused, Augustine's clear eye resting on him the while.

"This letter backs your argument, father, for prompt measures, and I thank you for the well meant communication, although the matter it contains, or the suspicions suggested to the Emperor of me, are not wholly new to me,"

"I have provided against them," he added.

The monk now entered on the object of his errand, and having explained the necessity for Krantz's security, the Duke replied:

"I will willingly charge Hendrick with Reiterstein's recal, but you know, good father, that I do not wish at present to detach this man from my service; the tool is of base material, so is the crucible which refines our precious metals, retaining

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the dross within, while it pours forth the purified ore from its dark bosom; but let me see this brave man, in whose favour you have said so much; I shall better judge of his merits and discretion."

Konrad was sent in search of Krantz; Maurice, who expected little beyond the air and manners of an honest country boor, was struck by the miller's apparent consciousness of integrity, and the pure but energetic language, in which he briefly but clearly clothed and delivered his tale. His sentiments of chivalrous gratitude towards his former benefactors, and also to the good father who had been the guide of his youth, and the friend of his maturer age, prepossessed the Elector in his favour.

This interview was without witnesses, for Maurice was glad to rid himself on all minor occasions, of his ministers. He knew that treason lurked among them, and that the key of bribery was not wanting to

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unlock his most secret transactions to the Emperor; he found—as many in power have done—that his own bosom was the only safe depository for his thoughts and plans; he used these officials as his counsellors of state, and in after days, made them his tools to counteract their own treacherous deception.

Maurice, while Krantz was speaking, fixed his keen eye on him, his honest intentions quailed not beneath the searching glance; when he had concluded, the Prince observed:

"Reiterstein then claims the allodial lands which are the rightful inheritance of the Lady Clotilda?"

"He holds them as his own, your Highness; the existence of the Lady Clotilda is known only to her husband, the good abbess, our reverend father here, the unhappy man who was the tool of Reiterstein's villainy, and myself; the Baron believes

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that the abbess and myself alone are privy to her existence, hence his enmity to me, and his desire for my destruction; the miscarriage of our attempt at quitting the mill, disclosed to him my knowledge of his secret, which, before, he believed shrouded by cold-blooded murder."

"And did not your master order some disposal of his property ere he died?"

"His will is in the good father's keeping," replied Krantz, "the Baron knows not for certain that such a deed was executed, that the good monk still lives, or that the man who sank under his murderous hand exists to prove the lady's identity; doubtless the reverend priest has communicated to your Highness the cause for his continuing to possess so long unquestioned lands which are not his."

"He has, friend; and I trust that want of discretion may not cause me to repent the steps which I have taken to further your

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views; our country is in too unsettled a state for immediate measures of coercion, in order to force this noble to account for his usurpation and oppressions, but surely he shall some day experience retribution, if he cannot refute the heavy charges urged against him. Your request is granted, farewell."

Then turning to Augustine, he said,—

"Father, I must claim your attention awhile."

Krantz bowed respectfully, and quitted the tent. He had not proceeded far on his way, when a sudden turn brought him in contact with Hartorff; he would fain have passed on, but to allow this quietly, was not the purpose of the other, who was sure that some extraordinary event must have occurred to bring the miller to the seat of war; and he knew, although ignorant of all that had happened, that he was held in detestation by his worthy master, who had

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intimated on more than one occasion, a desire to rid himself of the miller. He was puzzled by his unexpected appearance, and determined, if possible, to satisfy his curiosity, and insult the object of his dislike; he stood boldly in his path, and with a leering expression, asked him if he had ground his courage into gunpowder, had taken up the trade of arms, and meant to fire a flash in the pan, in defence of the heretics in Magdeburg.

"I am not a mercenary," replied Krantz, eyeing him from head to foot, "nor do I trade in courage."

"But," rejoined the other, "your business friend, your business? if for the city, you will find in it spare living."

"Lieutenant, you seem disposed to ask more questions than it suits me to answer; my business is not with you, nor yours to inquire into it, so with your good leave,

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stand aside, I have no time to tarry for idle words."

"Or civil ones either, it seems master miller, the cur can snarl who fears to bite."

Krantz then essayed to pass, but the other provokingly dodged him from side to side.

"No more of this lieutenant, I am in haste;" and placing his hand on the hilt of his sword, calmly observed: "you will find my pass word sharper than my snarl."

He moved forward; Hartorff planted his foot across the path, and Krantz had nearly fallen. A shout from the brute overset his equanimity; in a moment he recovered his footing, and swinging round his powerful arm, felled the gaunt lieutenant to the earth.

A shout of "well done," now first informed Krantz that their parley had not been without witnesses, but composedly he passed on, leaving Hartorff to regain an upright

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posture, and endure the jeers of those who gathered round. He then proceeded leisurely to his temporary quarters; he much desired to see Thumelda before his departure, but this could not be; he decided therefore to leave instructions with Konrad for the father Augustine, to communicate to her his return home.

Schramm had kept within the tent; and when the miller detailed his inopportune meeting with Hartorff, was glad he had done so; Konrad snatched a few moments to receive the miller's final instructions, and drawing forth his purse, laid its contents before him, requesting him to deliver to his parents the first fruits of his industry and success; the kindly pressure of the hand, and the friendly smile, assured the young man, that this filial act was appreciated, it rewarded him for the self-denial he had practised; he left his early friend with the conviction that he was restored to

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nd the promise that, if possible,
eal a few moments to bid him
departed in the morning. He
ut a few paces from the tent,
king figure at some distance
attention. He was in haste,
r was late, and gave little
he circumstance. Ere he reach-
ers, however, the person seemed
and occasionally to follow
as soon lost sight of among
e concluded either that he was
aking advantage of his escort,
terer who had kept late vigils.
own small tent, he laid aside
l cap, waiting his dismissal for
r Maurice was still engaged in
with Count Heideck and Father

aving completed some slight
for the morrow, seated him-
extinguished his feeble lamp, at

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the rude bench which served as a table. He reflected on all that had passed, the uncertainty of the future, and the probable necessity of his removing from the mill, if the Baron should take up his permanent residence at the Castle; by degrees he sank into a dreamy state of half sleep, when a light foot-fall and the flickering of the lamp, accompanied by a chilliness creeping over him, aroused him. The folds of the tent had been drawn aside, and Hartorff stood before him, a naked poignard gleaming within an inch of his breast. Krantz started up to parry off the blow, exclaiming "murderer," but he would have been too late, if a sudden convulsion had not seized the villain, and the poignard grazing his doublet, fell to the ground.

Another voice repeated "murderer;" the wretch tottered from the tent, and with breathless terror, fled till he sank on the ground.

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"He believes he has seen a ghost," observed Schramm coolly."

"I may truly say," rejoined the miller, "that I owe my life to your spirit, but how was it, my friend, that your ears were more on the alert in your sleep, than my half waking sense of sound?"

"Why," replied Schramm, "after the encounter of the morning, I was ill at ease; I suppose that while stealing round the back of the tent, he stumbled over the cords, for a slight noise awoke me; seeing you were drowsy and off your guard, I was on the point of rising, when the villain, looking warily around, entered: perceiving your head resting upon your hands, and that apparently you were asleep, he came straight upon you, ready prepared to strike; I had time only to start up, so rapid had been his movements, for he is an adept at the business, and knows well that in similar deeds, their secure perpetration as well as escape after-

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wards depends upon celerity. Whether my gray cloak resembles the one which I wore on the night when he left me for dead in the wood, or that the imperfect light of the lamp flickering in the wind induced him to mistake it for a garment of the grave, I cannot say, but when I arose, and spread my arms above your head, in order to ward off the blow, the dagger dropped from his hand.

They now searched around the tent: foot-marks were upon the frosty grass, but Hartorff was not to be seen in its precincts.

"There is no chance of his return," said Schramm; "I have had rest since sun down, 'tis now near the hour of one; I will watch till the dawn, when we must be stirring."

Ere day broke, Konrad's cheerful voice aroused the miller, Schramm had already

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recounted to him the tale of Hartorff's murderous attack. Konrad related that he had met Hendrick on his way, who reported that the Baron's lieutenant had been found stretched on the ground by the relief guard passing to their posts; they judged from his incoherent manner that he was drunk, and had carried him to his tent. Konrad did not doubt that the assassin was he who had dodged him the night before, and whom from the darkness and distance he did not recognize, his object being to assure himself that Krantz was alone and unguarded; the poignard was given to Konrad, and the friends parted.

As they rode onwards the miller observed:—

"Friend Schramm, I have been thinking that the spiritual characters which you have of late enacted as priest and ghost, may be serviceable to keep these assassins

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in awe; they are not like able artists who love to contemplate their own works; they have been bungling performances, it is true' they are modest and unwilling to pass them in review."

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CHAPTER V.

THE fourth day of their travel had closed ere they arrived on the chart; Krantz, becoming still more anxious as he approached his loved home, pushed on in advance, and had ridden about two miles, when a faint cry seemed borne to him on the wind; this wail, added to the forebodings which for some days had haunted him, caused him to increase considerably his speed; he faintly discerned two figures in the distance, who were passing towards a ravine, at right angles with the way he was pursuing, and in a direct line from the mill; he spurred on

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rapidly, apprehending some direful evil, when Theresa's voice, in accents of the most bitter distress, reached his ear.

"My son, my son!" she cried. She was in the grasp of a man, and struggling to escape back to the mill.

Ere the cry could be repeated, the miller was close upon them, and his sword poised in preparation to sever the arm of the ravisher who was thus forcibly bearing his wife onward; but at that moment Theresa, exhausted by her efforts and her anguish, fell between them to the ground; before the miller could make a thrust at him, his adversary's pistol was pointed at his head, and the words:

"Hold, or I will fire, she shall not be harmed," discovered to him the voice of Ludwig.

"In heaven's name, what is this?" exclaimed Krantz.

"Fly," shouted Ludwig, "and if you

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have aid at hand, save your son from death, and your house from the flames."

"Fire your pistol," cried Krantz, "those with me will hasten at the signal."

Ludwig did as he was bid, then stooping down, he raised Theresa, and bore her to the shelter of the ravine. Krantz galloped to the mill,—the door was open,—a man was running forth brandishing a blazing brand; he rode at him, and struck him down, then jumped from his horse, and rushed with his drawn sword into the house; blood was on the floor; and Carl lay extended, gashed and lifeless in the slimy pool, Gantz was manfully struggling with two men, while poor old Schultz lay bound and groaning at their feet, and his son, fainting from loss of blood, was feebly warding off the attacks of the Baron and two of his followers, his back was against the wall, and the youth was fast sinking under the unequal struggle, when his father entered.

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"Villains!" exclaimed the miller in an ungovernable rage, and at one blow he severed the hand from the fellow, whose sword was at the breast of his boy.

At this moment Gantz fell with a groan, a pistol shot had passed through his arm, and those who had been contending with him arranged themselves on the Baron's side.

Krantz had now four stout adversaries to deal with; adroitly he parried their blows, but, powerful as he was, there was little chance for him in such an unequal contest. The Baron pressed on to the fainting youth, and a second time his sword threatened him with instant death; with a desperate effort Krantz freed himself from his opponents, and struck the weapon from Reiterstein's grasp, but a poniard replaced the loss; those from behind now clutched his arms, and the Baron only paused to satiate his vengeance with the sight of the miller's agony, ere he plunged the dagger to drink deep his life's blood.

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"My father! my father! spare my father!" exclaimed young Philip, as he sank down senseless; but at this moment Krantz was freed from the gripe of the men who pinioned him, and a heavy fall announced that one of the troopers at least was down.

They were now man to man, for Ludwig's signal had had the desired effect, causing Hendrick and his companions to hasten on to the mill at their utmost speed. The Baron had recovered his sword, and retreated a few steps to regain space for action, but Krantz closed on him, a fierce struggle ensued, the sword was again wrenched from Reiterstein's hand, with a violent effort he freed himself from his assailant, snatched a pistol from his belt, and raised it to the miller's face; his finger was on the trigger, when Schramm stood before him; blood was on him, his features were rigid and ghastly; the pistol fell from the murderer's nerveless hand, and he gasped with terror, Schramm

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remained motionless, with his eyes glaring on him.

"Fiend, fiend!" wildly cried the noble, "back to thy charnel house."

Schramm moved not, but uttered in hollow and deliberate accents:

"Never, till thy vile body shall be a prey to worms, and thy perjured soul sent to its last account; the grave alone shall free thee from my presence."

The miller had the Baron now in his power, for the superstitious fears of his followers had been aroused by Schramm's ghastly appearance; his threatening words, in answer to their commander's adjuration, and that commander's evident conscience-struck terror at the sight of the spectre before him, had so completely bewildered them, that they rushed headlong from the cottage. The Baron was now at the mercy of those whom he came to destroy, and Krantz's arm was uplifted to deal out a

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just punishment upon the awed and defenceless villain before him; while revenge was whirling through his brain, powerful passions were stirring for empire in his bosom, and thought succeeded thought as rapidly as rays of light are emitted from the glorious orb on high. If a ray of heavenly mercy had not passed quickly into Krantz's soul, and illuminated the waywardness of his mortal nature, the Baron in that hour would have paid the just and deserved forfeit of his manifold enormities.

"If I spare him," said Krantz mentally, "it will be to do others and myself in future some cruel wrong; his crimes deserve the retribution he has provoked, and which it is in my power to hurl upon him;" he turned his head, there lay his boy, his first born and cherished son, borne to the earth by his adversary's fierce hand, weltering in his blood, cut off as he believed, in the spring of youth and hope, and his faithful servants

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slain around him; again he was in the act to rid himself of such a monster, and strike the deadly blow, which would relieve him and all he held dear from his future persecutions. His glaring eye, and stern look of determination, bespoke the Baron's doom, but ere his arm had sealed it, Christian mercy whispered, "Is it for me to usurp God's condemnation, and burthen myself hereafter with a doubt whether I was justified in constituting myself the instrument of his wrath, in launching the fiat of death at the cowed monster before me?" He stood irresolute, Schramm now slowly retreated, the Baron recovered from his panic, and finding himself completely abandoned by his men, bent his thoughts on escape, for resistance was useless. At this moment Ludwig forced his way into the midst of the group, calling loudly:

"Save yourself, Baron! the villagers,

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attracted by the flames which are demolishing the out-houses, are hastening up the hill, and may take summry vengeance upon the instigators of the conflagration."

With a sudden dart, the Baron sprung forward, and fled to the spot where he had stationed a trooper with the horses; discomfitted and furious, he regained in safety his robber's nest. The red glare from the flames rendered the horrors by which Krantz was surrounded more appalling; the house and mill were threatened with destruction.

Notwithstanding all Ludwig's injunctions, Theresa left her place of concealment, and arrived breathless and dismayed at the scene of fire and slaughter. She threw herself on her knees beside her senseless boy; life was not extinct, hope gave her energy.

"Leave him with me, Krantz," she cried, "and save us if possible from the devouring element which menaces us."

Ludwig, after he had encountered Krantz

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near the ravine and had deposited Theresa, galloped to the village to arouse its inmates, for he was aware of the Baron's determination to level the mill to the ground. Assistance was soon at hand, and the communicating barns were pulled down, but what a scene of horror was displayed! Theresa kneeling by the side of her apparently dying child, the floor strewed with the wounded men, and their emblems of strife dabbled in blood, the crackling of the flames whose vivid glare flared upon the pale and death-like forms around. The miserable Theresa, whose peaceful life had been spent in the interchange of mutual endearing duties far from the storms of strife and horror like the present, was nearly paralyzed; but a mother's love inspires true heroism; she arose and quickly unbound the aged Schultz, cut the garments from the unconscious youth, bathed and bound his wounds. She found that his pulse still beat, though feebly, and cried: "he lives!

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he lives !" Assisted by Schultz, she brought a mattress, and they bore him to the inner chamber; "there are others who require our care, Schultz, our faithful men have fallen in our defence," and here poor Theresa's duty and affection were at variance.

She feared to leave her dear Philip, lest, during her absence, the ebbing pulse of life should cease to beat. Gratitude bade her not lose a moment in succouring those equally in need of her judicious care. Catherine was not to be found; she had fled at the commencement of the fray, and all the others were assisting to stay the flames.

Schultz, however, left the house to seek if any one could be spared from the many now assembled; the fire was still raging, but there was no longer any fear that the furious element would reach either the cottage or the mill. Ludwig had snatched Catherine from one of the burning sheds in which she

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had concealed herself; having placed her in safety, he accompanied Schultz back to the house.

Carl seemed to demand their first attention, but he lay so pallid and motionless, that Theresa cried :

"Alas! death hath stanched his wounds ;" and they were passing on to Gantz.

" He is not dead," said the latter ; " I heard him groan anon."

A few drops of blood trickling from a wound in the head confirmed his words ; Ludwig and Schultz lifted him carefully, and carried him into Theresa's chamber.

"I wish Hilda were here," said the former ; " for in truth I am no leech."

He begged Theresa to attend to Carl, while he supplied her place by Philip. Schultz found Gantz in a less hopeless condition, but suffering great agony ; the ball had passed just above the elbow ; he was assisting him to rise when Krantz stood on

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the threshold; he was besmeared with smoke and dust; the perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead; his stalwart frame was shaken by fatigue and grief; he looked around, but dreaded to enter; his boy was not there; had they removed him in mercy to spare him the sight of his dead body? but he must know the worst. With desperate effort he entered and essayed to speak; his words were inarticulate, sorrow staid their utterance; he leaned against the frame work of the door, and remained powerless to ask the question, the answer to which he dreaded to hear. Schultz saw the anguish of spirit which subdued the fond parent, and said:—

"Thy son lives, Krantz."

The miller sank on a seat, while heavy sobs somewhat relieved his agony; "Theresa is with Carl, and Ludwig watches your son; we want more assistance."

Krantz stole gently to his son's bedside, a few low cheering words from the patient

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were drops of balm to the poor father's heart, and he threw himself on his knees in thanksgiving to Him who had turned from him this dreaded cup of bitterness. A few whispered sentences from Ludwig, and the latter quitted the chamber; addressing Schultz he said:—

"Attend, my friend, to my unfortunate companions, they did the bidding of him whom they had bound themselves to obey; be careful of them I entreat you."

After giving this charge, he departed quickly for Hilda's cottage, he found the poor old woman up, for she had been disturbed from her humble pallet by those who had passed her cottage on their way to the mill, reporting that it was on fire; particulars they could give her not, and were in too much haste, to assist the family of their good neighbour, to tarry for reply to her garrulous enquiries.

She believed the miller to be absent, and

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did not doubt that this conflagration was the barbarous work of the bad Baron. Such scenes were but too frequent in these times, when the nobles could outrage and afflict their peasants with impunity.

Ludwig found her venting her sorrow in tears and lamentations.

"Alack! alack! my boy," were her first words as he entered, "I trust thou hast had no hand in this cruel work."

"Ask no questions mother, but get your cloak and staff, and come with me to the mill."

"Alas! what can I do, boy?"

"Much, mother, as you once did for me; mend some broken heads and direful cuts; come cheer up, we must not tarry."

"What needs there, my son?"

"Healing herbs and restoratives," he replied; "let me help you to gather such simples as you may require, and quickly."

"Do not flurry me, Ludwig, my head is

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feeble like my limbs, and will not keep pace thy young energies: hand me that basket from the peg behind the door."

Hilda packed sundry dry herbs in her basket, collected a few more from her small plot of garden, and was soon ready to accompany her grandson, who rather carried than supported her up the steep acclivity. Even with his assistance, the poor old woman flagged, and every now and then was obliged to pause.

Ludwig, when he emerged from the road, which in places was bordered on either side by high banks cut through the steep where it was too precipitous for beasts of burthen to clamber, and had gained the summit, perceived that the flames were got under. He was preceding Hilda, in order to prepare Theresa for her arrival, when he found himself suddenly surrounded by those whom the good miller's misfortune had congregated on the spot. They had long borne, but groaned

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under the Baron's exactions and oppressions. This open and ferocious attack on the man whom they all respected, had rendered them reckless of any consequences which might accrue to themselves, they knew that Ludwig was one of his followers, and though less objectionable to them than the others, they conceived that he was associated with his master in the atrocity which had been perpetrated, and gathering around him cried out :—

"Down with him !"

"Throw him," cried one, "on the burning ruins."

"Let him perish," vociferated another, "on his own bonfire."

In vain Ludwig tried to undeceive them, or to be heard.

"Stand back," he cried, "I will slay the first man who lays hands on me."

"Heed him not ! heed him not !" roared several voices.

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"Advance a step, brawlers!" exclaimed Ludwig, "and I will fire on you."

Poor Hilda was now near enough, to see the danger of her beloved grandson; she was too feeble to be heard amidst the din of contending voices, but tottered into the cottage, crying:—

"Save him! save him! they will murder my innocent boy."

In the stillness of Philip's chamber, where watched the anxious father, these accents of distress and the tumult without reached his ears and alarmed him. In an instant he was among the well meaning but mistaken villagers. Ludwig had been seized; they were struggling with, and forcing him towards the still glowing embers, when Krantz stopped their passage and their purpose.

"No no, master miller," they cried, "he deserves death."

Parley was vain with the infuriated peo-

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ple; Krantz's words of pacification fell unheeded by the throng; he manfully assisted Ludwig to free himself, and having placed a few paces between the assailants and themselves—

"Hold back!" he said, "you seek the life of a man who has done me no wrong."

"He has, he has," cried they; "he fired the barns."

"'Tis false!" exclaimed the miller, "he has mainly been the cause to save me and mine; I will strike to the earth the man who again attempts to lay hands on him. Do not, my friends, force me, by injustice and violence, to be ungrateful for the services you have rendered to me this night; great as they are, they do not equal what this youth hath done for me."

"What did he here at this time, sneaking among us?" they replied.

"He had been to seek old Hilda's aid for my dying son; go, I pray you, and watch

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awhile, till my premises are safe from any further out-break of the fire."

This request turned the attention of his over zealous friends, and he retreated with Ludwig to the house.

The remnant of the night was consumed in care for the wounded; Gantz's hurt, though apparently more slight, proved the most troublesome to deal with, and puzzled even old Hilda's skill, for a part of his doublet was buried in the wound.

As the morning dawned, Krantz assembled his neighbours, and distributing some refreshment, dismissed them with grateful thanks for their effectual assistance. With the aid of Schramm and of Catherine—who, although still scared, had somewhat recovered from her panic—order had been restored within their cottage. Schramm reported the granary safe, but there was loss enough incurred to render the miller, who had never been a rich man, a very poor one; redoubled

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industry, he trusted, would in time repair the damage; if his boy's life were spared, he felt that he should be ungrateful to murmur. Philip's wounds were many, but a good constitution and docile temper, he hoped would assist nature and enable him to support the struggle. Theresa now entreated her husband to rest.

"No, no, my good wife, that I cannot do; when I have freed myself from this poisonous smoke, I shall need no more than a crust of bread and a cup of water; I must not venture on better fare until I am more at ease. I fear, my wife, that this night's outrage will reduce us to beggary, but let us submit humbly to this dispensation, which doubtless for some wise purpose, hath been permitted to overtake us, and meekly offer supplications to Him, who alone can raise us from this sorrow."

Ludwig now proposed—accompanied by Hendrick and the troopers—to present him

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self to the Baron, and account as best he could, for his absence, as well as to devise means for the removal of his wounded companions.

The Baron, careless for the safety of his followers, had ordered the fellow, who had charge of the cattle while he carried on his operations against the peaceful inhabitants of the mill, to lead Ludwig's animal with the rest to the Castle; he was, therefore to follow Hendrick and the trooper on foot; the honest miller, even in the midst of his own distresses, caused a substantial breakfast to be set before them.

After their departure, Ludwig lingered behind; his countenance was troubled, his vivacity was gone, his thoughts appeared distracted.

"What ails you, my son?" said Schramm, "it is not usual to see you thus cast down."

"Alas! father, I can bear this thraldom

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no longer; to be the abettor of such a villain, to wear the appearance of attachment to the man I now hate, to partake the scandal and enmity his disreputable notoriety brings upon him, to be ever on the watch to counteract his plans of wickedness;" indeed, said Ludwig, with increasing energy, "I can no longer endure it; but for your timely interference, Herr Krantz, should I not, last night, have forfeited my life, and experienced a death of torture, as a supposed participator in his barbarous scheme of murder and destruction?"

"My son," replied Schramm, "I grant all you say; alas! my poor boy, it is not for the Baron you pay this forfeit, but for the crimes and follies of your wretched father's sinful youth. Had I pursued the course of virtue in which I was reared, governed the passions which assailed me, and which were my first tempters to error, as they generally are, I should not have yielded to his guile-

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ful snares, or involved myself and you in this labyrinth of woe; it is your parent, your tardily repentant parent, on whom your just reproaches should light; well have I deserved them."

Schramm's slight frame was shaken by these self-accusing recollections; a broken spirit was held in that frail tenement of clay.

"Oh! I meant not this, my father; surely my words bore no such construction; but I would fain fly from this hardened destroyer."

"Repentance, Schramm" said Krantz, "and the strenuous endeavours you have used to make amends for former errors, my friend, demand human compassion and forgiveness, and I trust pardon hereafter. Your son I am sure will not rashly quit a service, hateful as it may be to him, which enables him to counteract the Baron's machinations. Reflect, young man, on the

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service it has been in your power already to render, how greatly you have relieved your unhappy father from that load of self-reproach which for years has bowed him down in grief; let this be your consolation for what you have endured, and a spur to your further generous efforts; great as have been his faults, he has suffered a heavy penalty for them by the forfeiture of his earthly happiness; grievous must be that duty which requires atonement in the person of a son, whom he has sought sorrowing since that son's infancy: return, good youth, to your employer, watch his movements as you have done, and Heaven grant that the necessity for such a penance may not be of long duration."

Schramm's distress and beseeching looks gave force to the miller's arguments, and Ludwig thoughtfully pursued his way to join the master whom he despised, and

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upon whose actions he was at best but a spy.

We may suppose that they found the Baron in no placable mood; a spell seemed to frustrate all his purposes, and ever thwart his revenge.

His first salutation to Ludwig, was: "Coward! why did you desert me? miscreant!" and he advanced to strike him, when Hendrick interposed.

"Forbear, Baron, I am the bearer of despatches from the Elector; I have already witnessed more bloodshed and violence than it will please him to hear of; your follower here narrowly escaped last night from the fury of the people, and from the flames which were kindled by your command upon the premises of a free man: two of your people lie dangerously wounded at the mill, and are indebted to its Christian inmates for their lives, if they be spared; you must send a litter to convey them

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hither, for you have deprived the miller of the power to afford them the shelter and assistance their state demands."

Hendrick now delivered the packets with which he was charged.

"You may go sir," said the Baron haughtily, "I shall not require your further service, nor do I take it well that Duke Maurice should send spies to overlook the chastisement I choose to bestow upon my vassals and retainers."

"With all due respect, Baron, I am here to do my duty; the Elector charged me to await your pleasure, and to accompany you back to the camp; doubtless, he thought the additional escort would be in accordance with your wishes, but I cannot depart from his express commands; I must abide here until your departure."

Hendrick retired, and Ludwig followed, his bosom burning with anger; he was glad to escape from Reiterstein's presence, for he

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felt that he should no longer retain command over his exasperated feelings, if the Baron again assailed him. Litters were despatched to the mill for the disabled troopers, and on the morrow, the Baron once more pursued his way to the camp.

We may suppose, that days elapsed before Philip's state of convalescence gave confirmed hopes to his parents.

The youth had arrived at the mill on the evening before the events which we have narrated took place: his father, who had so materially benefitted by the early instructions which he himself had received, determined that his son should be fitted, if fortune favoured him, for some more distinguished and lucrative pursuit than had fallen to his own lot; he had therefore sent him to the University of Leipsic; he had profited by the sacrifice his parents had made for him, soberly pursuing his studies, and now for the first time, returning for a few

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weeks to a home which was coupled in his mind with the fondest recollections, and to parents whom his heart yearned to embrace, though it seemed as if he had reached the dwelling of his infancy to meet a violent death and an early grave.

Ere he arrived, Ludwig had put Theresa upon her guard that she might expect some sudden outrage from the disappointed Baron, but he had not been aware, when they left the Castle on the previous evening, of his mischievous intention, for to no one had he mentioned his meditated attack that night on the mill; but for Ludwig's intimation, its peaceful inhabitants would have been found even less prepared than they were, to repel his invasion, and would have been more entirely at his mercy, though truly the word, mercy, as a Christian attribute, he knew not.

Ludwig had determined, when he had placed Theresa in safety, to turn his arms

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at all hazards against his vile employer, and fight for those he was called upon to injure. The miller's opportune rencontre with him rendered this open demonstration of his defection from his master unnecessary. The latter was not aware of the active part he had taken to counteract the mischief which he had intended to execute, or the effectual assistance he had given in order to neutralize its effects.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE intent of the Elector's consultation with the Father and Count Heideck, was for the latter to meet Mansfeldt on the morrow, in order to arrange terms of accommodation and capitulation. Even at the very early hour of the morning on which Konrad returned, after his brief and farewell visit to Krantz, he found the Prince had risen, notwithstanding his late vigils. There was a slight shade of displeasure on his

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brow, when Konrad, at his summons, presented himself.

"Another time, young man," he observed, "when business of such import presses, your sense of duty, I trust, will spare me the necessity of reminding you of it, and that you will be at your quarters and station when called upon to perform it."

Konrad was abashed and remained silent.

"Here are papers," he continued, "which must be prepared forthwith, if the dissipation of the night has not rendered you unequal to the task, for it is one that requires care and a clear head."

Konrad stood irresolute, he wished to clear himself to the Duke from the imputation of neglect and dissipation; the latter perceiving his embarrassment, said—

"Enough; I trust this will be my last, as it has been my first cause for reprimand."

"Pardon me, your Highness," observed Konrad respectfully, "I would not, even to

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clear myself from your displeasure, press upon you my justification, but I should be remiss in my duty, if I permitted you to be pained by supposing your confidence and protection misplaced."

Konrad then succinctly detailed the occurrences of the night, and in evidence, produced the poniard which Hartorff had dropped. Truth is simple; its own unadorned eloquence stamps the value of its worth: he then continued:—

"Krantz's relation of this foul attempt upon him detained me some time longer than I expected; although the morning was still young, I did not tarry on my return."

Maurice felt, perhaps, that he had been somewhat unreasonable, as it was yet hardly on the stroke of six, but his displeasure arose chiefly from the impression that Konrad's habits were less sober than

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his quiet and modest demeanour had led him to expect.

He received the dagger from him, examined it minutely, desired him to make a note of it, with the circumstances which placed it in his possession, and deposit it in a chest containing other weapons.

Konrad proceeded to transcribe the papers, the rough drafts of which Maurice laid before him. While he is diligently pursuing his labours, we will give a brief sketch of the local transactions of this period as far as may be necessary to the development of our story; for we may not call that history, which deals rather with the confined details of private life, than professes to describe minutely the general political events of that era, which we have taken the liberty of making subservient to our purpose of creating an interest in our readers for our tale of the sixteenth century, although, as far as we have presumed to call in the aid

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of the more prominent features of the important historical facts of that period, we have not trenched upon the limits of truth, or perverted the records of those scenes which we have been bold enough to invade for our own assistance. Maurice's schemes were nearly matured, although skill and caution would still be required to ensure ultimate and complete success. He had obtained, with the Emperor's consent, the command of a large army, in a great measure collected together by the headstrong Albert of Brandenburg, augmented by George of Mecklenburg, and further increased by the addition of his own subjects, and those auxiliaries who had engaged in his service. To this army he proposed a further addition, by enlisting those troops who were now defending, but who must speedily evacuate the city of Magdeburg. From the length to which he had drawn out the siege,—for the town had been invested above a year—the Emperor had been insti-

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gated by some to doubt his ulterior views. Albert of Brandenburg had been despatched by Maurice, immediately after our mention of him, on a secret mission to the Court of France, to negociate a treaty of alliance with Henry the Second. This treaty was signed on the fifth of October; the soldiers were becoming alarmingly clamorous for their arrears of pay due from the Emperor; winter was commencing, which must put a stop, for the season, to further active operations, and he was, besides, bent upon the immediate release of his long imprisoned father-in-law, the Landgrave of Hesse.

These combined circumstances rendered Maurice desirous of a pacification; on the other hand, as we have seen, the city was sorely distressed, though it still held out bravely. Heideck had no cause to love Charles the Fifth, who had put him under the ban of the empire; he was deep in Maurice's counsels, an officer of distinguished

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merit; he possessed influence, and strenuously advocated more favourable terms for the besieged; he was confidentially empowered to give secret assurances of greater lenity, than the proclaimed stipulations of the capitulation professed to grant; he was privately entrusted with these terms, that the Interim should not be pressed upon the Protestant portion of the inhabitants, their immunities abrogated, their fortifications destroyed, nor their profession of faith interfered with; on the third of November, Heideck was to proceed to join Mansfeldt at a castle near the town, and the secret interview and negociations which had been for some time carrying forward, were to be brought to a close in this public conference. Prince George, as well as the rest of the prisoners taken during the siege, were to be released without ransom.

When Konrad's labours for the morning were concluded, Maurice, attended by his

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officers, rode through the camp, and by those arts he so well knew how to turn to his own advantage, assured to himself the fidelity of such troops, as it was his wish to retain in his own service. The game was hazardous, but his refined intellect and powers of calculation appeared to have anticipated the experience of age; boldness, tempered by caution, enabled him to execute successfully plans, which a mind more ordinarily constituted, would scarcely have dared to pause upon, even in its private contemplations. Mansfeldt's task to persuade the Senate and citizens to accede to terms, which were apparently most unfavourable to the future security of their city and their religion, would not have been an easy one, but that necessity, and a firm belief in the integrity of him, who had so ably and faithfully defended their walls, and who had been driven out of his own possessions by his adherence to the Protestant cause, in part drove and in

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part induced them into compliance. Their confidence in himself and Count Heideck guaranteed the faith of promises which were neither openly stated, nor could be secured by their power of retraction or retaliation hereafter. Perhaps they doubted a prince, the most powerful of the Lutheran party, who had aided to reduce them to their present extremity, but those among them of discernment and reflection justly judged that this apparent hostility had given Maurice the command of an army which would enable him hereafter to support and protect the tenets he professed equally with themselves, and spare them from the calamities by which the Emperor had proposed to punish their obstinacy in rejecting his decrees, and braving his power—a power which it was his ambition to render absolute and despotic; which end could be gained only by enforcing a uniformity of religious faith and tenets throughout the German empire. Many were the meetings of the

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senate, and manifold were the discussions among the private citizens and the people, and as numerous the conflicting opinions; some, driven to despair, were willing to hazard all for immediate relief; others feared to trust themselves to the mercy of the Elector, against whom they had issued lampoons and irreverent accusations. The saturnine and the wealthy dreaded the worst; the buoyant and the needy hoped the best; the sick and destitute had lost all hope, and were indifferent, the body and mind being equally borne down to a state of inanity. They all awaited in silence the fiat of their fate, which no rigour could render more desperate, if such were to be the condemnation pronounced by the power of victory; the Catholics exulted in the prospect of receiving into the arms of the mother church their truant brethren, however reluctant their fraternity might be to submit to the maternal embrace; they re-

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joiced in the contemplated prostration of the city walls, and in the annihilation of the privileged rights of those seceders, who denied submission to the pope's supremacy, and proclaimed their disbelief in the power of absolution and modern miracles; their aspiring hopes were somewhat daunted by the knowledge that he, to whom possession of the town and fortress must shortly be delivered, was supreme over the most powerful of the German states, and that, throughout his extended possessions, the Protestant tenets were not only disseminated, but sanctioned and upheld by his example.

While Maurice spent the intervening days in deliberations, in reviewing the state and strength of his forces, and in preparations, Reiterstein was advancing to the scene of action, in perfect ignorance that his private pursuits had come under the cognizance of the Elector, or that Maurice had exercised any control over them. He had half deter-

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mined to state his case, and urge it plausibly before him, but debated whether he should claim Clotilda as his affianced bride, or by denying her identity, establish himself finally in the right of her inheritance; again we must bear in mind, that the only persons he believed to be aware of her existence, were the Abbess and Krantz; the former had received her on his word, without further evidence of her birth, and Krantz, he conceived, could not produce any, in support of her claims: the latter would be the safest course, but such a one would not ensure to him possession of her person as well as her lands.

He finally resolved to act as circumstances should arise to dictate, for her disappearance, by aid which he believed beyond Krantz's power to obtain, had puzzled him.

Ludwig had declared that the band, by which he had been assailed, were robbers, and had since expressed his belief that it

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was the same party who had obtained access to the Castle; but their leaving it unplundered, abstracting nothing therefrom but his intended bride and her attendant, staggered him in this idea, for where could Krantz have procured a bribe of sufficient amount to buy off their habits of appropriation? that he had any alliance with such predatory characters he had as little reason to believe, since his habits were notoriously honest, peaceful, and industrious, and his absence from his ordinary occupations represented to be rare. Clotilda's seclusion at the convent must have precluded her from forming any connexion without its walls, although the words of the Abbess dwelt upon his memory —that "she had been taken thence by those who had more right to remove her than she had to detain her;" but yet, if there were any in power who took so deep an interest in her, how was it that her only apparent champion was the miller, a man so far be-

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neath her in rank, the humble retainer only of her father's house.

Many a long mile was traversed by our noble and astute Baron, wrapped in this labyrinth of pros and cons, leaving him as far from the outlet as those who unwittingly trust themselves without a clue in one of these whirlabouts of man's mechanical contrivance.

On his arrival at the camp, Hendrick took his leave, and, through the officer on guard, reported to the Elector his return, and the arrival of the Baron. Hendrick had been employed as confidential messenger throughout the siege; he had been long in the Duke's service, who knew him to be faithful to his trust, a hardy soldier, unflinching in his duty, literal in executing the orders delivered to him, and devoted to himself.

In the course of an hour Hendrick was summoned to his presence.

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"What force does the Baron bring back with him?" he demanded.

"Four men only, your Highness, and a dozen recruits, whom he picked up on the way; he talks largely of increasing his numbers, his lieutenant has not been idle during his absence, many stragglers have joined his troop, and he now counts above five-hundred; they have easy consciences I wot, who take his pay; he should not have the keeping of mine though he were to offer golden ducats for it. War is war; but midnight murder on the defenceless hear ths of his own people is not soldier's fight!"

"How so Hendrick?"

"Why, your Highness, it is well I was sent with your despatches, or the companions with whom I travelled would not have lived to make another journey."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Duke.

Hendrick then in his own homely language, narrated the substance of the fore-

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going chapter; respect for the person before whom he stood, alone restrained the liberty of speech, and comments in which otherwise he would have indulged during the relation of the scene he had so recently witnessed.

"You have done well," said Maurice, and placing in his hand a purse of golden ducats, he dismissed him.

As soon as the Baron had dismounted, he called to his favourite lieutenant, and was not well pleased to learn that usurious interest by sack or pillage were not likely to reward his service beyond his original compact for raising and providing his troop; the prospect of this profitable and licentious spoliation, this Christian mode adopted for upholding and enforcing by murder, robbery, and rapine, the absurdities, abuses, and falsehoods which had crept into the tenets of Catholicism, and which a more enlightened age was beginning to

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discover and expose, had drawn numbers of the dissolute outcasts of society to a scene of action where their licentiousness could be indulged in with impunity, and their barbarity rewarded by spoil. Such persons were welcome to our worthies, and were speedily enrolled; more properly could they have been designated by the name of freebooters than by that of men at arms.

Hartorff communicated the fact of Krantz's appearance in the camp, and was challenged in no temperate terms by his commander, for not having secured this enemy to his plans and hopes either by sword or dagger.

Hartorff finding himself on safe ground, and that if he had succeeded in his attempt, it would have tallied with the Baron's wishes and tactics, for he never suspected him of disapproving the crime, boldly acknowledged his failure, and described the appa-

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rently supernatural appearance of Schramm, which had caused the arrest of the blow, he deemed would otherwise have been infallible. The Baron's countenance changed at the recital, and after a pause he observed :—

" Art certain that thy steel dealt surely with that menial ?"

" Certain enough," replied the other, " for I returned to the spot some three hours after, and then he lay as we left him, as stiff as his staff beside him, and as cold as the ground on which he was lying. I cannot say that I lingered long, nor did I stop to bury the body, I thought the wolves would save me that trouble."

The Baron now related his exploit at the mill, and could scarcely doubt that the spirit of the man, whom they had murdered in the darkness of the night, had appeared to him,— a conviction anything but consolatory when coupled with Schramm's assurance that his visit did not comprise a leave-taking, and

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would be occasionally repeated during the Baron's mortal career.

It was now time to prepare himself to wait upon the Elector, to feel his way and to shape his conduct by the reception which the other might give him; for he was not sure, should Hendrick be summoned to render his report before the interview, what version he might give of the late affray. He bestowed some pains upon his costume, which was half military, the heavier steel defences being dispensed with. It was the hour when the Elector was accustomed to hold his levée, and Reiterstein found him already surrounded by the principal personages in command under him, attended by his ministers and civil as well as military officers. He was earnestly engaged in conversation at the time of the Baron's arrival; and although his quick eye immediately perceived him, he did not apparently notice his appearance in the circle. Reiterstein at

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last caught his attention, and advanc
respectfully saluted him. The Ele
slightly acknowledged the salutation,
the same time observing—

"Your return, Baron, to our camp i
believe, too recent to allow us to suppose
you are in possession of any late oc
rences."

Reiterstein lamented his protracted
sence, which his affairs he stated had c
pelled him to prolong; at the same time
observed, that it was a consolation to
that increased activity of operations s
he had quitted the camp, did not give
additional cause to regret his constra
absence.

Maurice bowed haughtily, and Reiters
saw that in the insolence of his mood
had somewhat overshot his mark, and o
rated the estimation in which the Ele
held his future services. With that g
and urbanity which was natural to
and which he managed with such add

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that he bent all men's minds to his will, and attached all who came within his vortex to his cause and person, whatever their dispositions or peculiarities might be, Maurice by turns now addressed those assembled; joined to these attributes he possessed a dignity of demeanour, which even Reiterstein bold, insolent, and crafty as he was, dared not further to invade.

The Elector passed from the tent with his retinue, without deigning him an opportunity of further speech; but there were those in the Duke's household and train who marked the interview, and noted in their memories a circumstance worthy of their consideration, and which, judiciously used, might be turned to further account.

From those officers who remained behind, Hartorff's report that a capitulation was agreed upon, was confirmed; and further, that two companies of infantry were to march into the town on the morrow. Here

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then, were positively ended all the hopes which he had formed of enriching himself and troop with the sackage of the costly spoils of the wealthy burghers. There were others as licentious and more needy than himself, who murmured loudly at Maurice's leniency; those were not among the troops commanded in the first instance to take up their quarters in the city: he deemed it more prudent to select veterans, upon whose steadiness he could rely, to precede his own occupation of the town.

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CHAPTER VII.

A BRIEF but bright November day had run its course; the camp fires and lights were gradually disappearing; the watches for the night were set, while Maurice in solitude, and buried in thought paced the confined limits of his tent. His brow was knit; a half smile of scorn played upon his lip; then drawing himself to his full height, and expanding his chest, he took a deep breath; his features relaxed into a more kindly expression,

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and passing his hand over his forehead, he strode into the outer tent, and anxiously looked forth. A slight exclamation of impatience escaped him; he lingered for a few moments, raising his cap that the fresh air might blow upon his head, then dropped the drapery which covered the opening, and continued his meditations, the workings of his mind apparently regulating his movements. Suddenly arresting his steps, a signal brought Konrad to his presence.

"Konrad, watch in the outer tent, give me notice of Count Mansfeldt's approach, and suffer none others than those in his company to enter; bid Hendrick, who is without, keep vigilant guard that there be no eaves-droppers;" and the Elector again sought the retirement of the inner pavilion, and casting himself at full length on a low couch, which was placed beyond a table, he folded his hands over his face, as if to exclude all external objects, even indistinctly

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as they were brought out by the imperfect light of the lamp.

"Alas," sighed he, "is it thus that the commander of thousands, and the ruler of tens of thousands, can find no fitter confidant among his glittering and obsequious court to keep inviolate his counsels and his plans, than this simple youth of humble parentage; no trustier guard to save him from the intrusion of the traitors entertained in his own household than a rough untutored soldier? Is it to live alone in heart and thought among the gaudy throng of those who seek thy smile, and hang upon thy words to raise themselves to fortune and distinction, that thou, Maurice, didst leave the sports of childhood, to study books and practice arms? Was it for this thou didst abandon the joys of youth, and the happiness of domestic peace, which were secured in thy possession, to study man, and learn the arts of policy? Was it for

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such solitude of soul, that thou hast plotted, planned, and struggled, for extended empire, burthening thy spring of life with joyless cares of autumn's age? Is not that honest youth, is not that rough soldier happier than thou? Does thy gratified ambition supply the void which loneliness creates? Does it soothe the pang of separation from thy chosen one? With whom mayest thou safely take counsel? With whom darest thou mingle thy thoughts, and find safe haven for them? Darest thou trust thine accredited advisers? and knowing well the betrayers who would enjoy thy confidence, darest thou dismiss them for ever from thy presence? No! no! Maurice, thou art a ruling prince, but still the slave of man! Thine ambition is the rod of thy chastisement. To increase thy power, hast thou not been compelled to bend to thy inferiors in mind, and to aggrandize thy name and state! hast thou not tarnished

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it, by usurping the rights of the friends of thy youth? The page of history will couple thy good and evil deeds; craft and subtilty will be associated in the page wherein thy glory and thy righteous acts for the freedom of thy species shall be recorded; and all the brighter, higher, nobler emotions of thy soul, shall pass away with thy brief life, unregistered by man, for none will learn by heart thine inmost thoughts, to write,

"'Twas thus he felt, 'twas thus he spoke," and palliate, if not eradicate with friendship's kindly love, the stain of deeds condemned, though much misjudged. Steep and wearisome is the road to ambition's giddy height, and when gained, how cutting keen the wind which whistles o'er its brow, and chills the heart of him who arduously has laboured to its summit."

The tear moistened his closed eyelid, but chasing the unusal intruder, and scorning

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the unbecoming weakness, he started to his feet, and hailed with gladness the approaching steps, which broke the train of his sad reflections, and forced his mind back to its accustomed occupations.

Mansfeldt advanced, followed by Heideck and the friar; and the Elector, in his reception of them, showed no trace that the last half hour had been spent in such bitter self-examination. Konrad lighted the tapers, and selecting various papers from a cabinet, withdrew.

"These, gentlemen," said the Duke, addressing Mansfeldt and his companions, "are the memoranda and plans; by your advice I must in some measure mature them, and select, under your guidance, such honest burghers for promotion as members of the Senate, as may feel grateful for the preference. We must not scatter the golden grain, and reap a thriftless harvest, but choose a kindly yielding soil for such benefits as we may have to dispense."

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"Your operations, your Highness, against our city," replied Mansfeldt, "have thinned the numbers of our senators. On this paper you will find the names of those desirous of filling the distinguished vacancies, and who will be fit members to associate with such a venerable body; also of some who claim your gracious consideration for minor offices; emulous to rise in future by such gradation to higher places."

"And know you aught of these persons, Count?" asked Maurice, thoughtfully.

"Partly from personal knowledge and observation, partly from public report, I can, I believe, sketch you the main points in the characters of these worthies," replied Mansfeldt.

"Now then, Count," said Maurice, smiling, "pray favour me with a specimen of your art in delineation. First on the list I see of numerous claimants—by my troth, by its length, the whole population of male

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adults seem to be of aspiring character—John Barmann, what of him?"

"He is easily described, Duke; a common character, selfish, timid and parsimonious, will talk of gratitude while anything is to be gained."

"Note this man, Mansfeldt, to be fed with hopes or some inferior charge; such a fellow will take anything, and will continue faithful only while his greediness remains unsatiated; but you must stretch your canvass, Count, and sketch the wives, or, wanting these, the females who rule the households, for directly or indirectly they will have some influence in the state; men's tempers are often sour in public in proportion as they are fermented on their own hearths."

"Your Highness has reason," replied Mansfeldt, laughing; "in the wife of this hedge-weed there is nothing remarkable, save that she possesses a more than common share of cunning, which passes with the world

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ce; is called sensible, because too
er guard to expose her want of
iles and sighs in proper time and

ıth.—Ambitious of destinction,
t exertion to attain it; his views
ne will sink into indolence; his
will not urge him to sacrifice his
se, he will not be troublesome, but
bid."

im, Count, for election."

rboon.—A plodding man, who
ard to accomplish small ends,
wife, the handsomest woman in
and the vainest, loves baubles,
candal in revenge for good looks
r fortune, and covers a doubtful
by the terror of retaliation from
e, which distances truth; flatter
ou will secure her influence with
nd."

steins.—A conceited fellow, with

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some accomplishment, who believes that his own merit alone has worked out the accident of his good fortune; your Highness's preference will bring such evidence of his value before his fellow citizens, that he will attach himself to your interests, as a reward for your discrimination; he hath a cousin who does not consider that a partner in the advantages and management of the burgher's house will add either to her dignity or comfort; he is of a steady age, but still embarrassed to choose among the young and agy, whom his overweaning conceit conceives to be at his disposal, and who he gives out are waiting but the casting of his kerchief, to yield their charms to coming gray hairs and obesity; his companion is his duplicate in conceit, but with manners less suave with intellect enough for intrigue, but not sense enough to reason upon, or perceive its fallacy, virtue or high mindedness enough to scorn falsehood, or candour enough to

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acknowledge merit in others, they are matchless in each other's eyes, but scruple not to deceive each other, I recommend him for his manners."

The Duke nodded assent.

"Schreiber.—A bigot, who would purify the Catholic faith by fire."

"None of these," observed Maurice, turning to Augustine; "we do not wish to give your church the advantage of persecution or rekindle, by the choice of such members our unhappy feuds."

The monk bowed.

"Leitegang.—Just, prudent, invariable. A widower, a man of reflection and cool judgment."

"Elected," cried Maurice.

"He hath a son," continued the Count- "who has no further ambition than the inheritance of his father's virtues, and his father's name."

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"Let him share his father's honours, Count."

"Biedermann.—A low man originally, but wealthy through his wife, a rich burgher's daughter; he bows to the dust before any noble who will converse with him, empty, ostentatious atoms."

"Pass them by, Count; he would do the state no service, but would disgrace the election."

"Sternbach.—Wild, zealous, enthusiastic, and upright, though poor."

"We can tame him, Count."

"Schryberg. — Moody, pompous, but straightforward."

"A fit man as balance weight to the other."

"Braunwaldt.—A man who desires to be every where but where he is; to be doing every thing but that which he is about, and would scatter his business, words, and time, over

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e globe at the same instant, if
."

German, surely?" observed the

e his mother to have been a
nan; his wife is his antithesis,
olid, a register of market prices,
ful guardian of keys and linen

curial for a senator, his impres-
anescent."

.—An industrious thriving mer-
vife of mean birth, but bold and
eeks her superiors as stepping
r ambition."

" cried the Duke yawning,
able artist, Count, your colours
ouches sharp. I need no fur-
of your skill and judgment, I
he blanks still remaining, for you
your discretion; you are fully
ny views and wishes, and will

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manage that the election shall fall, so as to meet them."

In two days after this interview and conversation, ere the dawn streaked the east, the camp and city were astir.

Carts, sumpter mules, horses, all laden with provisions, were making frequent passage through the gates. Small craft, similarly burthened, glided down the Elbe, and gladdened the eyes of the population, while the steam from baking houses, fumes from savoury stews and messes, which were preparing in the kitchens of gasthausen and burgher dwellings, gave olfactory evidence that the city was relieved from its long fast. Many of the more wary and we althy citi zens had caused their cellars to be blocked up, depositing therein the silver cups and tankards which were fashioned to receive the juicy stores in these wine vaults; costly articles in many instances were removed to dark and concealed receptacles, not likely

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from their obscurity to be discovered by a greedy and riotous soldiery.

Such precautions however against such disorders as the good burghers contemplated and apprehended were unnecessary, for Maurice himself entered the city at the head of his army, and there were none who dared to encroach upon that strict discipline and restraint which he had imperatively commanded, in order preserve peace in the submitted town.

George of Mecklenberg accompanied by Otho, John Garmers Leben, Livinus, Winterfeldus, Casparnes Flaus, Albert of Shulenberg, John of Droto, and others of rank with numerous prisoners of lower grades, were delivered over to him ransom, free at the gates; after which Maurice amids the the shouts of the populace, rode slowly onwards; curiously wrought tapestries with gay and various coloured flags, silken streamers, and banners, were suspended or

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waved from the windows; his graceful figure and handsome person, put in motion like a summer breeze, the white kercheifs of the dames and damsels who hailed his approach.

Loud plaudits echoed through the city to welcome him as a deliverer, whom but a few weeks previously they had branded as an apostate and a subvertor of their rights, and who had but narrowly escaped the fate those captives so recently delivered up to him, who had spent many dreary months in bondage and inactivity. All within the city, and numbers from the adjacent country, flocked to see, the hero of Germany. These demonstrations of admiration, were received by the object of them with bland and courteous salutations; Maurice felt as he leisurly made his progress through the thronged streets, and under the green triumphal arches, which were inscribed with the cardinal virtues in letters of gold, that he was

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receiving some compensation for days of care and nights of watchfulness, and that thus far his policy had seconded his ambition. In token of acknowledgement to those, whose bright eyes glistened at his appearance, and whose rosy lips huzzaed him for his leniency, he rode uncovered, his jewelled bonnet in his hand, bestowing graceful bows and winning smiles, which were considered by those whom they greeted, as ample recompenses for so much enthusiasm.

Mansfeldt and Duke George rode on either side of him, while Heideck, his Chancellor Arnoldi, with Henry of Mansfeldt and Otho followed: many officers of his army preceded him, others brought up the rear; nobles, senators, citizens, were assembled and awaited his coming in the market place; heralds, announced by brazen trumpets and accompanied by detachments of foot, and troops of horse, proclaimed his near approach.

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The major part of the soldiery filed off for the quarters which were assigned to them, for the short space of their proposed sojourn in the town.

Surveying the scene which now presented itself around and before him, Maurice felt that if at this moment the imperial diadem was encircling his brow, he could scarcely be more exalted or despotic. Crowds occupied every space where a foot could be planted, and filled every loop-hole and window from which a view of his kingly person and retinue could be obtained. The military and civil authorities in their robes of state and office, awaited his fiat for the retention of their privileges and attributes; their brave defenders were dismissed beyond the city walls, while his army tranquilly, and without opposition, took possession of the town and its fortifications, which he at a nod could command to be razed level with the plain on which they stood. It was for

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him to elect the members of their councils; into his hands were delivered the keys of that city, to retain which had cost the blood of so many of its brave defenders, and no inconsiderable portion of that treasure, which, by industry and successful commerce, its inhabitants had amassed; yet no gloomy doubts at this hour appeared to check the loud acclamations which hailed his arrival among them; no suspicion that he would forfeit the pledges which—though given in secret through others, and which were not legalized by sign or seal—arose to enfeeble them, or cause distrust that he would now pause to confirm them in public; his honour and humanity were the foundations on which they built for the security and fulfilment of them. And here, Maurice felt was his true triumph, and his superiority over Charles, the great imperial ruler, who had led kings captive, covering every breach of faith by

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his power to trample upon, and set at nought, the laws of honour.

In a short, but generous and gracious speech, in which the Elector confirmed the promises of safety and protection which had before been privately guaranteed to them, he proved that they had judged of him not only well, but wisely. The vacant seats in the Senate were filled up by a judicious election; all hearts were now with him, and by unanimous consent, they took the oaths of fealty to him as their Burgrave; an ancient honour, formerly in possession of the Electors of Saxony, and now in his person restored to his house. The sun was nearly set, ere Duke Maurice and those with him quitted the sumptuous banquet, which followed his inauguration, or he could retire with Mansfeldt and Heideck to the Castle, in order to send off despatches to the Emperor, announcing the final surrender and occupation of Magdeburg; he requested Mansfeldt's

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attendance till this duty was performed. We shall leave them for a time, and again beg our readers to excuse historical digressions, which may seem dull and useless to some, but which are too intimately an integral part of our plot to be dispensed with.

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CHAPTER VIII.

GEORGE of Mecklenberg, heated by the wine which he had taken at the banquet, was pacing the Castle hall in an irritable mood. By break of day he was to quit the city, and enlist its former defenders in his service, so had the Elector decided; restlessly he awaited the departure of the messenger with despatches, for final speech with the Duke; but his mind was wandering wide from these affairs of state; he was out of humour with himself that he could not

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by a single effort, conquer his ill requited affection for Mathilda: vexed with Mansfeldt, who would not break faith with his rival, mad with that rival, and burning to measure swords with him: he was now free, and only debating how he could bring about a quarrel, and humble to the dust the presumptuous youth. There was a daring wilfulness in his nature, which made him cling to the unfounded conceit, that if Henry was out of the way or disgraced, his love would no longer be rejected. He was no wily plotter; on all occasions he trusted to his overbearing energy and his sword; his schemes therefore were as wild as his wishes, and frequently from necessity rejected when half formed. He suddenly paused mid-way in his perambulation, drew his sword, bent it on the marble pavement, until the point of the well tempered weapon nearly touched the hilt, then by a sudden jerk of his arm, brought it up in a straight line from his

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sight, and with eye half closed, his head partially thrown back, looked with satisfaction along its polished blade. He cast a glance of defiance towards the coats of mail, numerous shattered and trophied remnants of which decorated the lofty walls, or standing out in whole detail under their several pennons and banners, apparently guarded the massive doors on each side, and filled the piers of the deeply splayed windows. In the pride of his newly recovered freedom he almost forgot that owners were wanting to wield the lances and heavy toledo blades which rested steadily within the empty glaives, or rusted by the iron cuisses, or that voices could not issue from the barred casques of those heroes who formerly wore them, and who had sought protection, while performing miracles of strength and valour, under their links or plates of rivetted stern steel. Long since had these defensive vestments been exchanged for narrow tenements

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of stone by the knights who once embodied them, while their spirits had fled to partake a higher immortality than mortal deeds of a world itself but mortal, could bestow.

Leisurely and with a sigh he replaced his treasure within its scabbard, and flung himself impatiently into a seat.

"Why should I not seek her?" he thought; "why should I hang about these courts and halls, liked a lacquey waiting the Duke's pleasure; and that sanctified fellow Otho, what could possess him to be so chary of the stripling's life? The stately mother Countess too, she walks like a funeral pageant, and is as cold as Mount Blanc in the month of January; enough to transform the female members of her household into glassy Niobes, and the garrison into frozen statues. Mansfeldt himself watches over the youth as if from a concentration of the ashes of all his heroic ancestors, a phœnix of

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chivalry had arisen, although to do the malapert justice, he is brave and daring enough, and seems to think the blood of a Mansfeldt a never failing spring in which valiant knights at pleasure may slake the drought of their thirsty blades; but the Count seems timorous lest his nephew's handsome face should be blemished by a scar; mightily would it pleasure me to give the youth a taste of my Damascus steel."

Again the unsheathed sword was in his hand, and sundry cuts and passes, although in empty space, showed that want of practise had not relaxed the muscles of his arm nor diminished its dexterity. A suppressed laugh aroused him from his pastime, and Mathilda, the original provocative to this solo combat, stood before him, leaning on Henry's arm. His face flushed as he lowered his weapon.

"Why Duke," said Mathilda, "are you testing the temper of your bright blade upon

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cobwebs, or warding off the attacks of some invisible opponent?"

"Neither, fair lady," he replied, looking at Henry, "I was parleying with my trusty abettor upon my fitness after months of disnetude, to punish usurpers when I should chance to meet with them."

"And should he deny your power, parrying his doubts it appears, by his own cutting arguments and home thrusts. I am but a poor judge of such sharp contests; but in truth," she added good-naturedly, "you seem to be a skilful master of your subject. Your supple companion bends in ready obedience to your hand, and cannot prolong the dispute by sheathing himself in doubt."

"I would uphold your opinion, fair lady, and prove it true, were there any in the Count's household, save himself, worthy of the challenge."

"Your courtesy, sir," replied Henry, his

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cheeks mantling, "will, I trust, extend this exception to the noble Count's male relatives."

Mathilda pressed Henry's arm, for she saw the Duke's aim and humour, and said hastily; "we may not tarry, sir; if you will accompany us, we will join my father; if not, we must quit you, to resume, if to your better liking, your solitary exercise."

Henry paused, but Mathilda's beseeching looks, and the Duke's unsteady-eye, which showed that he had partaken freely of the old Rhenish at the civic banquet, decided him not to notice further the implied taunt, but as he turned to leave the hall, the words:

"Stripling! coward!" arrested his steps.

"This is too much Mathilda," and again facing the Duke, he said with some heat; "Was that also a soliloquy with your weapon Duke, or intended to provoke retort from me?"

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may consider yourself my debtor,
be your pleasure; the epithets could
ly to me or my weapon, we have
n too well tried in fight and fray."
not both equally well tempered it
em," replied Henry, hotly.
at your service, and to master
you can boy," said the Duke
tuously.
's sword in one moment was flashing
m light.
y Mathilda!" he cried hurriedly,

I will not," answered the intrepid,
errified girl, placing herself between

hilda this must not be, the Duke
d that he has neither boy to deal
r coward to brook unworthy and
ked insults."
ng on his opponent, he did not belie
t.

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Mathilda half distracted, called aloud for help. Each clash of their swords that rang through the vaulted roof, echoed a death wound to her heart.

Henry was more cool, and nearly as skilful as his antagonist; the combat must have ended fatally to one of them, had not a powerful arm and heavy weapon struck down both swords.

"What is this?" cried Count Heideck sternly, "Are these the signs of peace? Are ye knights, to choose a noble maiden as witness and umpire of your intoxicated broils? For shame!"

He pointed to Mathilda, who had sunk senseless on the pavement. Henry rushed to her, exclaiming:

"Believe me Count, the quarrel was not of my seeking, but coward and Mansfeldt shall never be coupled in my presence, while the blood of my house gives impulse to my arm, or I live to claim its honoured name."

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Heideck looked at the Duke with concern

"I know not the cause of this quarrel, but neither the time, place, nor presence, in which you have prosecuted it, were befitting. From you, Duke, it was due to Count Mansfeldt, rather to have avoided, than to have provoked such fierce discussion with his nephew, and in presence of his daughter; it will be useful to learn to command yourself, as well as your sword."

The Duke was ready to retort, but Heideck stopped his reply by adding:

"You cannot call me coward, sir, unless you would wish to put it in men's minds in future, to doubt your word." You may sheath your weapon, for I shall not cross mine with it further than I have done, to check your intemperance; the Elector awaits you, we will attend to this fair maiden, who seems to be the only victim of your domestic prowess."

Heideck's firm and scornful manner, so

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well deserved, sobered the jealous Prince whom he had addressed.

He was abashed, and stood for some moments irresolute, then moved slowly towards the end of the hall, paused again, and walking backwards and forwards for some minutes, witnessed Mathilda's recovery, who had been led to a seat.

He was now sensible of his madness and folly; his better nature seconded by his love, prompted him to make some apology for his intemperate conduct. In a few hours he was to quit her and her abode; possibly if he left her in her present state of mind, she would hate him, and future reconciliation or communication be barred from him.

Henry's sword lay where Heideck had arrested the duel: the Duke cast his, which he still retained in his hand, from him; and advancing hesitatingly towards Mathilda, craved her pardon for his hasty choler; he

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was, he observed, about to quit her, and would fain bear with him her forgiveness for the terror he had occasioned her, although he had the misfortune to believe that his safety bore no part in her concern.

The Duke's address seemed to complete Mathilda's restoration ; her pale cheek glowed, though her speech was still feeble.

" You do yourself less than justice Duke, I am grieved that you should thus trespass upon my friendship by such rude shocks; sap its foundation, and hazard its extinction. I cannot regret that your attack upon my cousin was illtimed, because my presence possibly abbreviated your rash combat, and spared the blood of both ; had he fallen, my heaviest malediction would have rewarded your victory, and detestation have supplanted every sentiment of the respect and regard which you profess to value ; if in your sober reason, you had believed the offensive epithets with which you branded my brave cousin to

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be truly applicable, I will do you the justice to think that you would have scorned to measure your strength against his weakness; I treat them as idle words, used to stir up strife, but believing them, as I am confident you did, to be misapplied, they were unworthy of you, as a subterfuge for provocation. You bear with you my wishes that your future career may be unsullied by a repetition of such wanton aggression; farewell."

Mathilda arose, and supported by Count Heideck and Henry, quitted the hall leaving the Duke humbled, mortified, at war with himself, and the world.

"Friendship! in truth, friendship, regard," dropped in slow syllables from his lips. "I ask for wine, she offers me water, it is marvellous that the frigid admonitions of a girl should stir up such a war within me, and send the blood gurgling to my brain,

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as if it were a fiery element. The Mansfeldts seem to claim the privilege of usurping my powers of love and hatred; but away with thoughts of them; possibly speech with our politic commander may calm the strife within me."

Lifting up his sword from the pavement, he departed quickly from the scene of his discomfiture.

Before Heideck took leave of his companions, he counselled Mathilda to seek some repose. It was the Elector's intention, he stated, to visit the Countess before he retired for the night, and he would expect her presence. Then taking leave of her for the present, he drew Henry's arm within his own, and proceeding towards the gallery, desired him to explain the cause of quarrel between himself and the hot-headed Duke. He deprecated such encounters, at a time too when coalition and conciliation were neces-

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sary among the leaders of the Protestant party. Henry exculpated himself to his auditor, who left him, with a gentle admonition to be more cautious in future.

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CHAPTER IX.

As the Duke quitted the hall, Konrad and Thumelda entered from the opposite end. Although the foregoing scene did not occupy more than half an hour, and the evening could hardly be said to have commenced, yet from the advanced season, darkness was fast spreading his murky wings, and gave a sombre appearance to the still life and stern objects around. Like all lovers, unwilling to part, their steps were lingering, while each footfall sounded

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through the vast space: a thousand forgotten words were still to be spoken in broken whispers, vows of constancy to be demanded, repeated, and exchanged, and means contrived how tidings of each other might be obtained, for they knew not, but that this might be their last interview, at least for some time.

Thumelda declared that she must depart, but still did not withdraw the gently imprisoned hand; hesitatingly, not reluctantly, she remained. A slight noise startled her, and she looked fearfully around towards the dark shadows thrown forward from the surrounding figures.

"Konrad, I do not like leaving you to watch and wait in this dismal hall."

Konrad laughed.

"What do you fear, dear Thumelda? you do not surely apprehend that the knights around us will forego their dignity, in order to molest a peaceable civilian? For any

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living man I believe I am a match, besides on the eve of such a stirring day, I am not likely to be left long to my lonely meditations; moreover the hour is at hand, when the Duke commanded my attendance here; he is too punctual to leave me long in solitude; but why not remain my pretty coward and give me your doughty protection?"

"Nonsense! quite nonsense," she replied pettishly, "thus men ever joke at women's fears, or I should better say women's precautions: this is a dismal place, and you cannot deny it. I am sorry I did not leave you five minutes since, and punish you beforehand for such idle jesting, and so I ought, if I had heeded my duty, instead of listening to your tender speeches, and persuasions to delay, for it is now past the hour at which I promised the Lady Clotilda to return."

"Pray be not so wrathful with me at our hour of parting, my beloved Thumelda, are

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you not in truth my guardian angel? You have given evidence of your courage, more than enough to establish my belief that you possess it, but like a true and loving woman, your fears were more for others than yourself: your kind mistress I am sure, will brook, rather than rebuke, a short delay, especially as your service is for love, not lucre."

"And that, dear Konrad, is just the reason why I am more anxious to perform it; I would not give her cause to suspect that I am negligent, because my service is voluntary, besides from regard for my parents, she honours me rather as a friend."

Konrad pressed fervently the generous delicate minded girl to his bosom: approaching footsteps at last obliged them to bid a hasty adieu to each other. Thumelda tripped lightly towards, and vanished through a side door, while a page bearing a flambeau summoned Konrad to the Duke's

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antichamber to receive the despatches of which Hendrick was to be the bearer.

The last gleam of the receding torch still threw its feeble rays athwart the pavement, when a dark figure emerged from behind a trophy composed of various implements of war, which surrounded the mailed effigy of the great Emperor Otho the First, and which occupied the centre of one side of the hall. With stealthy steps he advanced to the door by which Konrad and the page had made their exit, and watched them out of hearing, then returned and opened the one through which Thumelda had disappeared. He seemed irresolute whether to prosecute his search, when voices at the entrance and the clatter of steeds in the court without, obliged him hastily to seek his former retreat. As he did so, Hendrick booted and spurred for travel, and accompanied by three troopers, strode on through the heavy arched door which, studded with iron bolts,

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lay back on its massive hinges. Lacqueys followed them, and planted torches in the various sockets designed for that purpose; others at the same time placing a flagon, horn cups, and cold viands on the large oaken table which partly ran along the lower end near the entrance.

"Come, quick!" said Hendrick, glancing his eye around, "we have been on duty all day, and shall have hard riding before midnight; a pull at this goodly flagon, and a cut at the boar's head and pasty, will be no bad companions to carry under our doublets; but before we attack the walls of this venison citadel, let our first skirmishing cup be to the health of our brave Elector, Duke Maurice of Saxony, now Burgrave of Magdeburg."

"How often, Hendrick," observed the foremost trooper, "has this toast been your pass word to more substantial fare this day?"

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is my maiden draught, friend," he
' for in truth, (not with my good
can believe) master tankard and I
saluted each other since yesternight;
r and black bread have been my
mates. The Elector has given my
enty of work since the dawn, but
iously granted a holiday to my
I am quite ready to test my
f digestion, even if the fare were
oting than that before us, but he
rewarded my fasting."
he made a saint of you," rejoined
" in honour of your abstinence?"
no, not so," quoth Hendrick, nod-
head with a half laugh, " you know
s I, he doth not graze such cattle
anor, he hath given me promotion,
lled purse, and kindly words, and
his health."
ed the horn cups to their brims, and
his broad, slouched, felt-hat from

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his head, reverently repeated his toast,
at one draught emptied his horn.

The troopers with a hearty cheer, follo
his example, and replaced theirs on
board. Hendrick still stood; he see
with attentive ears for a moment to be
bating with himself some knotty point,
again, half replenishing the cups, cried

"Another toast, friends, and after to
game."

"What now, master?" exclaimed on
them; "if we go on thus, we shall
nought in the flagon to wash down
meat."

"Never fear mine hungry Wolff," retc
Hendrick, "I'll answer for it this p
fellow, (pointing to the flagon,) will last
the feast."

"Wolff, he had you there," exclaime
first speaker, "but let us have the toas
well as the tankard, for I would fain fa

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as well as Wolff, and love not much prating upon an empty stomach."

"Confusion to all spies," roared Hendrick, in a voice which rang round the place, and proved that his fast had not enfeebled his lungs.

"Confusion to all spies," repeated the troopers; "and now," said Wolff after Hendrick's double grace, "we will score a more solid reckoning," at the same time dropping himself heavily on the settle.

"Not so fast, my friends," said Hendrick, "such vermin as we have denounced, should be hunted out from house and hall."

So saying he made a sign to the men, and advanced quickly towards the trophy, from behind which he dragged forth the concealed watcher, who struggled to escape from Hendrick's powerful gripe, but five were too many for him.

"Whom have we here?" they cried.

"One," answered Hendrick, "who loves

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to prowl in the dark, and is after no good now, I'll be sworn. Your humble servant, redoubted lieutenant Hartorff, is it you? I guess you are here without the ceremony of an invitation, and therefore without ceremony shall you depart."

"At your peril keep your hands from me," cried Hartorff, "you shall repent this assault."

"Out with you, you lurking spy, out with you," cried the troopers.

With the flat sides of their swords they drove him from the hall, and chased him beyond the gates. In a short space the repast was concluded, and the party wrapped in their cloaks, asleep on the rude settles.

Hartorff, who had flattered himself that he was safely ensconsed before Hendrick could perceive him, burning with rage, made for the senate house.

Some few were still holding their revels at

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the banquet, which the higher authorities had long since left. Hartorff was pretty well assured that his master would not forego the wine cup, while any remained to bear him company: he was not so certain that he should find him in a condition to receive, or make use of the intelligence which he had to communicate, nor was it an easy affair to gain access to him; the last obstacle however proved a less difficult matter than he had anticipated. He boldly demanded entrance; his audacity, the half oblivious state of the attendants, and the Elector's name artfully mixed up in his harangue to the door-keepers, procured him admittance to a party less exclusive than he would have found earlier in the day, being now much reduced in numbers, and those of an inferior rank: But with them, or any, Reiterstein did not scruple to associate, proud as he was, if the purpose of his own views could be answered

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by so doing. He wished to ferret out the gossip of the town, for in those days this species of useless knowledge, the food of mean, vacant, and corrupted minds, was in vogue as it now is, and doubtless has ever been.

Wishing to compass this end, he had not drunk so deep as usual, though he had incited others to do so, and Hartorff found him comparatively sober. A whisper from his lieutenant, stimulated him to free himself as quickly as he could from the company of his present associates, and in spite of remonstrance, flattery or entreaty, he left the still festive board.

The pair walked on in silence, avoiding the more crowded streets, till Hartorff in a narrow and dark alley stopped before a low door, in order to enter which, three steps were to be descended. An aged woman answered the summons, and ushered them into a small but decent apartment; there

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tle of comfort, but the place was more
than the appearance of the neigh-
ood promised. The woman placed
lamp on a rickety table, and a nod
artorff dismissed her.

Baron looked at his lieutenant, pre-
himself to ask for an explanation of
mystery, but the other did not wait
stions.

e old woman is deaf," he observed,
ives alone. I thought such a place
r consultation, and easily bargained
er for its use, on exhibiting a few
ers."

d what mighty matter, lieutenant,
ou have to propound, that warrants
ading me to this hovel?"

ch, master of mine; I have tracked
me," he said with a malicious grin.

! exclaimed the Baron, drawing
ool on which he had seated him-

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self nearer to the table, "how did you compass this?"

"Thus," replied Hartorff. "While you were engaged at the banquet with that mountebank, Maurice, and the fat citizens, who were giving work to the tailors by stretching their laced doublets beyond their capacity, I prowled about, partly to view this city, of the sacking of which we have been defrauded, and partly hoping by some chance I might among the comers and goers gain tidings of these reluctant damsels. I had just determined to drown my disappointment in a potation of Rhenish at a neighbouring wine house, when two persons issued from the porch of St. Catherina; they were at some distance before me, but I could not be mistaken in the figure of your straight laced clerk; the female was so closely hooded and cloaked, that she puzzled my discrimination, but this the more determined me not to lose sight of

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them. I dodged them about the town, till I saw them make towards the Castle; I neared and followed them closely; so little watch or ward has been kept there to day, that I easily entered with them. They were too full of love, and too intent upon looking at each other to turn round. When they arrived in the hall, I made my steps keep pace with theirs so that a third footfall might not be heard, for there is as much echo in the place as if one were walking on a drum-head. Gliding close along the side most in shadow, I concealed myself behind the great trophy which projects somewhat before the other figures, and conveniently heard their conversation. In regaining my position, however, I stumbled over the platform on which that mummery is placed, and Madame Thumelda's ears (for it was she) were pricked up in a moment, but the smooth tongued clerk chid her fears, and I then learnt that she

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was the Lady Clotildas's serving woman, and that both were living in the Castle.

When they parted I was intent upon seeing where the damsel went, but that rough Hendrick came blustering in with some of his fellows, and, I conclude, espied me before I could settle myself in my former hiding place. I suppose the torches which the lacqueys brought in, to light up the hall, favoured his discovery of me, for—" and here Hartorff with sundry interlarded imprecations detailed his forcible expulsion from the castle.

"Think you he will tell of your exploits?" demanded the Baron.

"Doubtless he will, if he has the opportunity, for as I could gather, young hornbook was called to fetch the dispatches which the other was to carry; but this is partly conjecture."

"Not a moment must be lost," cried Reiterstein, "follow me."

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Two or three strides brought them again into the alley, and with rapid steps they gained the castle in time to see Hendrick and his fellow troopers leave its gates, for Konrad's quick return had cut short their snatched slumbers. A projecting angle concealed the spies, till the clattering hoofs of the horses on the drawbridge assured them that they might come forth in safety. No entrance was to be obtained, for the watches were set, and after strolling about the precincts for some time hoping to glean some intelligence from any domestic who might chance to come forth, they were abandoning their watch, when the pass word demanded and answered, sent them again under the shadow of a buttress.

"It is the clerk, I'll be sworn," whispered Hartorff.

"We must secure him," returned the Baron.

In one moment Konrad's bridle rein was

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seized, for it was he, on his way to the now nearly deserted camp. The horse reared and released his head, while Konrad parried the efforts of his two assailants to unhorse him. With a sudden spring, Hartorff jumped on the animal's back, and encircling the youth with his long arms, endeavoured to unseat him. The Baron wheeled round in order to regain the bridle, but the spur timely applied, left him some paces behind. The skirmish was too close to the gate to escape the ears of the sentinels, and the alarm given, warned the Baron that further assault would only lead to shame, as well as discovery. Konrad, still struggling against the attempts which the lieutenant made to dislodge him, nevertheless did not spare the spur, to rid himself of at least one of his assailants, and put some distance between them; he was too tightly pinioned by Hartorff's brawny arms to draw his sword, but he still held command of the rein; he knew

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his horse well, for it was his favourite Black John, who, with his master, had, been transferred into Maurice's service. Konrad had taken some pains in his leisure hours with his training, and by various motions of the knee, heel, and hand, had instructed him in an alphabet of manœuvres not safe to a rider inexperienced in the rudiments of his education.

"You had better dismount, Lieutenant Hartorff," said Konrad coolly, as he put the animal by a slight jerk of his rein, into a hard and uneasy trot; but Hartorff, unconscious of the defection of his master, still held on. Konrad finding one arm of his unwelcome companion slackening its hold, and knowing Hartorff's skilful use of the dagger, lost not a moment; by a pressure of the heel, he instructed the beast to kick off his additional incumbrance. Had Hartorff continued his close embrace, this movement would have been hazardous; but

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with the unequal balance of one arm, Black John's sudden plunge lodged him on the pointed stones with which the way was paved. The fall was violent and heavy; Konrad left him stunned, and pursued his way with all speed.

To do the Baron justice, he had watched the fate of his follower; he still hoped that the desired prisoner might be mastered; if Hartorff were worsted, exposure might follow, nor could he yet spare him. He followed quickly, therefore, the receding echoes of the hoofs, and found him where Black John had thrown him. With some difficulty he removed him under the projecting eaves of a neighbouring building, and in trepidation awaited his recovery to consciousness; he relied on the darkness of the night to elude observation; the cold breeze was also a friendly doctor, and the Baron congratulated himself, when, after a slow parading through the now deserted streets, he entered the low

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portal of his lieutenant's temporary abode, and consigned him to the care of his deaf hostess. Signs soon set her to work to provide the necessary remedies, and the Baron walked off to his own quarters that suspicion might not rest upon them as disturbers of the night guard, making up his mind to deny their identity, if Konrad should bring any accusation against them.

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CHAPTER X.

Duke George left the Castle before Hendrick's departure. He was too much disconcerted, to bid adieu to the Countess or Mathilda, but rode straight for the camp, where he was to enlist, and take the command of the troops who had been expelled from Magdeburg, and as his days were not likely to be passed in inactivity, he hoped to soften, if not dismiss altogether, the remembrance of his mortification.

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He did not spare his steed, but spurred on with mad impetuosity, as if pestilence was pursuing him, and disaster, which he could avert by haste, was before him, or that in leaving the town behind him, he could fly from the barb which was rankling in his bosom, or heal the wound his self-love had received: as he passed the slumbering troopers in the hall, he almost desired their low condition; while his brow was contracted with care, his cheek burning with anger, his hands clenched in defiance, their marked and sunburnt features, and listless postures, gave no evidence of inward disturbance. Hardness and exposure had chased away the freshness and beauty of youth, but their robust frames, and open brows, told no tales of annoyance or disappointment. At that moment he envied the rough soldiers, who in the next battle field might fall among the mass of slaughtered friends and foes, unknown, unhonoured,

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and unwept: reflection did not whisper that he owed his disappointment to his own wayward passions and unreasonable desires, but it was not in his nature to indulge in self-examination, or to draw a balance against himself, by a retrospection of his own conduct; his bravery was cruel and rash, and his impetuosity set all the consequences of his unconsidered actions at defiance; the rein of reflection is an irksome bridle to a character of impulse, but the habit of comparison, by a constant exertion of the powers of the understanding, becomes in time a natural operation of the mind, enforcing justice, truth, and moderation.

When Konrad sought Hendrick to deliver to him the despatches, the latter communicated to him the suspicious circumstance of Hartorff's concealment. There could be little doubt that his conversation with Thumelda had been overhoard by him, and that

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the utmost vigilance would be necessary to guard against Reiterstein's machinations.

As he accompanied the Duke to the gallery, where Mansfeldt, his Countess, and Count Heideck, were waiting to receive and conduct him to the state apartments, he respectfully and succinctly related the facts stated by Hendrick. The Duke stopped, and drew forth a small key, which he placed in his hand, and with a few brief directions, dismissed him,—recommending speed.

On the Duke's appearance, Clotilda could hardly conceal her emotion; she longed to throw herself at his feet, and pour forth her gratitude in thanks: Otho's arm was a timely support, but her tears in spite of every effort to check them, rushed to her eyes, and she felt thankful for the few moments of respite, which his kindly enquiries and friendly greeting to Mathilda allowed her. Though unobserved by her, he per-

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ceived her agitation, and considerately prolonged his conversation; then advancing towards her, with gentleness took her hand, and leading her to a seat, said—

"I think I do not err in believing that I have the pleasure of addressing the lady Clotilda." And seeing her unable to answer him further than by an inclination of the head, he continued:—

"To your husband, fair lady, and his character as a valiant soldier and true knight, I am no stranger; to you I must pledge that homage which he has rendered to me. I am quite sure I cannot place his fidelity in better hands."

"Or, I trust, your Highness," replied Clotilda with deep feeling—while the colour mounted into her face—"in a more grateful heart. To your Highness's condescension in protecting us, I owe my safety and preservation from dishonour."

"Upon my word, fair lady, if our ac-

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quaintance had borne an earlier date than the present hour, I could, I fear, claim little merit even from you, who are inclined to award me so much. Besides in passing over your husband's brave actions, his sufferings in my service, owing to his captivity and separation from you, of which painful endurance I can now form a juster estimate, made me so much his debtor in the first instance, that I should indeed have proved myself a bankrupt in gratitude, had I done less, with the power to do so much more. I am no stranger to your sad history, as well as to the hazardous position in which you now stand, but I trust all this will shortly be amended, and with my good will it shall be so."

Maurice now led her on to explain many points of her story, with which he was as yet unacquainted, then rising, conversed generally with those around, before he

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quitted the true hearts he had bound to his interests.

On retiring, he found Konrad awaiting him to give an account of his commission, and his narrow escape in the execution of it. Maurice had said truly, that his interest in Clotilda's fate was not diminished by the impression which her beauty and manners had made upon him, and he could even have found some excuse for Reiterstein, if he had not known him to be the sordid, fraudulent, and selfish being that he was. He was not surprised, when the Baron at an early hour of the following morning, sent to request an audience.

Reiterstein was compelled to this bold measure, for he was well aware he must quit the city that day, and that any attempt on Clotilda now, and while under such powerful protection, would be useless: he was determined therefore to claim her as

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we have before said, as his bride, as his ward, or both. As his bride, upon the plea of being affianced, if her birth could not be established, as her guardian, if it could, and the latter, to combine both claims.

His request was granted, but with little satisfaction to himself, for instead of urging his suit to Maurice in a *tête-à-tête*, he found the Duke encircled by the assembled family of Mansfeldt, with the addition of Otho and Count Heideck.

As he advanced, the Duke received him with a slight inclination, and somewhat sternly demanded the object of the audience, he had sent so hastily to request. While advancing and bowing to Maurice, Reiterstein's dark eye scanned those around, and ultimately fixing its glare on Clotilda, he recovered during the pause his self-possession, which had been momentarily overbalanced and abashed by Maurice's reception, and the numbers his Highness had as-

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sembled, to witness an interview which he desired should be private.

"My object, your Highness, is briefly told; it is to claim a lady whom I now see in your presence, as my affianced bride, and of whom I may say I have been robbed."

"Were the lady's wishes in accordance with yours, Baron?"

"I have reason to believe they were, your Highness, inasmuch as the marriage ceremony had been commenced at the altar, to which altar she went willingly."

"And did she accept you freely when there, Baron? did she freely seek your castle as her future home?"

Reiterstein bit his lips: he left the first question unanswered.

"She had been misled, Duke, and had left through the persuasion of others the asylum in which I had placed her, until I could leave Italy to make her mistress of my

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home. From such designing hands I rescued her."

"Good, Baron; you seem to have some reason on your side; but suppose the lady should deny her concurrence in the searrangements, you cannot think of prosecuting your suit, and forcing her inclinations? Let her declare her wishes on the subject; what say you, fair lady? are you willing to admit the claims which the Baron urges to your fair hand?"

"He has ever been, your Highness," cried Clotilda with energy, "my detestation, terror and abhorrence."

"This is a strong denial, Baron; are you now satisfied that the lady's consent is wanting to fulfil the compact?"

The Baron was at fault; he feared the pitfall which might be before him, but he must proceed, and tried to shape a middle course.

"I was willing to claim that lady," he

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urged, "by the tenderest ties, and therefore have held back the other grounds upon which I am entitled to be her protector, if she refuses me as her affianced husband."

"Name them, Baron."

"They are these," replied Reiterstein. "In her early years, upon the death of her parents, she was left in my hands as her guardian: she is not yet of age, and as her guardian, I also proclaim my right to the custody of her person?"

"Has she lands, Baron?"

"Your Highness well knows that women hold no fiefs."

"They may posesss lands, nevertheless, good sir: you evade my question."

"Some trifling lands she may have, if she can make good her title to them, which I doubt."

"And who gainsays her right?"

"The heirs, of course, Duke."

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"And who may they be, Baron?"

"She is a distant branch of my family."

"Then I am to understand that poor, and probably penniless, the noble Baron von Reiterstein generously supported her during her youth, and was willing to take her, a possibly portionless bride: a most liberal proceeding on his part, and apparently but ill requited by the lady's rejection of his tender guardianship and love."

The half ironical seriousness of this speech, again threw the Baron into confusion.

"It appears," he continued, "that you have little to regret beyond the loss of the lady's reluctant hand; I should therefore advise you to seek a more complying fair one to heal your disappointment."

"My claims I will neither yield nor aban-

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don, your Highness," and, with increasing vehemence, he exclaimed—

"She must, and shall be delivered into my charge."

"Impossible, Baron von Reiterstein; she is already married."

"Married! married!" he shouted in passion forgetting the Duke's presence. "Married!" and rushing forward towards Clotilda, he rudely seized her arm, while he gazed upon her with fiend-like ferocity. "Married, dare you repeat that word?"

"I dare," said Clotilda undauntedly.

"And I, her husband," exclaimed Otho, snatching Clotilda from his rude grasp, "uphold it, and forbid your unhallowed touch."

"I am her guardian," he replied with rage, "and my consent must, but never shall, sanction her union with you, braggart."

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"Excuse me Baron," said Duke Maurice, "for the few months or perhaps weeks which remain till this lady attains her majority, I constitute myself her guardian and protector, and as such shall demand from you a restitution of her property and rights, with the restoration of all arrears since her abduction from the place of her birth. To you, Sir Otho, as her lawful husband, I consign her."

"Proofs, your Highness, proofs."

The Duke nodded to Konrad who was in attendance. "We will satisfy you, Baron, with living proofs."

The Baron was stupified; he knew not what to dread; his life of fraud seemed bestriding him, like a night-mare his boldness apparently had ruined him; his subtlety had not availed him; how was it, how could it be? The Duke must feign more knowledge than he really possessed. He cast down his eyes, and pondered his next mea-

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sure and his next speech, but when he raised them again to address Maurice in further remonstrance, Father Augustine was standing by the Elector's side. Years had passed over him, but the Baron's memory carried him back to trace the well-remembered features which time had mellowed from vigorous maturity to age, but had not altered. Augustine respectfully advanced nearer to Maurice, and placing some papers in his hand, said—

"Your Highness, to your keeping I resign the title deeds and also the last will, to which besides myself there are living witnesses, (no thanks to the Baron,) of my late Lord, Baron Lewis von Reiterstein, in favour of his only child, the Lady Clotilda, now before you, whose growing goodness and graces I have watched from time to time since her infancy, which infancy has ripened into womanhood under the care of our excellent mother, the Abbess of Walsrode. Most

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consign the keeping of these docu-
hands so well able to enforce her
more it is unnecessary for me to
r your Highness is in possession of
facts; but for your reference, you
them detailed in an enclosure with
ers I have now delivered."

ink, Baron," observed the Duke,
doubts and misapprehensions, (if
e any) must now be cleared, but as
a day of restitution, allow me to
your hands a weapon which bears
tials, and which was used by your
against a sleeping and innocent
chief witness with the holy Father
eed which he has just placed in my
and remember Baron von Reiter-
he added, rising with a look of
and stern command, "that he also
r Maurice's protection, and that if
his property, or any member of his
or household suffer further molesta-

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tion from you or those under your command, to Maurice you shall answer for it,—your audience is ended."

With rage and confusion, the Baron retired, to plot new schemes of vengeance in spite of Maurice's warning.

He bent his steps to Hartorff's abode, where to his further discomfiture, he found him in a worse state than he had apprehended; his life was of consequence to him, for he knew not where to look for so hardy and acute a coadjutor. He was at present in no state to assist him; he did not feel sure that he could place confidence in Ludwig, even if he were on the spot, for a doubt hung on his mind whether he would yield as hearty and ready a concurrence to his plans and practices; he had never made a confidant of him; for some reason or from some accident, his contrivances had always failed when intrusted to his execution. He feared he should be compelled, if his lieu-

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life was to be preserved, to seek
rther assistance for him however
ed to do so, for he apprehended the
res which he might make in his
state of delirium. The poor widow,
ributed to accident the mischance
unfortunate lodger, entreated the
o suffer her to seek a leech; she was
t unless he granted her this per-
the poor fellow would die.

Baron could not deny the possibility
a fatal occurrence, but shook his
the proposition.

ill held on her argument, while
groaning and imprecating by turns,
ed to rave and call for wine. As
on was revolving in his mind the
y pointed out to him, and which
dent to himself, the step of some one
the small chamber which opened
e street and was next to the one
ere occupying, though unheard by

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the deaf hostess, caused him to start from the low seat which he had placed by the side of the truckle bed on which Hartorff was rolling in delirium and writhing with pain. Before he could gain the door to deny entrance to the intruder it was opened, and a mendicant friar, clad in the deep brown coarse cloth of his order, stood at the foot of the bed. He was evidently no stranger in the house, but gazed in astonishment at the spectacle before him. Hartorff's face was turned towards the window, which was on the side opposite to the door, and which looked into a small court yard.

He made signs to the woman for an explanation, who answered the mute signal, by crying:

"Woe is me, holy Father; I fear he will die, thus has he been for hours, and neither doctor nor priest to help his body, or save his soul."

The friar turned to the Baron, and said:

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"Son, I have some knowledge in these matters, and as the case seems to demand immediate attention, I will use the little skill I possess to relieve this wounded sufferer, who appears indeed to be in too desperate a plight to be left longer without the application of some remedies."

Reiterstein bowed in acquiescence, he had not thrown aside his cloak, which concealed his rich dress and figure, and on the friar's entrance he had hastily resumed his broad beaver, which he had previously cast on the floor at his feet. The friar continued:

"From the moans which issued as I passed, from this good woman's house who is well known to me as one of my penitents, I feared some disaster had befallen her, and this accounts for my intrusion, which I hope, however, may be productive of some alleviation to this poor fellow."

Again the Baron made a slight inclination; the friar was too intent upon his work

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of charity to notice his silence. He approached the bed, and with the assistance of the old woman, raised the patient's head in order to examine his wounds and bruises. He gazed on Hartorff's features, distorted by the agony he was enduring. As he did so, a deadly pallor spread over his own countenance, and he sank on the seat from which the Baron had arisen.

"Heaven be praised!" he said, as he crossed himself.

Reiterstein drew some hope from this exclamation, that the lieutenant's case was not a hopeless one. After examining the wounded man's face for a few seconds, he again said in a low voice:—

"Yes it is so." Then turning to the Baron; "If you will seek such medicines as I shall prescribe, I will look to the man's wounds and watch by him till you return."

He now drew from the canvass bag which was attached to his hempen girdle, and was

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designed for the reception of the alms bestowed by his penitents, a small book, on a leaf of which he noted down the simples and drugs which he would require, and handed it over to the Baron, who then withdrew and left the good Samaritan to his operations for the relief of the sufferer.

As soon as he was gone the friar threw open the window, which seemed to afford some comfort to the fevered man, although still unconscious of anything but pain.

The poor widow, in answer to the friar's questions, could tell him but little of her inmates. The preceding day had been the first of their acquaintance. She was willing to accommodate him for a few days for the sum, paltry as it was, which would help out her spare means. The friar shook his head. From this action she mistook his meaning, and in sorrow that she might in his estimation have committed a fault, began to justify herself upon the undeniable plea of her

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extreme poverty. The friar quieted her tender conscience on this head, by a friendly nod, and an encouraging smile; he made her assist during the examination of Hartorff's injuries, and then set her about such further arrangements as were required, and awaiting the Baron's return, was soon lost in meditation and prayer, every now and then turning his eyes with a look of mingled horror and concern upon the object before him when aroused from his abstraction by his moans.

The Baron, punctual in the discharge of the errand he had undertaken, returned with the required drugs, which he deposited upon the table together with a purse of money, while in a low voice he informed the holy man that he was obliged to quit the city that evening; that in the purse he would find money enough for his patient's use, to remunerate his hostess and to provide masses for his soul if he should not re-

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cover, as well as alms for the poor; that if he was spared, he was to join him when restored to convalescence; it was unnecessary for him to leave any direction as to where, as his charge was already informed of his movements. The friar watched him as he made his exit, and then turned his attention to his patient.

The Baron now collected those of his followers who had accompanied him into Magdeburg, and rode forth at their head as the sun was leaving the world to the gloom of a November evening.

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CHAPTER XI.

MAURICE had left the party with whom he had spent the last two hours far happier than he had found them; Clotilda's beaming eyes were radiant with gladness; throwing her arm over Otho's shoulder, she looked in his face with a mixed expression of tenderness and joy, while a tear to the memory of past trials and sorrows, like a summer drop from an unclouded sky, scarce dimmed the brightness of those dark blue orbs which gazed so lovingly upon him.

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"Are we not now blessed and happy, my Otho," she whispered; "were but our cherished Lewis nestling with infant smiles between us, what long indulged hope could we say was unaccomplished, what desire ungratified, what mercy denied?"

"None, my beloved one, for Heaven has deigned to bless me beyond my deserving through thee; but——"

"But what my Otho?"

"A name, Clotilda," he replied with mortified and earnest expression. "The desired knowledge of a parentage if not noble, at least honest. I will not vex your generous nature by lamenting our inequality of wealth, for could I bestow upon you ten times told the dowry you may bring to me it were freely yours, nor should I for one moment feel that you were my debtor for such worldly dross; but to look on you, good, noble, lovely as you are, and to know that he who holds you peerless among wo-

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men, has not even a name, however humble, which may be joined with yours and transmitted to our children and their posterity, damps even the bliss of calling you mine; now more than ever does it weigh upon my heart, since rescued from oppression and obscurity, honoured and protected, you might claim alliance with the noblest of your land. Oh! deem me not weak or ungrateful, if thoughts so cutting and bitter poison even the joys of such a day as this. Clotilda," he continued, clasping his hands across his face, "I have no name, I can claim no country, no kindred."

"Forbear, Otho, by the love you have sworn to me, by the faith you have plighted with me, forbear to blight me with these sad regrets. Did you woo me from a brilliant court? Did you lure and bear me from a splendid home? Did you lead to the altar a gorgeously apparelled bride, surrounded by a throng of tender relatives,

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g rivals, and admirers? Did you
me from the secluded cloister to
d fane, in lowly garb, oppressed,
, penniless? Oh! think not, my
what my restored rights may
but remember what I was and
w be, but for that generous hero's
d protection, that pride of Germany,
aurice. I have no relatives, my
" she continued tenderly while she
cold hand within her own, "surely
are equal; I have won no honour
edding thee, for being a woman I
ise my name to higher distinction
vidence fixed upon me at my birth,
erved inheritance; but you will be
ler of a line and name which will
ou in posterity, while mine shall sink
and yours be mine and my children's.
o, let not the reflections of such
conventions array themselves in your
in comparison with my pure love,

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which in the blessing of possessing yours holds them but as baubles to cheat the grown children of this world into that order and submission designed for the well being of society. Wealth, title, name, are comprised within the golden circle of your love, your honour is my wealth, your heart, my coronet." Otho clasped her in his arms and begged forgiveness for the expression of those regrets, which pressed most upon him when her beauty and virtue called forth his admiration and displayed her fitness for the state she was entitled to adorn.

Thus it is, the ungrateful and unsatisfied heart of man ever presents some obstacle to perfect happiness, and who among Christians professing its creed of forbearance, humility, and content, can say that in his present enjoyment his heart is satisfied, his desires fulfilled? Like the vexed, restless, and engulphing ocean, he still draws upon every tributary stream which

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can fill to overflowing his fathomless hopes, his boundless wishes; not meekly considering that in Heaven alone can they be accomplished, that in a brief space mortality must cast aside its hopes and its anticipations, and the agony of death be passed ere the boon of perfect and eternal bliss can be awarded to him.

Clotilda allayed, but could not banish from her husband's mind the apprehension that he might be the offspring of guilt. The good father had often discussed the point with him, and although he could give him no clue to his parentage, he had detailed to him such slender information as he possessed, which induced the youth at times to believe that although he could not trace his origin, there was no reason to suppose that any stigma was attached to his birth. Under his care, Otho had been reared from infancy to manhood; he had known no other father; from no other hand had

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he received benefits; to him alone he owed the means which had forwarded him in the path of glory, in order to pursue which, when he found his pupil so steadfastly averse to a religious life, he had spared no pains to fit him. Possessing high powers and a liberal mind, Otho could not have found a more rational friend or more able instructor than his benefactor. In his holy missions, he had traversed many countries, and was free from the bigotry engendered by the trammels and seclusion of a strictly monastic life. His superiors found that his gentle persuasions and reasonable indulgence brought more wanderers back, and held their brethren more steadfastly in the Catholic faith than any denunciations from them could do. On its abuses he was silent; he contented himself with not taking advantage of and avoiding the practice of them. His arms against heresy were mild exhortations, charity, the

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example of true apostolic piety, and a blameless life. To him, therefore—although often condemning his leniency—they more frequently entrusted the task of preventing defections and healing schisms; where he could not approve or convince, he tolerated; and thus, as well as the friendship and influence which he enjoyed with the cardinal of Trent who was sincerely attached to Maurice, he possessed through him that Prince's confidence. His missions were wide and frequent, and on many of these Otho had accompanied him. In this manner his pupil early received the useful lesson to judge mankind, but to judge them as a Christian, mercifully, and without prejudice; to shape his behaviour by the pure example of his mentor's conduct, and to emulate him in that learning and those acquirements which are noble distinctions even in the eyes of the ignorant; engines of power, more particularly in those times when put

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in operation to propel the frail and
into the ways of truth and holiness.

The Countess, who was seated at
distance and engaged in earnest dis
with Henry and Mathilda, heard n
of the conversation between her g
Henry, who had excused himself fro
companying the Duke and his uncl
energetically urging an immediate
with his cousin.

"When so fitting a time?" he said.
siege is ended; all operations of wa
be suspended during the winter mo
indeed I know that it is the Ele
intention to dismiss his own Saxon su
to their homes, to pay off his mercen
and peaceably enjoying the society
Duchess, to regulate during his leisu
affairs of his own states.

The Countess smiled, and asked
the Elector had made him his confidan
was not usual for his Highness to

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unicative, even to his most confidential
ters. Henry acknowledged that he
d partly from report; he knew that
di had by command, arrived from Wit-
rg the evening before the capitulation,
as making arrangements for the pay-
of the troops. If the Countess would
ook from the window at which they
seated, she would see that the season
ome when it was impossible to keep
eld. Duke Maurice was much too
nt a general to hazard such an attempt
if war was in progress; if they were
ed now, they would have months of
uil enjoyment before them.

must confess, Henry," replied the
tess, smiling, "that time presses, both
ilda and yourself are of an age which
nds dispatch, lest gray hairs should
le in your bridal wreaths; and you are
also fraught with experience to struggle
uncertain fortune and family cares."

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"Thus it ever is," replied Henry pettishly, "my youth is quoted against me. One spares my life in compassion to my tender years; another, some three or four years my senior, thinks the stripling an unworthy antagonist, and—"

"And another," interrupted his aunt, finishing his speech for him, "believes that at twenty you can afford time to delay matrimony for a few months. These objections on the score of youth, Henry, must by nature be transient ones; such a reflection must console you for a delay which believe me, arises on our parts from necessity, not caprice. Of the Elector's plans, intentions, or future movements we had better not judge, and certainly not speak unless we would lose his friendship, and give him cause to distrust both our prudence and good faith."

"To none other than yourself," he replied, blushing, "would I have spoken thus

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I had always hoped, that when the
this town was decided, I should be
ed to call my cousin my bride."
s was a structure of your own raising,
for I am sure neither your uncle nor
assisted you to rear it. I cannot
with equal confidence that Ma-
indisposition to help you in the
tion of your building, may have been
dedly shown."
ilda looked at her mother reproach-
nnoyed that she should suspect her
h unbecoming haste, but saw by the
ischief in her parent's eye, that she
belief in this implied accusation,
aning of which was rather an ironi-
nt to Henry, and directly the reverse
words.
t so," answered Henry rather peevish-
y fair cousin seems in no haste to
erself, and call her lover, husband,

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but requires a long siege before she will come to terms."

"But I suppose, master Henry, you hope she will surrender at last. I am inclined to think, that if I had courageously repelled your advances in the first instance, you would not have been so well assured of an early capitulation," returned Mathilda.

"I have much inclination," retorted Henry, "to enlist the Elector in my service; Arnoldi says, he is so tender hearted, that he cannot bear to see those for whom he has a regard, unhappy, and he appears to have the power to induce every one to think as he does, and act as he directs, whether or not bound by their duty and allegiance to do so. How soon and ably he quenched that cunning and fiery Baron. My uncle I am sure would not hold out against his wishes."

"Perhaps, my confident cousin, your aunt

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and her daughter might do so; but depend upon it he would raise the siege, which, without the adequate forces of sound arguments, you have so boldly ventured upon."

"Nor would he," joined in his aunt, "under our circumstances, advocate anything so impolitic."

The conversation of all parties was here interrupted by the re-entrance of the Father, who had left them soon after the Baron had been dismissed. Maurice, accompanied by Mansfeldt and Heideck, had gone to the Senate House to receive the oaths of fidelity and allegiance, from the people of Katzenellenbogen and Dietz.

The Father requested Otho's attention for a few minutes, and withdrew with him into an antechamber. On their return, Augustine took Clotilda's hand, and told her he was come to bid her adieu for a time.

"What! so soon, good Father? I have

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much to say before you leave us; advice and kindness to ask from you."

"I know your wishes, my daughter; of all temporal affairs, your welfare and that of your husband is ever uppermost in my thoughts, and nearest my heart: I must not linger."

He gave her his blessing, and bidding the rest of the party farewell, left them.

Thumelda received her lady with looks of anxious enquiry. She had awaited her coming with all the impatience of affection. She had observed Reiterstein leave the Castle, and conceived, from his rapid movements and impatient gestures to his attendants, who were waiting for him, that he had met with some rebuff. He did not mount his horse, but dismissed his grooms, as she judged by their tarrying some time to joke with the lacqueys and loitering soldiers. Soon after his departure, as she continued to watch the movements of those below, she

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Elector and his retinue come
ount their horses, and pass into the

gan to fear that all had not gone
thly as she had hoped, since her
ate mistress did not appear to re-
suspense. She found no occupa-
er taste, or which could engage her
for two minutes together. When
ements in the court yard could
no further information, she paced
restlessly, then opened the ward-
nd made a selection of the most
nd becoming attire for Clotilda's
nt. Apprehension came over her,
ther more simple was drawn forth;
too plain; another and another was
and rejected, none fixed upon; and
vercome by anxiety, she threw her-
a seat, more inclined to weep than

da found her surrounded with the

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contents of her wardrobe, for almost unconsciously she had distributed over the apartment pretty nearly the whole stock of gear committed to her custody; sitting with her hands crossed, and her eyes fixed on the door, the poor girl did not move. She had worked herself up to a state so nearly approaching agony, that she had no longer the power when Clotilda entered, to ask what she so much desired to know. Her Lady's beaming face told the tale she wished to hear, and throwing herself into her arms, she wept for joy.

Clotilda felt deeply the good maiden's attachment; no greater proof was needed, for she was of a buoyant nature, and had always displayed fortitude upon trying occasions. Though full of tenderness and feeling, tears with her were rarities, in which she was seldom wont or inclined to indulge. Clotilda pressed her to her bosom, and making her take a seat by her side,

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gave her an account of all that had passed with Maurice's able exposure of Reiterstein's villany.

"The good Father, where is he gone?" she enquired.

"He would not say," replied her mistress, "I trust he will not expose himself to the Baron's revenge."

"Never fear, my lady; that noble will not incur, or call down upon himself the vengeance of the church, by an open attack upon one of its most valuable, venerable, and esteemed members. Now his dark deeds have come to the Duke's knowledge, if any mischance befals the Father, he will be instantly suspected; he will rather select a humbler victim on whom to wreak his malice."

Clotilda arose looking round with some surprise.

"May I ask Thumelda your motive for this unusual display of my wearing ap-

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parel?" then taking up a dress of white and gold brocade—"Is not this a costly contrast to the coarse and humble garments in which we made our escape from the home of my fathers, and their tattered condition when we arrived here? Yet how little thought did personal decoration then cause me; how little care when I discovered that it was my husband who had guided me to the lone hut on that wild moor."

Thumelda laughed when she surveyed the quantity and confusion of the finery she had collected, and how industrious she had been in displaying such a variety. Clotilda restrained herself from joining in her mirth, however much disposed to do so, for the distress of mind which had caused Thumelda thus unconsciously to bestrew the room with the contents of the presses, demanded a more respectful feeling, as it showed a devoted attachment far too precious to be a fit subject for jesting.

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Thumelda, not satisfied with the relation she had received, found still a hundred questions to ask, while she busied herself in remedying the disorder she had created. Thrice was her patient mistress obliged to repeat her tale. The gratitude of her humble companion to the noble Duke for his protection of her relatives, knew no bounds; she only lamented he was not Emperor, and that her lowly station precluded her from approaching him to speak her gratitude. For the first time she avowed that she envied the noble birth of her beloved lady, who had the power to do so, though she did not believe that so generous a Prince would deny or disdain the thanks of his meanest subject. She became at last, sufficiently composed to assist Clotilda in preparing her toilet to join the guests who were to assemble and await the Duke's return and appearance among them at the hour of the banquet.

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CHAPTER XII.

DURING Maurice's sojourn in Magdeburg, he made every arrangement for the peace and good order of the town. The preachers had excused themselves as well as they could do to his counsellors, Fuchsen, Carlevitz, and Mordeysm, for their libels, lampoons, satirical pictures, and preachings against him, and defended also their accusations, that he was fighting to subvert the Protestant faith, to which he still protested his steady adherence, with his intention to

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advocate and uphold it through his ambassadors at the Council of Trent; he then directed prayers to be offered up in all the churches for the Emperor and himself conjointly.

At an early hour on a November morning, the army began to file through the gates by troops and companies; it is unnecessary to say that Reiterstein and his regiment were not among them. Heideck surveyed the passing troops with the scrutiny of an experienced officer.

The best disciplined and appointed drew from him the exclamations of "Good! admirable!" a "Pshaw!" expressed his disapprobation. Maurice was amused by the involuntary remarks which fell from him, and which were drawn forth by the soldier's critical eye.

"Under your drilling, Count," observed the Duke, "some of these fellows, who are but raw recruits, might do me good service

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in persuading the Emperor to release my unhappy father-in-law."

This was said sorrowfully and bitterly.

"It were a pity to disband them, your Highness, for they will not improve by a winter of idleness."

"Duke George will not suffer them to make a long and listless holiday," he replied; "as for my good Saxons, I can rely upon and command them into the field at any time; if Reiterstein has retired for good from the camp, he has carried with him some portion of my mercenaries, but such can be well and profitably spared, especially under such a leader; we may possibly regain the Landgrave's liberty without the aid of such marauders."

"If," said the Count, "the necessity of such forcible persuasion arises, and your Highness determines to use it, Heideck's arm, and what skill he possesses in military

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shall not be wanting to aid in the
d dutiful cause."

nkly then," replied Maurice, "to
eideck—who will keep faithfully the
s and trust reposed in you—I con-
at if all other means shall fail to
to freedom my honoured father-
who unfortunately relied upon my
hich I passed because I believed I
e power to save him from the igno-
ith which he has been treated, and
ance which he has suffered, it is my
o have recourse to arms, and force
peror to redeem my honour, also his
and to dismiss his much-abused
r. My reputation is tarnished by
t of faith, my integrity doubted by
dred, my truth and rectitude denied
est men. No, Heideck, if remon-
, representation, and entreaty fail
uce the result I have but too long

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meditated upon, laboured and waited for, and that, for the vain glory of carrying princes captive in his train like caged beasts, he still refuses to do us justice; I must to arms, nor suffer such a stigma to taint my name now and for ever. I am not willing to rush headlong to such extremes, cancelling my attachment to him, and much of obligation which I owe him. The course is painful as well as perilous, and must cost me and my subjects, who are dear to me, a heavy sacrifice."

Heideck's eye brightened, not because the Duke's probable final determination would secure to him an occasion to display his great military talents, not because he sought to revenge his own wrongs, not because success might release him from the ban which made him a beggar and an outlaw, not for all these reasons, any one of which was sufficient to influence him, without disparagement to the character

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which he bore for uprightness and probity, but as an honest man, and sincerely attached to Duke Maurice, did the integrity of his heart throw light into his eyes, expand his open brow, and cause him to rejoice in the resolution which he had before heard whispered, but which was now confirmed; a resolution which would possibly punish a proceeding so treacherous on the Emperor's part, and disprove the slander of lukewarmness against one whom he honoured for his abilities, loved for his warm friendships and kindly disposition, admired for his bravery, graceful figure, and winning address.

Maurice advised Mansfeldt to remain for the present with his household in Magdeburg, declared his intention of taking Henry with him, assured Otho, to whom he had given the command of the companies left in the Town, — that he would call upon him for his services in the event of a new campaign

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in the spring, and promised Clotilda that effectual means should be taken to dispossess the usurper of her rights. Five companies only, as we have stated, would be left to burthen the city.

Now then were Henry's hopes overthrown, nay worse, he must part from his beloved cousin. He was inclined to think the Countess must have been privy to the separation, when she refused to haston his nuptials, and if so, he could not blame her precaution although it pressed so hard upon his ardent love and hopes. He must obey; he loved the Elector, and knew that in tearing him from the cherished object of his affections, he was ignorant of the penalty he was imposing upon him. He intended to consult his welfare, and would have grieved, had he known the pain he was inflicting.

At mid-day Maurice headed his Saxon subjects; and those whom he left behind

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sighed as the gates closed on the last trooper.

We must now return to a less worthy personage—Hartorff; who, under the friar's skill, and the widow's nursing, was nearly convalescent. The former had done his utmost to bring him to repentance, as well as to cure his mortal ailments: none knew better than himself the necessity there was for him to amend his ways. The lieutenant bore his exhortations with tolerable temper, because he needed him, and even in his callous mind, there was a spark of human feeling, feeble as it was, towards those who had not spared themselves in order to administer to his relief; but he was too hardened in iniquity, too prone by nature and habit to vice, to entertain with more than patience the friar's admonitions. Since his delirium had left him, and his danger was past, the charitable man had shortened his visits; when the evenings set in, he was punctual, in

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his attendance, and did not leave the widow's roof till the dawn: his cowl was never withdrawn till he retired from Hartorff's bed side, and seated himself in the recess formed by the projection of the chimney, or left the room to take some repose.

The lamp gave but a glimmering light, and thus Hartorff—whose thoughts were always on himself—although he had never seen his benefactor's face, took no note of the circumstance. It might be, (for our chronicle does not mention the precise time,) three days after the Elector had withdrawn his troops, that the friar, (whom we shall call Jerome), entered, at his accustomed hour, the sick man's chamber. He told his patient, that he considered his assistance no longer requisite, entreated him to bear in mind the truths he had endeavoured to impress upon him, imparted some directions for establishing his recovery, then drew forth the purse which Reiterstein had entrusted

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to his charge, and gave him an account of his outlay.

Hartorff's greedy eye was on the coin, Jerome noted the eager, miser look, and acted accordingly; for knowing him as he did, he dared not trust him. The masses happily under providence he said, were not required; he should reserve them with the balance in his hands for the widow's use, and she would not be overpaid; he should place the deposit with those whom he could trust, who would refund it as required and with interest, to supply the poor woman's necessities. Hartorff demanded if no portion of the sum had been left for him, to bear him on his way. The reply was no, for none was needed; at the same time the friar restored to him a well filled purse of golden ducats, which had been found in the pocket of his doublet, out of which Jerome suggested, that in thankfulness for his recovery, which disbursement he would well

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afford, he should leave some alms for the relief of the poor with whom the town abounded.

He now left him, hopeless of his reformation, or that his advice would be followed; nor did he return till Hartorff had quitted the widow's humble abode, and this he was enabled to do in the course of a few days. He was ignorant of the events which took place on the morning succeeding his misadventure, and was as much surprised when he recovered his senses, to learn the message which the Baron had left for him, as astonished that he had quitted the city, or should have stated that he, Hartorff, had any knowledge of his future movements, since nothing had, nor could have been determined between them. He could not account for his desertion from the place which contained the object of his long pursuit, at the moment too when fortune had favoured it by his unlooked for discovery of Clotilda, but he was re-

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solved, to quit his bed as soon as he was able, and to put in activity every stratagem his vigilance could suggest, in order to gain some intelligence which would satisfy his conjectures.

To all his artful questions, "I know not," was the only answer he obtained from Jerome, and indeed this was truly said, for the mendicant friar concerned himself little with any temporal matters, and less with any persons save the poor, among whom he chiefly lived, and to whose wants he administered. Had it been otherwise, his knowledge of Hartorff's character would have made him cautious in his answers.

The hours passed heavily with the lieutenant; these various cogitations upon his master's extraordinary proceedings in part occupied him, but there was neither wine cup, plotting, nor mischief to fill up the tedium of his monotonous leisure. It is not wonderful, that as his returning strength

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enabled him for the first time to leave his confined dwelling for the open air, he rejoiced in his release. With impatience he prepared to stroll forth, and hastily reached to take down his hat from the peg on which his careful hostess had hung it: on passing his hand round the inside to give it a better form, (for as well as its owner, it had suffered from the fall, and was somewhat out of shape,) he found a small slip of paper, fastened to the lining which his scanty learning just enabled him to decipher, "Reiterstein, or Inspruck." Here was a clue to guide him in his search for the Baron; but as he was still much in the dark, and his ideas of obedience or attachment did not show him the necessity of blindly following that master's directions so implicitly as to depart in ignorance of so much that he wished to know, he determined, even if fit for travel, to delay till his curiosity should be satisfied. His first movement

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the stable, where he had left his
when he assured himself that he
n well cared for, he turned into
hop, one of his usual haunts. There
ned that the army had finally de-
from before Magdeburg; and that
dt remained in the city; all was as if
had ever been; the country people
ssing to and fro to the market, the
were carrying their burthens, the
ics plying their trades, and the
s receiving their congregations; he
ned the force left, and the name of
mander; on the third day of his
ulations, which were more particu-
onfined to the neighbourhood of the
he encountered Thumelda. Before
aware of his proximity, he was by
, and without ceremony addressed
he started at the voice which ac-
ner; although not devoid of some
n spirits, none could have created in

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her so much alarm as the wicked one now beside her. Her beauty had made an impression on his imagination when he first saw her, a fact he had carefully concealed from the Baron when he found that his inclinations tended the same way; but as the fancy had passed from his superior, he was willing to take advantage of the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded him. Konrad had been an object of hatred to him on this account, as well as from jealousy at the preference the Baron had shown for his society, from his superior education which rendered him a more fitting companion for his commander, and the eagerness he had shown to detain him in his service.

He pretended much surprise at the meeting, and congratulated himself upon his good luck Thumelda was too much terrified at the rencontre to make him any reply, but moved forward as quickly as her trem-

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imbs would permit her. Hartorff
ce with her, and still persecuted her
s professions, questions, and odious
ions. At last, compelled to speak
the hope of ridding herself of him,
red him to leave her.

don me, Mistress Thumelda, I am
lant a soldier to quit so pretty a
d one so much to my taste, when
has been so kind as to throw her in
."

not want your protection or your
ation," she replied; "therefore go
y, and cease to molest me."

elda had turned in the direction of
tle, but as the street which led to it
serted, she feared to venture down
had been so rarely in the town, and
little of its bye-ways, or any per-
it, that even if she retraced her
he was not acquainted with any one
m she could apply for assistance.

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At this moment, some of Hartorff's boon companions sallied forth from a neighbouring wine house. He called to them :

"Here, gentlemen, what think you? my wife refuses to bear me company home. I have been in search of her these three hours past."

"It is false," screamed Thumelda, "I am no wife of his."

"But you are pretty enough," observed one, "to be the choice of any man who prizes good looks."

"She is my wife," roared the lieutenant, "and must come with me, so I beg, my friends, you will assist me to teach her her duty, for I fear her claws, which full well I know she can use upon such occasions."

Thumelda, as they caught hold of her, was almost frantic ; spite of entreaty, denial, and cries, they surrounded and hurried her

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on towards an obscure part of the suburbs of the town. Vainly she called for help; her appeals were stifled by Hartorff's placing his hand across her mouth; luckily her last scream, with the hurrying steps of the party, had drawn the attention of some passengers. A crowd soon collected, and followed. Amongst these, was a lacquey belonging to Mansfeldt's household. He caught sight of Thumelda's dress, by which he believed it to be her, for she had bid him a friendly "Good morrow," as she went out. He pushed through the crowd, and found he was not mistaken. He now called upon the bystanders to assist in releasing the poor girl, but Hartorff and his fellows kept them at bay, repeating the falsehood, and adding to it, that the fellow who took her part, had enticed her away from her husband which the other stoutly denied. A general confusion ensued, and the issue for

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Thumelda was doubtful, when Otho suddenly rode up.

"What is this?" he exclaimed.

A hundred voices answered him with different versions. One said, a man carrying home his runaway wife, another, no such thing, when Thumelda's first champion left her, and pushing through the mob, came as close as its jostling members permitted, and called at the top of his voice:

"Mistress Thumelda, Sir Otho, help for her."

In one moment, Otho dashed his horse into the midst of the throng, which opened right and left, the people making way to save themselves from its iron-shod hoofs.

As he got sight of poor Thumelda, who was no longer able to call for help, he cried:

"Seize the villains, seize them."

He made for Hartorff, whose gaunt figure met his eye, as he was still trying to force

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the half fainting girl through the mass of people. He had seen him but once before, when he had entered the city with Reiterstein; but he had not forgotten him, and knew him but too well by name. He called loudly to the trooper who was with him to secure the fellow, but the lieutenant finding he had one in authority to deal with, and one whom he knew would be quickly obeyed, did not linger to be captured. He released his hold and fled with such precipitation, that in a few seconds he was safe from pursuit. He made for the stable, lost not a moment in saddling his horse, called hurriedly at the widow's for his cloak, and in an hour had left Magdeburg some miles behind him. His companions, less fortunate, were seized, amidst the shouts and hisses of the people, and led off to finish their day, and spend their night in the town prison.

Otho asked Thumelda no questions, but

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dismounting with the friendly assistance of the lacquey, deposited her safely at the Castle and then went in pursuit of Hartorff.

The prisoners could give no tidings of him; he told them she was his wife, and they believed him. They might with some truth have said they chose to believe him.

Clotilda's distress was great when she received her faithful companion in such a state. Her clothes were torn, she was exhausted, her face deadly pale, and her hair disordered; till restoratives applied had brought her to some composure, she could not relieve her lady's anxiety as to the cause of the pitiable condition in which she had returned.

Otho's search occupied him some hours. He heard at length that a man answering the description given of Hartorff, had been seen riding from the town at a brisk pace. Every stable was sought out, and at length the

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as ascertained, that he had hastily
for his horse. Little doubt remained
e reprobate had absconded; this was
fort to the poor maiden, and those
ned for her.

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CHAPTER XIII.

NOVEMBER was advancing to a close. Henry, as the camp broke up, on the next day but one after Maurice quitted Magdeburg, unwillingly tore himself away, joined the Elector, and accompanied him to Wittemberg.

Clotilda had one care to cloud her bright days, and repress the mirthful laugh as it rose to her lips. Her child—her separation from her darling boy—when she thought on his infant ways, his childish endearments,

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to others, lost to her, on the mother's
which was not there to watch over and
his light slumbers, pray by his couch,
his waking smiles, and receive the soft
; when she thought on the mother's
, and the mother's joys delegated to
, the unbidden moisture would damp
le roses on her cheek, the unconscious
break from her bosom; her happier
hts were centered in her husband.
s high qualities and varied accomplish-
shone daily more conspicuously, and
called forth the love and admiration
ose around him.

nsfeldt and the Countess loved Henry
ir son, and most worthy was the frank
ue hearted youth to be thus cherished
em, but they sometimes wished in com-
g him with Otho, that his energetic
ity had been tempered with the other's
deration; for although he was cheerful
imes even gay, yet in his most mirthful

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moods, he never trespassed upon, drew forth, or taunted the weaknesses of others ; but studied their feelings, and tolerated their peculiarities. With him, temper did not prompt the sneering or bitter speech, nor tempt him to touch upon subjects, which could give pain: he was never betrayed into a partial forgetfulness that good temper, benevolence, and unselfishness, are the main ingredients of good breeding. If he was melancholy, he did not intrude his sadness ; he was brave, but merciful, injustice alone provoked his wrath, falsehood and deceit his contempt: can we wonder at Clotilda's devotion to such a man? When her apprehensions, and a wish to regain possession of her child drew forth a sigh, he quieted her fears and gently answered her longings.

" We must put trust in the Father, beloved one, when he deems it safe, he will give him to our arms."

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He concealed his own, although he deeply shared in her apprehensions.

Thumelda often turned her thoughts in fond remembrance to her parents, and her home; happily she did not know of the disaster which had been brought upon them since they parted. To the Father only had Maurice communicated the intelligence which Hendrick had brought from the mill; thus those most interested were spared a recital which would have robbed them of all repose.

Mansfeldt and Otho found occupation in the discharge of their several duties; the people were attached to a Governor, who had so ably and valiantly defended them, and upheld their rights; he sought and gained their regard; he was popular without cringing to the voices of idle, meddling brawlers; they found him ever ready and willing to redress their just complaints and grievances, and relieve their

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wants but prompt to repress with firmness their disorders; and thus the rigorous winter blossomed with the fruits of peace, when nature's summer produce, sent by the providing hand of Providence, had been trampled to the earth, and rotted in blood by the discords and contentions of ungrateful man, who brings upon himself that misery, privation, and desolation, of which he would complain if inflicted by an unfruitful season, sent from the hand of Him, who tempers his chastisements and extends his mercies. Man, unthankful man, who arraigns and outrages high Heaven by reproaches for the sorrows to which his vices, follies, imprudence, and improvidence alone have subjected him,—who wearies the throne of Grace anew with his supplications for temporal goods which in his thoughless wantoness he has discarded,—heeds not the warning given, persists in sins forbidden, defies the threats, denounces the hopes, but

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condemns, repines at, and resists the punishment. Of such we have not now to speak, of such it is not our present tale to tell, or a deserved retribution to recount; the trials of Otho and Clotilda had been many, but with thankfulness in their hearts for the daily mercies they received, they bent together in lowly meekness at the altar, to pour forth in acknowledgment and humble thanksgiving, that though their deserts were few their blessings were manifold. As hand in hand they rose from the holy spot, the benign face of Augustine beamed mildly, with fatherly love upon them; in silence he spread his hands over them invoking, by an inward prayer, Heaven's blessings upon them, and also in silence he preceded them down the long and lofty aisle, and accompanied them to the Castle. Here they found Mansfeldt, the Countess, and Mathilda, who had been to offer up their prayers with equal devotion at their holy place of worship.

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Augustine left them, and in a few moments returned, followed by Krantz and Thumelda. He placed in the mother's arms her child, the parents gazed in rapture on the beauteous boy, pressed him with fond fervour to their bosoms, twined his tiny arms around their necks, and passed their fingers through his curly, glossy hair—but spoke not—joy hath few words. None would approach, till the first burst of feeling had subsided. The good father looked upon them with pious satisfaction. Thumelda leaning on her father's arm, and pressing closer and closer to his side, viewed alternately with unalloyed delight her parent and the group before her, while the tear stood in the clear grey eye of the sturdy Krantz, who wiped not the drop away, too consciously brave and manly to deny or disguise this testimony from the heart. A precious gem so pure and passionless could not reflect the stigma even of momentary weakness, though it were glistening in a hero's eye.

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At length, calmed from their first transports, Clotilda gave her hand to Krantz, who respectfully kissed the honoured offering, then drawing naerer to the Countess—who stood apart that she might not interrupt their first moments of enjoyment with their restored treasure—said:

"My Otho, joy has made us selfish."

She approached to present the smiling cherub. The Count, as he looked on the lovely boy, turned pale; the Countess was bathed in tears, but when Clotilda held the child near her that she might kiss his rosy lips, she gazed for a moment in agony, uttered a low moan, and fell senseless on the couch by which she was standing.

In alarm they all gathered round her.

"Leave her to me," said the Count mournfully, then raising her with the assistance of Otho and Mathilda, he bore her into the next apartment. Otho returned and closed the door. The heavy sighs and

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sobs which before long reached them, with the comforting voices of her husband and child, told them that nature had found relief. They would not invade the privacy they seemed to seek for the sufferer, nor ask an explanation, which Mansfeldt appeared to avoid, of this sudden illness.

The day was cold, the Countess was not strong, and had endured much anxiety. The scene of such a meeting had doubtless been too much for her; when Mansfeldt returned, he expressed his sorrow that such an unforseen interruption at so joyful a moment should have distressed them. The father now related that, by Maurice's direction, accompanied by Konrad and a sufficient escort he had departed for Reiterstein, the moment after he last quitted them: he was anxious to get the start of the Baron, who he knew would be compelled to wait until the following day for the payment of his regiment, there was no object now to be

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gained by a longer separation from their child; he had cautioned Otho in the few minutes' conversation he had with him, to conceal the reason of his hasty departure, that neither apprehension of the long journey, nor doubts whether and when her child might arrive, should harass the mother's mind. He had travelled rapidly to Reiterstein, but for the sake of the boy—and owing to the longer route which they had decided upon to take to avoid the chance of encountering the Baron, (in case he should bend his steps to the same point, as Maurice expected he would do in order to throw a garrison into his castle and overawe the neighbourhood)—their journey back had been more tedious.

"And our abode," said Krantz, "is turned into a military station, that we may watch his movements, and prevent his forcing payment of the monies due to you, my honoured lady," addressing Clotilda. "A small force is quartered and divided

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between the village and the mill. The Baron will not dare to take an offensive part against the Elector's troops, though in numbers probably inferior to his own: thus I could leave my home with confidence that its inmates were secure. I have given strict charge that none of them shall wander beyond the precincts of the mill. Notice has been given that neither tribute nor rent for any lands not pertaining to the fief are to be paid to him: he will hereafter have to account for what he has already exacted, and they say his parsimonious savings will enable him to make an ample restitution, and leave a surplus. Some proceeds from the estates we have already received."

Thumelda now heard of the peril her family had escaped; Lewis was recovered, and had returned to Leipsic, "and Ludwig, the faithful Ludwig," cried Clotilda and her gentle maiden at the same time.—

"Has been the careful nurse of your boy

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on his journey," replied Augustine; "he was so unhappy at being compelled to remain in the Baron's service, and as no necessity now exists for his doing so, that his father and Krantz consented to release him from the obligation which they had for a time imposed on him. It was not safe for him, after his desertion from the Castle, to remain in the neighbourhood; I assure you he is a tender and watchful nurse, as young Lewis's looks testify."

Ludwig was sent for to receive thanks from the parents of his young charge.

Reiterstein, after he quitted Hartorff, lost no time in mustering his men, and leading them forth from the city, repaired with them to the camp. Few of the tents had been struck; there he dismissed them. galled and restless, he paused but to give hurried orders, put his horse into a gallop, and scoured the plain. After an hour of hard riding, he cried furiously:

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"This is folly," then drew short his rein; his horse, by the violent jerk, was thrown so far back on his haunches, that the rider nearly bit the dust. He gave a hoarse laugh, defied the danger, and again dug deep the rowels of his spurs into the poor animal's sides, and impelled him some distance forward at redoubled speed; by degrees he relaxed his pace, and wheeling round, scarcely retaining the bridle in his hand, which hung loosely over the mane, slowly retraced his way. His looks were haggard, his lips tightly compressed; he lifted his eyes—which hitherto had been bent on the ground—to the fortifications before him, and raising himself upright in his stirrups, shook his clenched fist as if in menace at their grey towers, uttering deep maledictions on those who had driven him thence defeated and disgraced. Never had he experienced such a signal repulse, such deep humiliation; in his insolence, he had more

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than once dared by implication to taunt the Elector, but of all men living, he was the one whom he most feared, the one who had the most power to control his actions, to thwart and crush his plans. For the overthrow he had experienced, for the deep affront he had received, he was not prepared; years of dissimulation and fraud were exposed by him to whom he believed they never would be known; rebuffed, discarded before his enemies, in presence of those who had suffered most from his machinations, what further facts of his former life from evidence or hearsay might not be registered in the archives of the Elector's memory, and written there in indelible characters to be brought hereafter against him? The deeds too, which Father Augustine had placed in the Duke's hands, he could never hope to recover; and the restitution of revenues with which he was threatened—he had no power to revenge, and if he pos-

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sessed the power, the exercise of it would be useless to remedy his blasted projects. From all these discomfitures and every part of his failure, he could not abstract his thoughts, nor reflect with any calmness upon the means to repair in part so many evils. He reached his own quartres, and casting the bridle of his reeking horse to one of his troopers near at hand, rushed into his tent, wiped the clammy moisture from his forehead, and writhed like one possessed by a demon upon his couch; again he started to his feet, and calling loudly for his servitors, demanded wine. The trembling youth who answered his impatient summons, and who dreaded the weight of his stern master's hand, quickly obeyed the call, and as quickly executed the command, glad to escape the bursting of the thunder cloud, which lowered upon the Baron's brow, and threatened a pitiless storm. Goblet succeeded goblet, till spent

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by passion, and overcome by wine, his senses for some hours were in abeyance.

The return of day brought with it no light for him, no dawn to cheer his prospects. To keep so strong a force as he now mustered in his pay, threatened as he was with ruin, was impossible; such could be collected at any time; they were a motley drew, and newly levied, nor did he require one third of the number; their dismissal therefore was decided on. He lost no time in seeking Duke George, told him his intent to disband the greater part of his regiment, and to retire himself with a chosen few; made a composition with him for horses and appointments, then sought the Elector's chancellor, demanded the arrears for his men, mustered and disbanded them to enter Duke George's service if they preferred to do so. With a hundred of the best disciplined and most hardy, leisurely he bent his course—as Maurice had fore-

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told he would do—to Reiterstein. Here new mortification and disappointment awaited him; as he passed onward to the village, soldiers, chosen from the Elector's veteran Saxons, were loitering before the door of the gast-haus, leaning over the low parapet of the bridge, and sauntering along the road, met his eye, and proved that Maurice's words were not idle ones. Rage was gnawing his heart, but awaiting with apparent calmness till his men had filed over the bridge, he dressed them in good order in front of the gast-haus, and rode slowly up the winding steep into the Castle yard. Here, at any rate, some small consolation greeted him; never had he seen all things in such good order, or in such perfect repair; nothing had been neglected, nothing carelessly done; it seemed as if his presence had been looked for; who had ordered and seen to the execution of all this? Ludwig, he was answered. But why was Ludwig

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his post? where was he to receive
raise his diligence merited? no one
no one could tell. At the dawn
days before he was missing, but
er gone they could not say. He had
general directions and commanded
t to be diligent. Soon after the sol-
had marched into the village, and were
ered, some there, some at the mill, he
disappeared. They were peaceable
ell ordered, had molested no one, were
ly with all, and not one had made any
pt to approach the Castle. Brandt
ved, he supposed they were sent there
ep holiday; they drank moderately
was according to Brandt's calculation,
ever stinted his own allowance) of mine
beer and wine. They had made pro-
s somewhat scarce, but paid for what
had; he doubted if they knew them-
the object of their being sent; if
did, they feigned well their ignorance,

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but they seemed tired of their recreation, for save the occasional exchange of some of the men to and from the mill, they seldom wandered from the village.

Reiterstein looked blank and ceased further enquiry. Too well he could explain these things, which puzzled the brains of Brandt, but the sudden absence of Ludwig was a problem he could not himself solve; perhaps he had gone in haste to seek and give him intelligence.

The Baron had no apprehension of an attack upon his Castle; he knew Maurice better; if such had been his intention he would have sent a more adequate force and ordered prompt measures, for although he chose to sneer at his delay before Magdeburg, he was aware that policy—the soundness of which had been proved—and not the habit of dilatory manœuvres, had caused him not to press the siege. No, these men were sent as spies to cage and keep him in

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check while he remained in his own fortress. In the morning he rode forth; all was as on the previous evening, but he soon learned that his finances would not be replenished, or his expenses supported by the revenues from lands which he had so long usurped, and of which he was now dispossessed. He rode in the direction of the mill; there again all was in tranquillity, the labourers employed as usual, but the damage he had done to the dwelling had been repaired, and it was now in a better state than before. The soldiers scattered round the premises took little notice of him, except by a respectful salutation.

The protection of the soldiers was a great comfort to Theresa, whose terror of the dark Baron and fear of the vengeance he would take upon her husband, kept her in continual alarm; since Clotilda first sought an asylum under their roof, she had ceased to be the blithe and merry body she had

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been before; she was care-worn, thoughtful, and spoke almost in whispers, as if she feared to awaken some savage beast of prey, or that she might lose some sound which would warn her of approaching danger.

The miller, grieved to see the partner of his youth and the comfort of his fire-side thus languid, redoubled his kindness and tried to banish those fears which were not for herself, but him. With satisfaction she saw their boy depart though scarcely convalescent, for at Leipsic she knew he would be safe; she hoped that Thumelda was now equally removed from harm; the security they enjoyed brought back the merry jest, the joyous laugh, and light snatches of gay songs; she busied herself with untiring zeal to make her guests comfortable and succeeded so well, that those quartered in the village looked to the rotation of exchange with eagerness. Without solicita-

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hey offered to give their share of the
· required, in order to forward any
onal work going on at the mill; and as
athered round the wide chimney cor-
an evening, those who had partaken
e fray which had so nearly ended
to the house and its inmates, loved
eat the tale of its attack and their
nce. This was no tax upon their
ies, for the wounds received by Carl
Gantz although healed, still reminded
when the cold blast blew over the
that the pain did not pass entirely
he cure. Theresa's gratitude to them
eir brave defence of herself and her
nd theirs for her indefatigable nurs-
y and night, had so firmly cemented
nutual regard and good will, that the
ctions of master, mistress, and servant,
nearly abandoned in the interest they
n each other's welfare.

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The honest Krantz, till his departure with Augustine worked harder than ever, and allowed himself no indulgence in which his means would not permit him to offer them a participation; the soldiers after hearing a recital of their courageous conduct told by Schultz and confirmed by Theresa, thought their present companions worthy to serve even their brave Maurice.

The good pastor and his wife lamented their separation from their young charge, who had become endeared to them; wondered why he was brought if he was to be so soon removed, but the affection of their good and dutiful Konrad, was a blessing which lightened this transient disappointment. With the delicacy of those of more refined habits, they abstained from questions. Ludwig came for him as he had left him, without making any observation. Krantz had given them notice that they must give him up

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demanded: he left a sum in acknow-
ent of the care they had taken of him
had added many comforts to their
e dwelling.

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CHAPTER XIV.

When Hartorff believed himself safe from pursuit, he considered it unnecessary to persist in his present speed, but that it would be prudent to leave the more beaten track, still keeping as near as he could in the direction he had proposed to take: a small stream lay in his path, this he readily forded; just beyond this narrow boundary, the ground rose gradually till it formed an eminence which commanded a view of those plains beneath from which he had just di-

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rged. He dismounted, keeping in front of horse that his figure might be less conspicuous to those in the level country, supposing any should have thought it worth while to continue their search for him.

When he had attained this elevation, he and the country on the other side again into a valley, which was covered some miles with a thick wood. He mounted and made for this shelter; being ridden some distance under its friendly covert, he selected a convenient for his horse to browse, and still retaining the bridle in his hand sat down on a bank to hold commune with himself as to the most judicious manner of proceeding for his own interest. During Amelda's struggle to free himself from he had torn off a small locket, which suspended by a ribbon from her neck; he now remembered, and drew from his locket; it contained hair with a K, rather

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rudely scratched on the inside; he did not doubt it was a love token from Konrad, and was about to trample it under foot when another thought seemed to occur to him. With a malicious grin, he concealed it carefully in the lining of his doublet; he then set himself to reflect upon his plans.

It seemed to him that the Baron's star had ceased to be in the ascendant, and the question was, whether it would be better to join him according to his directions, or to leave him before it should sink below the horizon of his good fortune. His conscience would present no obstacle to any association or service which might hold out more lucrative prospects; he had never scrupled to draw liberally upon him for as much as would enable him to indulge in his dissipations; he could not complain either of any restraint put upon him, (for he always managed by trickery, threats, arguments, or insolence, to have his own way, and

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made his commander submit to that
the question was, could he do better?
oubts respecting the present state of
aron's affairs, which had given rise to
cogitations, disabled him equally from
g to any decision. He had in posses-
purse well plenished with ducats,
aster's horse, and his master's secrets,
n easy conscience and plenty of as-
e:—a good stock in trade he con-
l for a man bent upon pushing his
e. It was clear from the directions
his hat, that Reiterstein was no longer
ne Duke, but whether so suddenly ab-
ng had been his voluntary act, in con-
ce of the army being disbanded, was
uestion? if such had been the case,
uit it before that event took place?
nention Inspruck? He had no pre-
on for being cooped up in Reiterstein
or the winter months, much less for
lefinite period. Should he at once

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make for Inspruck? if he did so, and the Baron not there, he should miss his errand and spend his money, for he knew that he should not be re-imbursed for his disobedience of orders. A new thought struck him; what if he made a *détour* by Wittemberg, to which place report said the Elector was gone? he might pick up some intelligence useful to decide his future movements, and which would be acceptable to the Baron in the event of his joining him, and cover his own irregularity: indeed it was at his option to mention his having been there at all, as the lamentable state in which he was when the Baron quitted him, left him to his own discretion as to time. While he was passing these matters in review, the night was closing in and hunger was becoming troublesome; there was every prospect that he must shelter supperless — and without other covering than his cloak, in his present quarters; in fact it was already too dark

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to pursue his journey. Removing his horse's bridle, he examined his pistols; it was not long before a young hare rewarded his accurate aim, and was timely provided to appease his craving. It was soon prepared and swinging on three cross sticks over the embers of a fire, composed of the dead wood which was abundantly scattered around. While his supper was thus in progress, he managed to cut down some boughs wherewith to form a tolerable shelter; water was at hand; his cooking—and soon after his meal—completed, he replenished his fire, and crept into his lair. We will leave him to enjoy his bivouac on a cold night in November; we need not report the after stages of his journey, his personal accommodation being neither a necessary recital, nor likely to interest our readers; suffice it to say, that after a circuitous route, he found himself not far from the gates of Wittemberg, endeavouring to lay out in

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his own mind a map of his future proceedings. While thus engaged, a horseman struck into the main road from a bye path at some distance before him. He soon made that distance less, but still kept sufficiently in the rear that the clatter of his charger's heavy trot might not attract attention, and cause the stranger to turn round, while he in following could make his own observations, for in his present position to be on his guard was to ensure self-preservation. He was conscious that he was in some sort thrusting himself into the lion's den, therefore he slouched his hat more over his face and drew his cloak carefully around him. These were not needless precautions.

The figure in advance of him resembled that of Konrad; the horse, if not black John, must be his duplicate. His doubts did not endure long, for when the rider turned round as if to view the bearings of the country he had just quitted, Hartorff

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had no hesitation as to the identity of Horn Book, as he designated him. Konrad did not appear to notice him; indeed the other was too closely enveloped to be recognised, even at the few yards which were between the secretary and his self-constituted groom.

He continued to ride on at a moderate though steady pace, till he cleared the gates of the town. As many were passing through, the lieutenant contrived to do the same without exciting any particular attention. He watched Konrad till he entered the Castle, then returned and put up his horse at a small inn in the suburbs, partook of some refreshment, and sallied forth again into the city to make himself master of its localities. In this way the rest of the day was spent. On the succeeding one he turned his attention to a review and alteration of his apparel. In the scuffle it had suffered some damage by rent, in his travel some disfigurement from soil, and

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thus the gloss of newness was now a record of many months' standing.

Hartorff's countenance was stamped rogue in such plain characters, that rogues did not attempt to overreach him; he was suspected and avoided by honest men; his face was a passport to the unscrupulous as a companion of their own calling; the unsuspicious generally paid for their hardihood if they disregarded the instinct which taught them avoidance, for the sign hung out on his features did not promise more than would be found within.

With these personal advantages for making a bargain, he obtained from the Jews a substantial burgher suit of broad brown cloth moderately laced, short cloak, hat, and hose, at a more reasonable price than another could have done, and congratulated himself that he had not changed his money to a disadvantage. He now got his hair, beard, and eyebrows trimmed to correspond,

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burgher fashion, he assumed a slight stoop, discarded every military appearance, then returned to his lodging, dressed himself in his recently acquired apparel, found a tailor to repair his fractured garments, and removed himself and his horse into a better quarter of the town. At the inn he represented himself as a burgher from Ghent, but declined to traffic till he had become more acquainted with the commerce of the city; for as he was in easy circumstances, he could afford himself some leisure; moderate gains at small games kept his purse tolerably replenished, without incurring suspicion of mal-practices, nor did he confine the contributions he thus levied to one quarter of the city. He had no desire to encounter Konrad, but kept spy upon his movements; when he occasionally caught a glimpse of him, he was generally alone. Couriers were continually coming and going in haste, but as to the object of their jour-

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nies, the lieutenant found no one who could reply satisfactorily to the many artful questions which he proposed to them. They supposed—they imagined—they guessed—as men do, who are ashamed to confess ignorance before a stranger as he professed himself to be, upon the events passing in their own city or perhaps in their neighbour's house, which nevertheless may be no part of their business to enquire into or know. He found some of their conjectures improbable, some he knew could not be true, some such as would not answer his purpose if true, and those that would, not based upon a foundation sufficiently accurate for his guidance. One general assertion was made and one belief pervaded all classes, that Maurice was unhappy at the long detention of the Landgrave of Hesse, and galled beyond measure that he had failed in all his negociations and remonstrances to obtain his liberation.

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In this state of uncertainty he remained for three days, and began to debate upon the propriety of beating a retreat, although most unwilling to do so. He could not carry on the character he had assumed much longer without incurring suspicion, for it would soon become notorious that he neither associated with merchants, nor had merchandise to dispose of. Each day he bartered for, and made some alteration in his dress and appearance, till Hartorff could scarcely be recognised as Hartorff.

He had again changed his quarters, on pretence of being nearer to his business; the town was far too full, the people too glad their brave Elector had returned, and too eager to take advantage of the concourse of persons now assembled, and to advance their own concerns, to take much note of a stranger, who was more sparing of his cash and his communications, than of his questions; neither since his metamorphosis was

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there anything remarkable in his person to attract attention. He looked much what he professed to be, a trader in easy circumstances.

On the fourth afternoon after his arrival, feeling rather depressed and wavering as to the success of the step he had taken, he wandered to that unfailing resource for the idle, the bridge, and was soon diverted from other thoughts by watching the struggles which the small craft on the river were making to free themselves from the ice which had already begun to impede the navigation of the Elbe, listening to the vociferation of the boatmen, and viewing their efforts to gain a landing and secure their boats before nightfall. This sight was a gratifying pastime to the taste of the looker-on; the annoyances of others were ever subjects of merriment to him; he loved to see his own species struggle and fail, as had often been his own fate; as his con-

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science was generally, from long practice, under his control, he could stifle its warnings, when occasionally it would rebel, to point out that his disappointments were not undeserved; but this unusual effort of his monitor, instead of creating or awakening any good feeling, only provoked and stirred him up the more to rejoice in the failure and the misery of those more worthy than himself; he was so deeply absorbed by the objects and the contests below, that the passengers on the bridge shared for the present no portion of his attention, when a smart tap on the shoulder, and "Make way for the Elector," curtailed his amusement, and pointed out to him the necessity of taking some heed to his self-preservation. He was obliged to stand upright, and like a pilaster press close to the parapet. There was no time to rush forward, for some horsemen had passed as soon as the word was spoken, and others in the rear choked up

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the whole way, so that there was more danger of his being effectually flattened against the wall, than that the ice would crush the frail barks in the river below. The other passengers aware of the approaching cavalcade, had turned and left the bridge, or had passed rapidly forward, so that the sham burgher was the only person likely to be endangered by the advancing company. The grooms were as heedless of Hartorff's danger, as Hartorff would have been of theirs under similar circumstances; but Maurice—who was never wanton of human life, and who never punished with death, when necessity did not demand its sacrifice—called to them to halt.

"See ye not the man?" he cried; "take more heed, varlets."

The horsemen who were in front pressing on the lieutenant, reined in, and by Maurice's command filed over the bridge two abreast, himself performing the same ma-

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nœuvre, thereby releasing Hartorff from his dangerous position. After they were passed, he continued to gaze on the receding horsemen, and rubbing his hands with a chuckling laugh, said in an under tone:

"Schwendi with him, this is good; if I know anything of draughts, while the Colonel plays his game at Wittemberg, master Maurice will not be crowned King."

This reflection seemed to afford him so much satisfaction, that boat or boatmen no longer engaged his surveillance; he paraded backwards and forwards for some time, and then repaired to one of those resorts, (to seek an opponent at his favourite game,) where drinking and gambling go hand in hand to assist the trade of sharpers and ruin the unwary. He did not long wait for an adversary: a man soon presented himself as a challenger; he was of rather low stature and slender form, about forty, with a suppleness of body and gesture, serpentlike;

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his cap was set so much on one side of his head, that it overshadowed an eye and part of his face, so that his profile could not have been accurately limned on that side, nor could the cast of his full face be obtained by a front view; the one eye which was visible, was rarely lifted to the person with whom he conversed; he seemed, either from defective sight or habit, to keep it half closed; his mouth, rather drawn down at the sides, gave a gravity and discontented expression to the lower part of his countenance; his voice was low, but distinct, his speech deliberate, with a slight foreign accent; he made a waving bow to Hartorff, and commenced quietly to place the men, his small fingers gliding almost imperceptibly over the board. Hartorff saw in this simple preliminary, that he would have one to oppose his skill who was accustomed to the game, he therefore declined the wine cup as a prelude to their play. The game

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proceeded, and the lieutenant's men disappeared from the chequered board, he hardly knew how, before the traps his opponent laid for him; he raised his eyes from the game and observed, looking in his adversary's face:

"I doubt friend, but I have found in you my match."

"Those who play for kings sometimes do," replied the other drily, removing a man whom Hartorff had pushed forward for promotion. The expression of his mouth as he said this was peculiar. As they advanced in their play, the lieutenant was of opinion that his kreutzers were in jeopardy, when some movement in the room drew for a moment the attention of the other from the board, "A huff," cried Hartorff, sweeping off two men.

"What! you guiltyof an oversight, Master Bortoni? I reckon you'll pocket a huff more

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quietly than the loss of your money, or your reputation for playing a deep game."

In the speaker Hartorff recognised Hendrick's voice, and kept his head bent down.

"What! you back so soon, friend Hendrick? what news do you bring?"

"All that concerns you, Master Bortoni; that the Emperor continues to pay his spies well; the rest of my news is contained in the despatches I have delivered with my own hands," (this was said with a malicious smile) "to the Elector, which I did not read by the way to sell the contents to you for your Master's information."

"Perhaps, Master Hendrick, you are indebted to your ignorance for your honesty."

"Or," interrupted Hendrick, "that a certain person was not at my elbow in the shape of Master Bortoni, to help my deficiency, or bribe me out of my trust."

Turning on his heel he left the com-

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batants to finish their game, not appearing to have noticed Hartorff, whose back was towards him.

"A rough chap," observed Bortoni, with an enquiring look at his companion.

"So it seems," replied Hartorff, "and not over respectful in his comparisons or remarks."

"He is not one of us," answered the other, bowing graciously, "merely a rough-random soldier; such blind tools are useful at the court of Wittemberg."

"He pretends then to be sharper than he is," said Hartorff, "he seems to be a blustering fellow."

"You say truly good burgher, for I believe you are one of that respectable body from Ghent, how fare matters in that part of the world?"

"At present I know not," quoth Hartorff, "it is some time since I left that city, and

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may be long before I return, if, as I propose, I should travel south."

"Perhaps some rare manufacture for the Emperor's notice."

"Just so," said Hartorff.

"Hum! I fear I cannot stake with you again to-night, master burgher," at the same time laying on the table a half thaler; "to-morrow, at the same hour, if it suits you."

Hartorff looked at the coin, and made a move to give the change; but the other, who saw his wish to retain the whole, repeated "To-morrow," and glided from the room.

Hartorff sat for some time, revolving with complacency in his mind what had passed. It was pretty evident that Bortoni was not in Maurice's service; who he might be, he must exert his wits to find out. Having quaffed and refreshed himself with the wine which the other had provided but left un-

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touched, he strolled forth to consider how he should come at the knowledge of this fact, which it concerned him so much to know. He was at a loss where or to whom to direct his inquiries; for, be it remembered, he was still a stranger in the city, and in his assumed character must direct his researches with caution.

Accident gave him a clue which was valuable for his guidance, although it did not lead at once to the discovery of the points upon which he desired to be informed. As he turned the corner of a narrow street into one of the main thoroughfares, he saw Hendrick parading up and down before a tavern, as if waiting for the arrival of some one. He advanced cautiously; and while the trooper was beyond the tavern with his back to him, he slipped into the house, and soon ensconced himself in an obscure corner of the common room, no part of which could boast much light, as the day was on the

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wane, and the narrow casements at any time admitted but a small portion of this Father of Nature.

No one had observed his entrance; feigning sleep, he listened for some time to Hendrick's measured tramp, as the clank of his heavy sword every now and then hit against his long spurs. A hearty voice of greeting in the trooper's deep tones, assured him that the friend for whom he was waiting had arrived; but some minutes elapsed before they entered the room where the lieutenant had secured his listening position. The two or three persons who were sitting at the table drinking when he first stole in, having emptied their cups and resumed their caps, rose to pay their reckoning and depart. Hendrick called to mine host and bade him use despatch, for it was time for him to visit his quarters.

As the trooper stooped to enter the low doorway, he addressed his companion :

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"Well, Master Konrad, how find you our Elector's city of Wittemberg? Why, man," eyeing him from head to foot, "you do not fatten in his service."

"I have like you Hendrick, had much hard riding, and the Elector, as you know, keeps late vigils."

"Ay, and early matins too Konrad; and in good truth, he hath need to keep his eyes open, and those in his service their tongues idle, while he is so besieged in his own capital by spies. By my sword, if I were he, but I would tie them with a hempen cord into a bundle, and chuck the vermin over the bridge like garbage, to feed the fishes."

"Not so easy, Hendrick; the Elector desires peace; and this cast into the Elbe, which you recommend as a lodging for the Emperor's subjects who are sent to him as guests, would be likely to cast him into a war. He will not manage matters, believe me, after your fashion; although I should

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be right glad myself to see Schwendi, his wily valet, and some others I could name abiding at the court, on their road to Inspruck."

"If I had them tied to my stirrup-leathers, I would help their speed," cried Hendrick in wrath. "I found that snaky Italian fellow Bortoni at his tricks to-night, and longed to twist his pliable body into a knot and send him out of the window. His oily tongue and bright thalers will corrupt half the population, if he be suffered to prowl about like a jackal as he is, into every corner, and at all hours as he does. It would be useless to thrash the fellow; you might as well cudgel a leathern bag stuffed with chaff, for I verily believe he hath no bones. The impudent varlet had the hardihood, too, to call me friend! — Friend, indeed! I would as soon drain the cup of good fellowship with the demon of the Hartz as with him."

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"He has wasted some of his civilities on me," responded Konrad; "but when I see him approaching, I flourish my ashen cudgel (which taught that prince of rogues and bullies Hartorff, manners) at arm's length round my head, and keep him at a respectful distance."

"By the bye, Konrad," interrupted the trooper, "I measured the flat of my sword upon the long back of that imp of darkness you have mentioned, and gave him a taste of the strength of my arm, which he did not, I fancy, forget for a while."

"I have a long story to tell you," said Konrad, "of what occurred just after you started him from the hall, and yourself from the Castle, that night; but this relation will amuse you as we go on our way."

Hendrick soon finished his tankard, and they left the lieutenant undiscovered in his corner, to digest the agreeable things which had just been spoken of him. Such eulo-

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giums generally fell to his lot when his back was turned. He stole away as he had entered, unobserved—quite satisfied that Bortoni was just the person whom he had come to seek.

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At last the inhabitants of the town beginning to suffer distress from want of provisions, and Maurice finding it impossible to protract measures any longer, without filling the Emperor with such suspicions as might have disconcerted all his measures, he concluded a treaty of capitulation.—*Robertson's Charles the Fifth*, vol. iv. p. 43.

Magdeburg, its name signifies the maiden city, which some imagine took its name from the temple of Venus, which is said to have stood here anciently, and to have been destroyed by Charlemagne.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xii. p. 345, *Edin.* 1823.

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Ce fut en ce tems là que Lazare Schwendi vint au camp, de la part de l'Empereur, pour veiller sur la conduite de Maurice, dont la lenteur, et les frequens petits combats, donnoient aux Impériaux lieu de croire, qu'il affectoit de tenir le siége en longueur.—*De Thou*, tome i. livre vi. p. 438, 4to. ed. Londres.

Much about this time, Lazarus Schwendi came to the camp, that in the Emperor's name he might assist Duke Maurice with his counsel.—*Sleidan*, book xxii, p. 504.

"But through this very channel by which he expected to gain access to all Maurice's councils, and even to his thoughts, such intelligence was conveyed to him as completed his deception. Maurice fortunately discovered the correspondence of the two traitors with Granvelle, but instead of punishing them for their crime, he dexterously availed himself of their fraud, and turned his own arts against the bishop. He affected to treat these ministers with greater confidence than ever; he admitted them to his consultations; he seemed to lay open his heart to them, and taking care all the while to let them be acquainted with nothing but what it was his interest should be known, they transmitted to Inspruck such accounts as possessed Granvelle with

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a firm belief of his sincerity as well as good intentions.—*Robertson's Charles the Fifth*, vol. iv. book x. p. 69; *Melvil. Mémoires*, fol. edit. p. 12.

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This treaty was concluded on the 5th of October, some time before Magdeburg surrendered, and the preparatory negociations were conducted with such profound secrecy, that of all the princes who afterwards acceded to it, Maurice communicated what he was carrying on to two only—John Albert, the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg, and William of Hesse, the Landgrave's eldest son. — *Robertson's Charles the Fifth*, vol. iv. p. 61; *De Thou*, tome ii. livre viii. p. 87.

" Les conditions furent que le Roi de France et les Princes Protestans déclareroient ensemble la guerre à l'Empereur, pour conserver la liberté du corps Germanique, et pour tirer le Landgrave de Hesse de la captivité où il étoit depuis quatre ans.—*De Barre*, tome viii. p. 839.

Some also the Emperor wholly excluded from his grace, as being more notorious rebels; and amongst these were Duke George of Wirtemburg, Albert Count Mansfeldt, John Count Heideck, and the Counts of Ottinghen, father and son, &c. &c.—*Sleidan*, book xix. p. 436.

La rigueur excessive de l'Empereur se fit sentir à plusieurs seigneurs en particulier, auxquels il ne

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voulut faire aucune grace. De ce nombre furent Georges, frere du Duc de Wirtemberg, Louis d'Oettingen, Albert de Mansfeld, et Jean de Heideck, dont tous les biens furent confisqués.—*P. Barre*, tome viii. p. 756.

Before the terms of capitulation were settled, Maurice had held many conferences with Albert Count Mansfeldt, who had the chief command in Magdeburg. He consulted likewise with Count Heideck, an officer who had served with great reputation in the army of the league of Smalkalde, whom the Emperor had proscribed on account of his zeal for that cause, but whom Maurice had, notwithstanding, secretly engaged in his service, and admitted into the most secret confidence.—*Robertson's Charles the Fifth*, vol. iv. book x. p. 44.

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November 3, Count Heideck came from Duke Maurice to Magdeburg, and having called out the officers of the garrison to a castle hard by the city, he fully concluded a peace, and thereupon drew up and signed articles of peace, &c.; wherein it was provided that the soldiers should have a safe conduct to depart whither they pleased with security; and this was done the 8th day of the same month; but so soon as they were disbanded, they were secretly listed again under the command of the Duke

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kleberg, now by the pacification set at for Duke Maurice would not be seen in it —*Sleidan*, book xxii. p. 529; *P. Barre*, tome 336.

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damped all the hopes which the Protes- egan to conceive of Maurice in conse- of his declaration, and left them more er at a loss to guess his real intentions. rmer distrust of him revived, and the divines deburg filled Germany with writings, in ney represented him as the most formidable of the Protestant religion, who treacherously l an appearance of zeal for its interest, that t more effectually execute his schemes for ruction.—*Robertson's History of the Reign of the Fifth*, vol. iv. book x. p. 18.

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That they should set at liberty the Duke of berg and the rest of the prisoners. The y the soldiers of the garrison marched out, umber of two thousand foot, and about an l and thirty horse, and Duke Maurice com- five companies of foot to march in. Next made his entry with his whole army, having et by the senate, and made them all swear to to the emperor and himself, who had been nder in Chief in the war; and then leaving

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a garrison in the town drew out the rest.—*Sleidan*, book xxii. p. 528.

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Le seizième de Novembre, Maurice, à la tête de son armée entra en triomphe dans Magdebourg, où il convoqua peu après les Etats-Généraux. La noblesse, le peuple, et les députés du territoire s'y rendirent en affluence, dans l'impatience de voir Maurice, qu'ils regardoient comme le héros de l'Allemagne. On procéda d'abord à l'election des Sénateurs, afin de remplir la place de ceux qui étoient morts pendant le siège. Maurice eut l'adresse de ne laisser tomber le choix des etats que sur des gens qui tenoient à lui par des graces et des bienfaits. L'orateur ayant ensuite representé la necessité qu'il y avoit d'élire un Burgrave, toute l'assemblée, d'une voix unanime, déféra cette dignité à Maurice. Maurice de son coté promit à la ville de lui conserver ses priviléges et la liberté de Religion.—*P. Barre*, tome viii. p. 836 ; *De Thou*, tome ii. livre vi. p. 85.

L'assemblée se tint dans la place publique ; et là, le traité d'alliance perpetuelle fut conclu, en conservant à la ville tous ses privileges et la liberté de la religion ; on engagea en même tems à garantir de toute insulte et de tout dommage, non seulement la ville, mais aussi le pays d'alentour : tous se passa au grand contentement des bourgeois, et Maurice fut salué Burgrave de Magdebourg, avec l'applaudissement général de toute la ville ; l'armée se retira,

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ne laissa dans Magdebourg que cinq compag-
e gens de guerre, comme il en étoit convenu.
Thou, tome ii. livre vi. p. 85, 2d ed. Londres;
re, tome viii. p. 836; *Robertson*, vol. iv. book
5.

PAGE 189

o the First, and his Empress Editha, daughter
mund the Saxon King of England, founded
y of Magdeburg, also a Benedictine Convent
which Otho converted into an Archbishopric.
rchbishop was a Count Palatine, had great
ges, was entitled to wear the Archiepiscopal
n, and have the cross borne before him.

first tournament in Germany is said to have
ppointed near this city, by the Emperor Henry
owler. Otho and his Empress Editha, are
in the cathedral of St. Maurice.—*Encyclo-
Britannica*, vol. xii. p. 345. *Edin. Edit.* 1823.

PAGE 242.

Arnoldi Vitâ Maurit.

PAGE. 243.

ke Maurice made the people of Catzenelbogen,
ple of the dominion of Hesse, who three years
, had, by the Emperor's sentence, been taken
he Landgrave, then prisoner, to swear alle-
to him, with the consent of the Landgrave's
—*Sleidan*, book xxiii. p. 526; *P. Barre*, tome
. 837.

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PAGE 250.

Afterwards he ordered the preachers to be called together, and by the mouth of his counsellors, Fuchsen, Carlebitz, and Mordeysen, he complained of the injustice that had been done unto him by libels and pictures, which they dispersed abroad to his infamy, as if he had fallen away from the reformed religion, &c.—*Sleidan*, book xxii. p. 528.

PAGE 253.

During these days that Duke Maurice was in the town, he gave some intimation plain enough of what he hatched in his thoughts, and that was — that he would hazard his life, but that he would deliver his father-in-law, nor did he dissemble the day after, when he was put to it by a certain person.—*Sleidan*, book xxii. p. 529.

PAGE 253.

The Landgrave was ignominiously placed on horseback, his sword chained to the scabbard, and under the guard of Spanish soldiers who treated him with indignity, intruding upon him even at night; an officer withdrawing the bed clothes to assure himself that he was safe, and pointing him out to his guards. The Emperor carried him about with him; when he knelt to the Emperor, believing he would be favourably dealt with, he smiled. Charles shook his finger and observed to his courtiers, "I will teach him to laugh."

END OF VOL II.

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MAURICE,

THE ELECTOR OF SAXONY.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

By MRS. COLQUHOUN.

Dedicated, by Permission,
TO
HIS MAJESTY, THE KING OF SAXONY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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ERRATA TO VOL. III.

Page 4,	chap. 1,	*for* shall, *read* should.
5,	1	; after other men ;
6,	1,	*for* how my soul, *read* that my soul.
8,	1,	— Albert of Brandenburg, *read* Joachim of Brandenburg.
11,	1,	— you, *read* your.
15,	1,	dele and, *after* room.
22,	1,	*for* he also knew, *read* he was also aware.
29,	2,	— for he had had no time, *read* he had not had time.
32,	2,	— Henry's notions, *read* his notions.
34,	2,	, after Maurice.
40,	2,	, after Maurice.
45,	2,	, after Konrad Schroëder.
57,	3,	*for* would, *read* should.
72.	3,	— teach a soberer, *read* teach him a soberer.
97,	4,	— such *he* believed, *read* such *they*
102,	4,	— at last apparently, *read* at last they apparently.
103,	4,	— these days, *read* those days.
111,	4,	— din of the voices, *read* their voices.
164,	6,	— fifty troopers two officers, *read* and two officers.
196,	7,	— adieu, *read* adieux.
244,	8,	*insert* " *at* Truly — *ending* do her errand."

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MAURICE,

THE

LECTOR OF SAXONY.

CHAPTER I.

room of ample dimensions in the
of Wittemberg, at that period the
l of Upper Saxony, (and of which
ce had been put in possession upon
efeat and imprisonment of John Fre-
the Steadfast,) stood the Elector. His
was flushed ; his countenance and

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manner much disturbed; he advanced tenderly towards a lovely young woman who was leaning with her hands folded over a small escritoir which was placed before her; her face was buried in her handkerchief; heavy sobs broke forth in spite of every effort to restrain them, and told of deep and uncontrollable sorrow.

"It grieves me sadly, my love, to bring you no happier tidings," said Maurice sorrowfully, "but I cannot conceal from you the truth, nor were it well I should do so; we enjoy little of each other's society, and hard it is that that little should be thus embittered, but cheer up dear one, although put off—and for the present foiled, I do not yet despair that we shall obtain your honoured father's release."

"Think you so really, Maurice?" sighed the Electress, raising her still weeping eyes and fixing them anxiously upon her husband to watch the expression of his features;

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you would not say it to me if you did
ink it."

deed my Agnes, I would not; but listen
. These private despatches were de-
d to me soon after I dismounted from
orse yesterday afternoon; my mes-
r reports that he was detained longer
I had calculated upon, but that he used
ligence to hasten back. You will see
contain no flat denial to the request I
so often publicly and privately urged,
e merely a repetition of the same vague
ssions, conditions and evasions, to
we have been so long accustomed."

nd what Maurice, mean you next to do,
neither friendship nor entreaty seems
rk in my poor father's favour?"

Ve must," replied Maurice, "by an
and formal embassy backed by those
es of the empire who are interested
endship, alliance, or sense of justice
cause, render it a matter of necessity

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with the Emperor that he should give way to our renewed solicitations."

The Duchess shook her head mournfully.

"I know after what has passed," continued the Duke, "that you have no reliance on his promises, nor have I; but this must be publicly done, so that no after subterfuge can be resorted to without endangering the peace of the empire; here, look at these letters of interference to be sent from Denmark, from Ferdinand the Emperor's brother; Bavaria and Luneburg, also at the list of ambassadors promised from the Elector Palatine, Wolffgang de deux Ponts, John of Brandenburg, Henry and John of Mecklenburg, Ernest of Baden, and Christopher of Wirtemberg.

All these have made a compact with me to support, and many, if necessary, will take up arms to enforce the redeeming of that pledge which I so unwittingly relied upon:

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you, my gentle wife, ever forgive me for
blind confidence?"

he Duchess placed her hand in his and
ked fondly on him.

It must be a greater fault than this un-
unate mistake, Maurice, which can ever
se my heart to rebel against you, cease
e your advocate, or teach my tongue to
r blame, my lips to speak reproaches;
trusted to the word of an anointed
ace, to the honour of a man, to the
adship of an Emperor for whom you had
quered; who had bestowed many and
at benefits upon you, and professed to
you beyond all other men, you were
ceived, but you did not betray, nor have
been found wanting to amend the
."

But men will not judge me thus," replied
urice, " they know me not as you know
they will canvass the result, not the in-
ion; they cannot tell how much I have
ured; they will not say 'Maurice did

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this or that for the sake of the religion in which he was bred, or to save his country from despotism;' they will not know that, surrounded by domestic spies, he was compelled to use craft against craft, policy against policy, and foil the traitors with their own weapons; all and every one of his acts will be scored to the account of personal ambition; they will not say 'had he not done thus and thus to gain pre-eminence and power, it would have been worse than useless to contend for these great objects;' they will blame the man, attaint the prince, but accept and enjoy without gratitude the boons his valour and his policy have left for their inheritance. If heaven should decree," he added with much emotion, "that the tree fall ere the fruit be fully ripe, how will they know how my soul longed for peace? how dear to me would have been the improvement and happiness of a people it has pleased Heaven to entrust to my hands

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govern? How will they know the sacri-
made when torn from you to bar-
ous war? But what matters," he said
ng," the idle breath of man, which the
d as idle scattereth; my true heart is
wn to you and to that Heaven above
planted it in my bosom, directs each
bbing pulse, and searches its most
len secrets."

The Duchess looked through her tears
fond and proud satisfaction on her
band; but there was a presentiment of
to himself in his words and manner
t turned the flood of her filial sorrow for
moment into another channel; then both
se anxieties were mingled in such mourn-
misgivings, that her heart sank with ap-
hension.

f Maurice's biographer speaks truly, he
s a man far surpassing the age in which
lived, and could well command the ten-
ness of devoted woman. Ages have

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passed, his prophesies have been fulfilled, while Catholic as well as Protestant Germany has ample cause to reverence his name.

Maurice having embraced his wife, quitted her to prepare his despatches, and make arrangements for the departure of those deputies on the following morning, who were to make this last effort to awaken in the Emperor's mind some compassion for his unfortunate and deceived captive, and to rouse him at last to a sense of the injustice he was committing against the honour of those princes, Maurice, and Albert of Brandenburg, upon whose word and faith the unfortunate Landgrave of Hesse had submitted to surrender himself and his territories at the feet of a Prince who was ruled by no law save the dictates of his own love of power and revenge.

The day passed over with little relaxation, and the night wore away, but still the Duke

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not seek his couch, where fatigue, more
uently than peace of mind, brought him
hort repose which nature needed.
hile the Elector's Chancellor Arnoldi
engaged with him in his private closet,
rad had been for many hours occupied
pying the rough drafts of letters, me-
nda, and instructions, for the guidance
aurice's deputies, as well as for that of
ther princes with whom they were to
communication. His attention had
ely been one moment diverted from
mployment; his hand was cramped,
t was now with difficulty he could pur-
is work. He was almost exhausted
ant of food and overcome by drow-
s. He had completed what was pre-
for him, and having arranged in
all the papers before him ready for
uke's signature, while waiting till other
or notes should call him to a renewal
s labours, unconsciously fell into a

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slumber. He was roused from his
rary forgetfulness by a rustling
papers upon the table, and rose in
see the slim figure of Bortoni glidi
the room. As the door was closin
noiselessly upon him, Konrad rus
ward and seized him by the colla
him aside, drew the bolt across t
and again caught hold of the t
valet. A hasty glance shewed him
papers had been disturbed.

"Demon's imp," he cried, "is
safe from thy prying eyes? Wh
thou here at this late hour of the n

"I came," said the wily valet
fidence, "seeing you still up, to s
and humbly to request of you t
a small matter of kindness with h
ness, I came to ask permission——

"To read his Highness's despat
terrupted Konrad, "you seem to ha
leave to grant yourself that favour.

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"Oh no! indeed no!" said the valet soothingly, "you do me wrong, good Master Konrad; the wind no doubt as I opened the door, blew some of your writings aside."

"You stealthy serpent; if you came for speech of me, how was it your were quitting the room without your errand?"

"I was unwilling, Master Konrad to disturb you; as I found you sleeping and know how hard you are compelled to work day and night, I thought I would wait awhile until you awakened; I came to ask permission for a burgher friend of mine from Ghent, who is a stranger to your country, to take advantage of the escort about, as I hear, to leave Wittemberg to-morrow."

"No doubt you did," replied Konrad, "and intended that your burgher friend should be the bearer of the substance of you night's gleanings from this table; who may this friend be? whence comes he? where would he go?"

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"Be not so impatient, Master Konrad; all this I will propound to you anon good sir, if you should think well to do me this small service; he is a man of substance, and hath commissioned me to hand over to your keeping this purse of ducats in acknowledgment for the benefit you will confer upon him, for his business presses; and he would fain not lose so fair an opportunity as the one which is near at hand, and which will so materially expedite the matters which he has much at heart."

Konrad took the purse, and laid it on the table, then exclaimed in wrath—

"Thou oily tongued knave, thou midnight thief and tempter, thou manufactured mass of lies, and manufacturer of treacherous falsehoods! but it behoves me that you do not make use of your stolen knowledge."

Without further parley and with little ceremony he dragged the supple body of Bortoni towards a dark closet into

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ch he thrust him, and turning the key
n him, assured him that his friend
uld be sought for and despatched from
town without loss of time; a low chuck-
laugh was all the valet's answer.

e now re-arranged his scattered papers,
found some of the rough drafts missing.
in he unlocked the door of his captive's
porary prison, and found him chewing
abstracted papers with indefatigable
. He drew him forth, and reaching a
which had been thrown aside from a
kage, bound his arms behind him,
rched his person, took from it and ga-
ed up the remaining fragments which
escaped the jaws of the serpent, then
mining the closet that there might be no
hole for escape, again shut him in.

he creature knew resistance to be vain,
Konrad was powerful, and a word would
mon the pages who were without, but who
e slumbering too soundly to hear the steal-

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thy step of the valet when he passed through the ante-chamber. Konrad was unwilling to disturb the Elector; he again seated himself, keeping his eye upon the door where he had laid his prisoner. He had now no inclination to sleep, indeed he feared the Elector's anger when he should deliver the captive in the morning, but one thought to avoid it by hiding the truth, never crossed his mind. He was not left long alone with his uneasiness, for Arnoldi entered with remaining work to be done, looked at Konrad, and was almost surprised to see him so alert.

"Have you substituted your purse for an hour-glass, master Konrad; one would think you had been counting the hours by your money?"

"No sir," replied Konrad, "that is a bribe which I have just received."

The Chancellor looked at him in some amazement.

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"At any rate you are honest to confess it."

"I hope more honest, Sir, than those who offered it."

He now drew the Chancellor to the further end of the room, and related the attempt of Bortoni to possess himself of the papers, and added:

"I know I shall incur, and perhaps deserve the Duke's reprimand, but in truth when my task for the time was completed from which I have not stirred since noon of yesterday, I felt faint and weary, and nature proved herself the stronger power."

"Since noon, say ye?"

"Indeed, replied Konrad, "it is so."

"It is now long passed midnight," observed the Chancellor, "with what remains to be done, two hours I fear will scarcely release you from your duty."

"I can do it well," answered he, "but what orders for my prisoner? I must watch

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him until I deliver him into other custody. I would not come to interrupt or give his Highness notice of my capture, for I trust he will seek some repose, and this thing of bribery and corruption has gleaned nothing but hard paper for his supper, and will find it troublesome to make much change of position."

Konrad now begged Arnoldi to satisfy himself that the valet was actually in durance. This he did; Bortoni had contrived, by rolling round to the side of the wall, to sit upright; Konrad replaced him again upon his back and assured him such efforts were useless, as he should look in upon him occasionally and restore him to his recumbent posture, which he was sure must be a relief to him and stretch his limbs, which were seldom indulged in the wholesome relaxation of longitude.

Arnoldi left the room, and soon after returned followed by a page bearing some

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refreshment of which the Duke had partaken, and whom he had persuaded to retire. The faithful guards kept watch till the morning, when Arnoldi was called to attend the Duke, taking with him the packets which were to be delivered to the charge of the deputies.

The moans and low piteous entreaties of Bortoni had been for some time an annoyance to Konrad, and although the Duke's possible displeasure harassed his mind, he rejoiced when Arnoldi threw open the door, and announced his Highness.

"And so young man," said Maurice, "you have been caught napping while employed upon affairs of state, and moreover have accepted a bribe to betray your master; nay, attempt not to deny it, here is the evidence against you," pointing to the purse, which had lain untouched upon the table since Konrad had placed it there.

The colour mounted to the youth's face.

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"Surely the Chancellor had not misrepresented him? what could the Elector mean?" he felt choking and could not reply.

The Elector waited for an answer, but Konrad quite overcome could not find words to make one.

"What no answer, sir, am I to imply guilt?"

The last word unloosed Konrad's tongue, "If guilty, your Highness, I should be a shameless traitor." He turned pale and shuddered. "I slept, it is true, but there lies the bribe untouched by me."

Maurice seeing Konrad's consternation, smiled.

"Poor youth, I believe I sometimes press hard upon your labour, but," he added with a sigh, "there are few whom I can trust."

Konrad bent his knee, and respectfully kissed the hand which motioned to him to rise.

"Come, sleeper, bring forth your prisoner."

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Konrad drew out the despicable Bortoni who lay grovelling at the Elector's feet.

Maurice looked down upon him with a scorn which would have withered an honester man.

"Unloose him, Konrad, and let him stand upright, if such an effort be possible for him. Now, sir, tell your tale, and account for your intrusion at such an hour into mine, the Elector's private apartments."

Bortoni gave the same story he had told to Konrad; but with this addition, that he had been invited by him to visit him, and that he had taken the papers with his permission; that hearing footsteps he had concealed him in the closet, and had bound him only as a feint to deceive the Chancellor; that in case of discovery, he had also suggested to him the method of disposing of the documents he had obtained.

Konrad, during the valet's utterance of

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this tissue of falsehoods, could hardly restrain his wrath.

"Fiend and liar!" he cried; "but for his Highness's presence, I would crush thee under foot, like a cankering worm as thou art!"

"Remove his cap," said the Elector.

The creature struggled; but the cap was removed, and discovered that one eye was closed and sightless.

"I know thee now," said Maurice; "thou art Schwendi's valet, the one-eyed spy. Heed him not, Konrad; he is beneath the wrath of the poorest malefactor. Fetch more cords, bind him fast, and replace the caitiff whence you took him: we will deal with him when we have leisure."

The Elector saw his orders obeyed, and left Konrad still on guard, while he gave audience of leave to the mission.

Maurice had commanded Schwendi's pre-

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sence, and had detained him for some time after the departure of the deputies.

The people crowded to see the cavalcade as it passed through the town. Hartorff, hearing no tidings of his new-found friend, became alarmed; for perhaps it is needless to say he was to enact the part of burgher, and to take charge of the papers which Bortoni had engaged to procure, but stipulated for a round sum to be paid down before he would consent to be concerned in the transaction. As the valet was not true to his appointment, he feared that the scheme had miscarried, and kept close in his lodgings. Bortoni might give him up; but as the weary lieutenant, in spite of all his prying, had not intrusted him with the knowledge of his abode, after two hours' waiting, he quitted the tavern where they were to meet, and stole away in trepidation through the bye-streets till he found himself at home;

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nor did he venture forth the next day till night-fall.

The valet knew well the room which Konrad occupied when transcribing; he also knew that the deputies were to depart before noon; and for hours had watched in the court below the light which was still burning. He passed the sleeping pages, and trusted to Konrad's being off his guard slumbering—as in fact he was, from overfatigue — or his own invention, to frame some excuse if he could not bribe him, for his untimely intrusion.

Hendrick was soon sent to join Konrad; he had received his orders. They gave the one-eyed spy some food; and when night had sent all the inhabitants of the Castle to their rest, Hendrick drew forth the prisoner, gagged him, and throwing a cloak over him, with Konrad's assistance bore him off and lodged him in one of the dungeons beneath a tower of the Castle.

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chwendi, when he missed his valet, at-
ded the Elector's summons with feelings
from enviable. He had been sent to
ch Maurice; but the duty further im-
ed upon him by the Emperor, and the
e means by which he was to gain infor-
ion of the Elector's intended movements,
soldier, often revolted against his better
ire.

ertoni had been sent to him, and was in
a spy for and upon his master, for
rles had reduced the employment of
s to a system.

Reports were spread in the course of
day that a person answering the de-
ption of the valet had been drowned, and
been seen floating down the river.
wendi devoutly hoped that Bortoni might
he man; but though the report was pre-
ent, he could gain no certain confirmation
t. As Maurice's behaviour to him was as
al, he trusted his part in the transaction
nown at all, had not come to the Elector's,

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knowledge; but if the body was really that of his valet, he must have met his fate at an earlier hour than the one at which he was to seek Konrad. He was not sorry to be rid of him.

Hartorff lamented the fate of the one-eyed spy, for he was a golden harvest to him. He had no intention of performing more of his portion of the agreement than would suit his convenience and interest: he would have been too happy to undertake the despicable part of Bortoni's office as a spy, though he disdained the honester part of his calling as valet, but he feared Hendrick and Konrad.

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CHAPTER II.

URICE, with his usual penetration, soon nd that all was not well with his young st; although he was a general favorite, ght eyes and encouraging smiles were shed upon him in vain. He would n steal from the court circle, or find e excuse not to join it. When she could est herself of her own melancholy, the ctress would banter him, call him her ful young knight, wonder whether sigh- was a part of his military duty; if so,

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she would use her influence with the Elector to relieve him from a practice which she feared from its continual recurrence, would endanger his health.

Henry blushed and laughed, but sighed none the less.

The Elector, who was desirous that the inhabitants of Wittemberg should profit by his sojourn among them, promoted all the festivities of the season. He appeared to be devoted to the prosecution of every diversion, as if he had neither thought nor care beyond the amusement of the hour, and frequently called upon Henry to assist in the planning and execution of some new project for entertainment: Schwendi looked on and wondered, thought his office now a very useless one, but found it far more agreeable; indeed, since he had lost his valet—who seemed to have the gift of ubiquity, and whom nothing appeared to escape, from the operations going on in the

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kitchens to the secrets of the cabinet—he was much at a loss to unravel the meaning of many things which passed around him, more particularly the Elector's carelessness of manner. Couriers were coming and going, but their arrival or departure seemed no more matter of concern or notice to Maurice than the entrance or exit of the country people who frequented the markets: except an hour or two devoted to public business and which was known to all, he never missed him from any pastime which might be arranged for the day or evening; he talked with him, and with his ministers openly on state affairs, appeared to have no secrets or settled plans, and conversed freely of what he should do as the spring advanced.

Schwendi began to think the young warrior and able politician, now that his views of ambition were gratified, would sink into the man of dissipation and the voluptuary.

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Henry of Mansfeldt also thought, that his military talents were not likely to be fostered under such auspices; and although he daily became more devoted to the Elector, the Electress, and their interests, suspected that his uncle had made a great mistake in separating him from himself and Count Heideck, if his object for him was improvement in state policy, or military tactics; for no sign of either had he hitherto observed at the court of Wittemberg; one pleasure followed another too quickly to admit of study of any kind; at times, when unobserved by Schwendi, he had seen a cloud on Maurice's brow, but in a moment it was repressed, and vanished; and Henry, whose feelings could always be traced upon his countenance, who acted and spoke as the circumstances of the moment prompted, never conceived that the muscles of the tongue or face could be brought under such command. He became vexed

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d irritated at what appeared to him his
nnecessary separation from Mathilda, and
ould often stroll forth, that his annoyance
ight not be observed.

According to the accustomed usage of
vers, he had obtained on parting from
Iathilda a lock of her bright hair; this by
e same rule was worn where lovers al-
ay place such tokens of affection,—next
s heart; in the haste of his sudden de-
arture, he had had no time to procure a
roper receptacle for this precious gift,
ut had worn it in the fold of silk in which
e had received it. He now made it the
ccupation of a morning to seek a golden
ase, in which to deposit this valued sou-
enir. He was not easy to please, and had
earched the repositories of two of the three
oldsmiths' shops the town could then boast
f, without satisfying his fastidious taste.
s to form, he had decided upon something
ost in likeness to a locket, but of the few

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which were presented to him for choice, one was too small, another too large, this too plain, that too fragile; he was almost despairing of success, when he sought the remaining shop wherein such specimens of handicraft were likely to be obtained, determined not to spare the owner's time, but to ransack every hoard in his possession. The master goldsmith, who knew him as the aide-de-camp of the Elector, was profuse in his civilities, and unsparing in his pains to suit the taste of his customer. Henry felt some compunction at the trouble he was giving, when case after case was produced, and he was still as far from pleasing himself as ever. If the man had been at leisure, perhaps these scruples for filling up his time so uselessly might not have occurred to him; but he was evidently engaged when he first entered, with a customer for whom he was changing some coin. The person so neglected, in answer

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to Henry's apologies, said he could well wait, his business did not press. Again, for the twentieth time, Henry described the article he wished, something would suit him of rather a curious, but solid manufacture; which in case of accident he could know and claim again; something that would neither dent, bend, nor break.

The man feared that such as he described, was not in his possession; if he could furnish him with a pattern, or even a drawing, he did not doubt he had skill enough to produce the thing that would please him. The stranger now advanced with a respectful bow, and producing a locket from some invisible part of his doublet, presented it to the goldsmith, saying, from Mein Herr's description, he thought that was the sort of locket he wanted.

Henry with avidity seized the bauble, and while examining it with infinite delight, exclaimed with his usual energy; "Aye!

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good sir, it is indeed, exactly, precisely." The goldsmith smiled contemptuously upon the trinket which had been so derogatively presented for his imitation; declaring that if that was all, his apprentice could fashion one as good, a thing so out of date.

Henry looked up with gratitude to the customer who had come forward so opportunely to relieve him from his difficulty. He was a respectable looking burgher, staid and demure in manner; Henry was profuse in his thanks; the burgher bowed, he was happy that he chanced to have the trifle about him. Henry's eyes coveted the prize, especially as he was rather piqued at the goldsmith's contempt for his taste, and the little inclination he now appeared to have to perform his promise of accepting the pattern offered. "Perhaps," he observed to the possessor, "you value this locket?" for Henry's notions of love and lockets ran together like well trained horses.

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"Not particularly," was the answer, "I ook it in exchange, as a balance for some nall matters in the way of trade."

"If you do not greatly prize it," said lenry, "perhaps you will not object to part ith it?"

"No, he should be too happy to oblige." A price was named; and, wonderful to ay, (considering that Hartorff was the ealer), at not more than thrice its value. lenry of course thought it a bargain, and eparted, better pleased than he had been r some days. The burgher got his change, nd went his way also, taking the precaution tell the goldsmith that he was shortly bout to quit the city, and delighted at the pportunity which had occurred for him to rew some mischief.

Henry on his return heard that he had been nquired for by the Elector, and hastened present himself: he found him mounted,

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and about to leave the castle, while his own groom was waiting with his horse.

"Why my young friend," said Maurice as they rode slowly forward, "I thought you had ridden back post to Magdeburg; and I was debating upon the expediency of sending couriers in search of you. I hope you will be a better aide-de-camp in the field, than you are in the court." Henry stammered some excuse of purchases to make, was sorry his Highness had required him during his absence, but had been detained longer than he expected.

The Elector was more thoughtful than usual during the ride; Colonel Schwendi was indisposed, and was not this day one of the many who generally attended the Elector in his excursions; neither was Henry inclined to be loquacious; Mathilda, hair, and locket, were chiming in his mind like marriage bells: his thoughts were of an agreeable character, the Duke's were evidently the reverse; he

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concluded, indeed he knew, that the Duchess was unhappy about her father, and he imagined, that her sufferings caused her husband's unusual melancholy, as he should feel if Mathilda had anything to grieve her, and and as he had often felt when she was vexed. He did not judge altogether unwisely, for doubtless this was in part the cause of Maurice's uneasiness, but a part only.

Before they dismounted, he told Henry that he should order a hunting party to assemble at an early hour on the morrow, at which he should require his attendance.

The following morning presented a scene of busy bustle; huntsmen mounted and dismounted, foresters armed with spears and javelins, footmen with staves, grooms and lacqueys, had been for above an hour collecting in the court yard, and formed a motley group; the bugle sounded the signal for departure. As the echo of the third and

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last blast died away, the space of a minute being allowed to elapse between each flourish, every man, as if by some magic process, was in his allotted place, and the party proceeded in good order.

After they had quitted the town, they pushed on more briskly scattering themselves, and were seen scampering over the country towards the scene of their intended sport. Footmen, at an early hour, had been sent forward in waggons to pitch a tent for the Elector, and booths for the people, some of whom were to surround the wood, and others to beat up the game.

It was a holiday for all attached to the Elector's household whose inclination might lead them to join in the recreation. Every man that could be spared, was privileged to leave his occupation for that day; Konrad, among others, exchanged for a few hours the pen for his stout ashen staff; there was joking among the mirthful, and

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eering among the envious courtiers, at the ecretary's rustic preference; the day was alm, the sky cloudless, but what little wind here was stirring, came keenly from the orth, and saluted the face with that ting- ing sensation which brings the warm blood nto the cheek. No snow as yet had fallen; he sapless and withered leaves lay undis- urbed under their parent trees to form resh nutriment for their successors of the uture spring; the air was so rarified that very sound, though distant, fell distinct nd clear upon the ear, and as the caval- ade passed onward to the before-men- oned theatre of action, the number of orsemen might have been estimated by he clattering of their hoofs upon the hard oad. Maurice rode gaily forward pressing s eagerly as any of his young courtiers to he assigned locality.

The sport commenced and continued for ome hours with unabated zeal; Konrad,

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with his primitive weapon, and by his dexterity and success, had distinguished himself beyond the rest. As he dragged each slaughtered victim into the circle of the glade which had been cleared of brushwood for that purpose, and added it to the pile, shouts applauded his prowess. When weariness and hunger began to relax the first fervour which had animated the sportsmen, casting aside their javelins, staves, and spears, they gathered round the provision waggons, which were drawn up at the edge of the circle.

Henry was standing on the opposite side balancing his javelin; Konrad a few paces distant from him, when a wolf, which had crouched among the thicker brushwood, on the cessation of the shouting, stealthily left his lair, and rushed towards the spot occupied by Henry, who without reflection, cast his light weapon at the brute, and wounded him in the side. The tortured beast turned

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on his foe, who by his rashness had thus deprived himself of any defence, and making a fierce spring upon him with all his force and weight, threw him backwards upon the ground, fixed his fangs on his bosom with ferocious fury, while he kept him down with his fore feet, tearing away his clothes. Henry struck out his arms, endeavouring to ward off his deadly clutch, or grasp his throat; but the animal had so completely thrown himself upon him, and the attack had been so instantaneous, that there was no possibility of his making any effectual effort in his own defence. Although not two hundred yards intervened between the by-standers and this deadly struggle, their utmost speed could not have carried them in time to the rescue. Konrad, who happily was leaning against a tree close by, and who as the javelin whirled past him, foresaw the result of Henry's want of caution, darted forward, swung his staff with velocity

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round his head, and with a blow of tremendous force, dashed it into the skull of the ravenous brute. He then relieved Henry from the weight of the carcase, and assisted him to rise; the vest and pourpoint were torn from his breast, but fortunately the creature was destroyed before he could make a second gripe; Henry therefore escaped with a slight skin deep wound. In dismay the hunters crowded round; Maurice who but a moment before had retired to take some refreshment, hearing in the first instance the cries of alarm, and afterwards the shouts which followed the destruction of the wolf, dashed down the drinking horn which was at his lips, and hurried to the spot. Henry's tattered appearance, with the blood which flowed over him from the wound he had inflicted on the creature, filled him with apprehension for the safety of his protégé.

"He is safe, your Highness, he is safe!"

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xclaimed many voices at the same moment, hile they led Henry forth.

Maurice directed him to be taken into the nt, and followed to learn the particulars of s disaster.

Konrad remained on the spot, unwilling joining the others to give the impression, at he wished to court notice, or that he id claim to praise for his courageous con- ct; he looked down upon the brute, while s heart swelled with thankfulness for the wer which had been granted him to save e life of a fellow man; a power of which hardly knew himself to be possessed, r his enemy was formidable, and had his m not answered his aim, the consequences ght have been equally fatal to Henry and nself.

As he stood contemplating the still qui- ring limbs and relaxing jaws of his pros- te victim, he drew aside with the end of staff, the fragments of Henry's garments,

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part of which were still adhering to the animal's fangs, and part trailing by a slight ligament along the ground: this upon drawing it towards him, he found to be a small chain of gold, to which was attached some heavier substance. He drew it over the grass previously to handling it, to cleanse it from the blood and brains which had spurted over it, and then picked it up with the intention of restoring it to the owner. The bauble which hung from the chain seemed familiar to him; it was the fac-simile of his parting gift to Thumelda. In trepidation he sought for the spring, it flew open, and within, too surely there was the rudely engraved K. which he had scratched himself. It was too well remembered: with trembling hands he reclosed the trinket; sickness was at his heart, and his good staff was now as much needed to support him, as it had been necessary two minutes before (as an offensive weapon in his then strong, but

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now nerveless grasp) for the preservation of fellow creature. No exclamation escaped him, passion did not move him; he stood mute and bewildered, half stunned; his impulse was to fly into the forest, and hide from others the distraction of his mind which he feared he might betray; but his limbs refused to bear him thither, and crossing his hands against a tree, he bent his head upon them, until the dizziness which rendered every object around him dim, should pass away. Sounds met his ear, but they were to him indistinct and conveyed no sense, till a heavy arm upon his shoulder aroused him. With a vacant stare he turned and looked at the intruder; the spots of blood with which he was besprinkled, were a fearful contrast to the ashy paleness of his face.

"The Elector," said the head forester respectfully, "requests your presence in the tent."

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Konrad heard the message with a half comprehension; but made neither an attempt to move nor to give any reply.

"You are wounded, surely," said the man.

Still Konrad did not answer; he shook his head, and motioned to move forward; to complete the effort, was beyond his power, but it had been of service. He paused, then seizing the arm of his conductor, he crossed the enclosure, and presented himself before the Elector, and those assembled round him.

"Konrad," said Maurice when he appeared, "you have done a brave deed, but not more than I should have expected from you. I will not degrade the generous action by offering you praise; but any man who risks his life for another deserves distinction, that the example may be held in remembrance for imitation, henceforth therefore you are Wolffenstaff, and the badge of wolf

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and staff shall be borne upon your sleeve and in your cap; upon the sleeve of that arm which under Heaven's guidance, was stretched forth in power to save a valued life."

Konrad bent his knee;—Maurice waved his hand over him.

"Witness all present, that Konrad Schröder rises Konrad Wolfenstaff," and turning to Arnoldi, "so write him down in our archives, good Chancellor."

Konrad kissed the hand which was graciously extended to him, and modestly drew back.

Henry followed and detained him, to pour forth his thanks. Konrad looked wildly at him, and dropped the fatal chain and locket at his feet; he could not give it.

He was turning to go, but the other seized his hand; "double and treble thanks for this my friend," he said picking up the recovered treasure. Konrad did not trust himself to speak, indeed his confused mind

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could not fashion words. The forester, wh
was convinced he must be ill or wounde
led him into the air, then seating him in a
empty booth, went in quest of wine; Kon
rad was sorely stricken, the mental shock h
had received had prostrated his bodi
powers: the balance was overturned, an
until the circulation was restored into i
proper channels, he could not class h
thoughts; in fact he did not think; h
could not separate his vague ideas, or f
them on any given point; they were lik
floating atoms whirled in an eddy too stron
for his faculties to stem, feebleness and i
stinct led him to seek repose of mind
solitude; a temperate draught from the cu
which the forester presented to him pr
duced some warmth, and the first ration
and connected words he was able to utte
were thanks and a request that he wou
leave him for a time.

Half an hour elasped before the horseme

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re all assembled. By this time he had re-
ined his self command; he could now
nk, but would not trust himself to do so,
he dared not. The good-natured fores-
brought him his horse; and as there was
order observed as to the manner of re-
ning, he mixed among the common hunts-
n, whom he knew would not volunteer to
lress him, and were too loquacious upon
sports of the day to observe him.

The Elector had declared it his intention
finish the day with an evening banquet in
hall. The moment Konrad dismounted
sought his chamber, he felt an intolerable
ght and throbbing of the temples; the
e and exercise had produced a sudden
ulsion; he plunged his head into cold
ler, changed his stained garments, and
ew himself on the bed until he should be
mmoned by sound of trumpet to the re-
, which he knew would be, and was kept
till a late hour; he took his place, ab-

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stained from wine, and had little desire to partake of the substantial viands before him. Cups were pledged to Henry and himself by Maurice's command, who turned to the young Count, and in a careless tone observed—

"As news, Mansfeldt, hath fleet wings and many tongues, your jeopardy may reach your friends at Magdeburg, and, disguised by exaggeration, cause them some disquiet, therefore it will be as well for you to appear in person, and forestal report; for this reason I wish you to take horse for that place to-morrow; at the same time bear this ring," drawing one from his finger, "to your uncle, in token of my sense of his kindness towards those who by the chance of war were delivered into his hands. Though not costly, it will equally serve as a remembrance to express my acknowledgments to him, till I redeem it with one of greater value."

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This speech was another trial to Konrad which nearly overset his assumed composure; while to Henry the command was so exhilarating, that he could hardly repress his feelings, or thank the Duke in appropriate terms for his consideration. He rejoiced in the peril he had so recently escaped, since it was the cause of such happy consequences.

His open brow, and the friendly manner in which he expressed his gratitude to his deliverer, had determined Konrad to seek him on the morrow, and frankly to demand how he had obtained possession of the antique trinket. This step would now be difficult if not impossible, as he would most likely depart at sunrise. His only chance was to draw him aside after Maurice should have left his guests; but here again, fate interposed to cut the thread of his intentions.

When Maurice arose he sent a page to the lower table, to desire that Konrad

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would follow him in five minutes to his private closet.

Henry was engaged in conversation when Konrad received this mandate, which thwarted the resolution he had so recently formed. He felt totally incapable of any labour, should the Elector require it of him; he could not presume to account for his incapacity by a declaration of the truth, but left the hall with a heaviness of heart he had never known before.

In this state of depression he entered the Duke's cabinet, and slowly advancing towards the table at which he was seated, waited to receive his orders. Maurice raised his eyes to the youth's face with a searching glance. There was a slight shade of anger and contempt in that look which cut him to the heart. The cause of such an expression he could not divine, knowing himself blameless; but it was another item to be added to

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the catalogue of miseries he had endured that day."

"I fear, Wolffenstaff," said the Duke gravely, "that you deem your service rendered to Count Henry of Mansfeldt but inadequately rewarded. Had I supposed you sordid, I should have given you golden approbation, and will do so still, however unwilling I may be to degrade your gallant action. Your sudden exit from the tent where I had commanded your presence, your refusal (as I am told) to pledge as others did at supper, have led me to this mortifying conclusion."

The Elector's words were worse than daggers to Konrad; for a moment he was too much astonished to reply: and his countenance became scarlet with honest shame.

"Oh, Heaven! my Prince!" at last he exclaimed, "is it possible you have judged thus meanly of me? Is it possible that an accidental indisposition can thus have

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drawn your displeasure on me? What merit could I claim? what reward did I deserve, for an act, the instinct of nature, which it would have been unmanly and inhuman to have resisted? Your Highness's words of approbation were far more precious to me than the unearned distinction which so graciously followed them. Revoke it I beseech you, if your Highness denounces me as the sordid caitiff your words imply. Wretched! disgraced! dishonoured Konrad! you are indeed degraded, unworthy to serve your Prince, or to be named among your fellow-men!"

Maurice felt that he had done Konrad injustice: his manly, unequivocating, and direct denial of the charge—his distress at the unfounded suspicion—his varying colour, and broken-hearted appearance—disabused his hasty but noble-minded Prince, who reproached himself for his inconsiderate judgment — for he had never found the

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outh covetous: he neither flattered, fawned, or took advantage of the confidential position in which he was placed; but was punctual in the discharge of every duty which e was called upon to perform. That he hus had pre-judged him, gave him annoyance: he would not hesitate to acknowledge his impression to have been erroeous, or delay to soothe the feelings he had o deeply wounded. He thought too well f the youth to believe that he would take dvantage of the reparation which was due o him for the undeserved accusation which e had implied against him; but with much eeling, generously said—

"Konrad Wolffenstaff, it pains me that I ave done you wrong; that I have done so do not doubt. Take not to heart therefore, words which were spoken under a alse impression; your conduct to-day has een a riddle to me, which unfortunately I ave not read aright. Think no more of

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this; and be assured, that if I had not taken a deep interest in the integrity of your character, I should not have watched your conduct with so jealous an eye."

"Then truly, my Prince, may I believe that you rescind such degrading thoughts of me?"

"I do, Konrad, and regret that appearances ever induced me to entertain them. You should have mentioned your indisposition, for truly wassail bowl is no fit medicine for an ailing man, and you did well to pass it by. Now seek your couch."

Konrad looked on his Prince with an expression of respect and devoted attachment, bowed lowly, and withdrew.

There was now no hope of gaining speech with Henry, as the revellers had dispersed. Worn and weary, he sought his chamber, fatigue alone procured him rest.

Maurice mused for a few moments after his departure.

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"Yes," he thought, "he is honest: had he loved money, he must have bade adieu to his Prince and Wittemberg. How much more of Spanish gold, Charles, dost thou lavish to corrupt honest men, than to reward them!"

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CHAPTER III.

HENRY spared not his steed, in order to abridge the hours which his journey would otherwise have consumed, and to hasten into the presence of Mathilda. He forgot that the same inducements were wanting to spur on those who were with him.

Before he reached his destination, both the men and their horses were knocked up by the fatigue to which his dispatch had exposed them.

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The troopers devoutly hoped that his next hunt might be less disastrous, or that they would not be selected to bear him company in announcing to his family his safety. His liberal gratuity in some measure reconciled them to Henry, but did not quite compensate them for the exhausted condition to which his immoderate haste had reduced them.

His unexpected appearance was most welcome to those whom he came to seek; and Mathilda, who had found the Castle lonely, and the hours lag heavily during her cousin's absence, hailed him with such smiles of welcome, that it seemed to him for such a reward, rest, food, or convenience, might well be dispensed with. He soon accounted to them for his unlooked for return, related his escape, eulogized Konrad's courage in defending and rescuing him, and finally delivered the ring with Maurice's message to his uncle: Mansfeldt took it, and smiled as he received it.

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Henry upon his arrival, found the party assembled at supper, an early meal in those days. As soon as he had finished his narrative and they had quitted the table, Mansfeldt claimed Heideck's attention for a few minutes, and they retired into the governor's private room, to which the reader was introduced upon a former occasion. Mansfeldt drew from his finger the ring which he had received through Henry from Maurice, and observed:

"The Duke as usual is wary; let us see the dispatch of which this unconscious youth has been the bearer: the Elector no doubt has discovered the cause of his regret at leaving us, and was tolerably certain that in selecting him as his messenger, his escort would not be permitted to tarry by the way."

He now touched an invisible spring in the apparently massive ring, and drew from

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t a small strip of paper, on which was vritten in minute characters:

"Count Heideck for Wittemberg to-morow; leave Henry Mansfeldt to follow."

"There again, the Duke is wise," said Heideck, "for I much doubt if this mad-cap nephew of yours Count, has brought in either horse or man in fit condition to bear he company."

The paper was destroyed, and Heideck vent forth to make preparations for his departure in the morning, for the "to-morow" commanded by Maurice, he knew to e the "to-morrow" after Henry's arrival.

Thumelda rejoiced at the distinction bestowed on her Konrad, although some intination of the fact from himself would have een an agreeable addition; this however, Clotilda assured her could not have been ossible, from the short space which intervened between Henry's leave to visit them, nd his departure.

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When Heideck rejoined them, he asked Henry whether the Duke had limited him to half the time usually allowed as necessary for the performance of the journey from Wittemberg; for, turning to Mansfeldt, he said,—

"Neither man nor horse will be in a condition to return under three days at least, if then; your nephew has shewn himself most dutiful in his desire to outstrip report."

Mansfeldt shook his head.

"Henry, when will you court some prudence as your companion?"

"I am doing so now, good uncle," replied the youth, "in the person of my fair cousin, but I was not aware that my rate of travelling was particularly expeditious."

"I fancy, my young friend," observed Heideck, "that those with you were not of your opinion; and that the jaded animals, if they could speak, would tell a different tale. I know no man but Duke George who would put either to such a trial. I

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hought of paying the Elector a visit my-
elf, and bearing you company on your re-
urn, but your movements are too rapid
or me."

"Oh! but Count, I shall take more time
o return."

"I doubt it," retorted Heideck, "for you
ill linger here till the last moment: I shall
herefore not trust you young gentleman,
ut by starting to-morrow precede you, and
have no doubt you will overtake me; but I
ecommend that your retrograde movements
e a little more leisurely performed; for I
uestion if the Elector will quite approve
f this unmerciful use of his men and
orses."

This was said jokingly, but it was a hint
hich the young man thought it might be
xpedient to take into consideration.

Henry, who had more taste for Mathilda's
ociety than for Heideck's lectures, led
er away, and when they reached the

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gallery, entered more minutely into the particulars of his escape, and the recovery of the trinket which contained the precious lock of hair. Mathilda admired the quaint, antique, but solid case in which he had deposited this treasure; and was not displeased at the trouble he had taken to procure it.

Love puts cold, heat, hunger, or thirst at defiance, but such intruders will sometimes assert their natural pretensions, in contradiction to the songs of inspired poets; and on this occasion Mathilda, after an hour's conversation in a long cold gallery in the month of December, experienced a certain shivering which came creeping over her, with a numbness of that hand which had not been favoured by Henry's warm pressure, and suggested, that the conversation, though not so privately, might be carried on not less comfortably in a more temperate

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mosphere; and in spite of her lover's monstrances, persisted in rejoining the rty they had quitted.

Heideck, although he did not press on s journey with the ardour Henry had ne, did not tarry by the way; when near ittemberg he slackened his pace, and rode owly through the streets; gave his people nute orders, chatted with the officers om he met as he went through the pas-ges and waiting rooms, and then desired page to announce to the Elector, that en convenient he would pay his respects him; at the same time desiring to be own into an apartment that he might ange his travelling dress.

The Elector sent to request his company supper; Schwendi had spoken to Heideck his arrival, and expected that he would immediately closetted with the Duke, and erefore felt some surprise when on the

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assembling of the guests some hours afterwards, he found by Maurice's greeting, that they had not met before.

"Your Highness will think me bold," observed Heideck aloud, "for volunteering my presence in Wittemberg; but Henry of Mansfeldt gave me such a glowing description of the festivities going on in your capital, that I could not resist the temptation of paying my respects to you; and at the same time witnessing some of the gay doings of which he spoke in such enthusiastic terms, although I feel that I am but a poor substitute for such a gallant young knight."

"I fear," replied the Elector, "that he has overcharged his picture with colour; I should not judge by his apparent alacrity to leave us, that he had derived much amusement from our pastimes, but I think I have discovered the secret of his indifference and of his preference for the society in Magdeburg; I trust we shall be more

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rtunate in our efforts to detain you, ount."

Heideck bowed, and Maurice soon after ft his guests, who appeared to have no clination to abandon their deep potations. he varlets were kept in full occupation rving the wine. Schwendi had contrived seat himself near Heideck, and as the ice of the grape circulated, engaged him earnest conversation. By every art he sayed to draw from him the object of his sit to Wittemberg.

Heideck, in reply to one of his insidious estions, observed :

"My predilection for good cheer, Colonel, ought me hither, as well as the desire for ange, and the love of pleasure; I am eary of my sojourn in the maiden city, of e governor's sober habits, (for he is no on companion at a revel) and the regular utine; besides, I love the Elector, and rtake the curiosity of my neighbours, to

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spy a little into his future plans and movements; these are not singular tastes, Colonel, eh?"

Schwendi bit his lip.

"Come, Colonel, a cup to the prosperity of Wittemberg. I have heard the Elector's wine much praised, and in my small judgment, it does not belie its reputation."

Heideck called to a page who had been appointed to serve him during the supper, and drained the goblet he brought. Schwendi followed his example; he had watched with satisfaction the Count's frequent libations,

"Surely," he thought, "the man hath spoken truly, he possesseth an extraordinary capacity for wine."

The attending page before mentioned, now advanced again, and presenting a jewelled goblet to Heideck;

"The Elector, Sir Count, left me in charge to beg that ere the party broke up, you would pledge his health in this cup."

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"Willingly, my good lad;" but rising as he took the goblet from the page's hand, said, "Come gentlemen, fill; Colonel, you will bear me company," and nodding to the page; "a twin brother, youth, of this cup for the Colonel; for I am sure he cannot scruple with hearty good will to pledge with me so popular a toast."

Schwendi's cup was replenished, and the Elector's health drank with all the uproarious enthusiasm of men, who were already more than half intoxicated.

Schwendi could not refuse to follow Heideck's example, who drained his potation to the dregs, and turned the empty vessel on its brim upon the salver from which he had received it.

Schwendi had been cautious, and filled sparingly to the various toasts, but Heideck had plied him so perseveringly, that he was ruminating on a timely retreat before the last draught was presented to him.

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When he attempted to rise, the lights appeared to be dancing about the table, which was at the same time as well as the room, performing a rotatory motion. There seemed to him to be no opening for egress, he therefore groped his way along the wall; one of the attendants threw open the door, but by this time, his vision was so defective, and his legs so feeble, that he continued to feel his way with extended hands, and fell across the threshold. Heideck, with his arms folded, steadily watched his wavering movements, and when he saw him fairly settled without the power to rise, beckoned to the page, who removed a flambeau from one of the sockets, and by a private door, conducted him to the Elector's closet.

"Well Heideck," said Maurice, "how fares the enemy, have you dislodged him? You seem to walk firmly under my cup of strong waters."

"Faith, your Highness, for the space I

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never left a field so thickly strewed; you have given no quarter; our brave Colonel headed his company and held out till the last, but has fallen in the outworks: your page would make a capital confessor, he has forced a penance of cold water upon me to-night, which I hope will wash out my sins, and which I shall long remember. If your Highness's good city be beleagured and you lack water within your garrison, put a divining rod in his hand, and beshrew me but he will find an ample supply."

Maurice with some gravity condoled with the Count, and complimented him upon his victory.

"In truth, your Highness, I have some reason to be proud thereof, for a more wary or obstinate enemy to deal with than your Austrian inmate, never came under my tactics. He would have gone on parrying my attacks with small arms till morning's dawn—if your Highness's well directed long gun had not struck him down;

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by my troth, if his Imperial Majesty were courteous, he would replenish your cellars, in consideration of the butts expended to fill those which he sends here empty in his service."

When Maurice had composed himself—for the Count's military upright carriage, with his sober serious way of relating Schwendi's defeat, were irresistibly amusing to him—he said, "what news, Count?"

"Nothing satisfactory, your Highness, more than doubtless has already been reported to you. Duke George carries on a cruel warfare, and causes a lamentable devastation in Thuringia. He scourges the land with an unsparing and unflinching hand; the Electors of Mentz, Treves, and Cologne have requested their dismissal from the Council of Trent, that they may provide against his inroads into their territories; Mentz has already suffered from his invasion."

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"Pshaw!" exclaimed the Elector stamping his foot impatiently, "such a blazing brand would ruin the holiest cause."

Heideck shrugged his shoulders.

"Your Highness," he observed, "should send your page to quench him; if he serve him as adroitly as he did me, he will not leave a spark in him;" then added seriously: "one cannot tell how the Emperor may take this, but I fear this comet will consume the substance of the land: his long smouldering in Magdeburg hath only given his pent up fiery nature time to gather force."

Maurice now detailed the detection of Bortoni, with the departure of the mission to the Emperor, and his faint hopes of its success; whether the answer which they might bring would decide him for peace or war, Mansfeldt's opinion would still be of value; if he returned with Henry his ap-

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pearance at the court was less likely to excite remark "for," added Maurice "we have other lynx's eyes as well as those of Schwendi upon us. I know my trusty ministers Carlowitz and Schoenberg are equally in Granville's pay; you will say, why not dismiss the traitors? simply because I know, and for some time have known them to be such, they are to me the most useful agents at my court; in ignorance that I have obtained the knowledge of their correspondence, they fancy that I trust them, and the cunning Granville swallows with avidity the artificial flies with which I bait my hooks; he will find that a "drunken German head," can compound and administer from such vile drugs a draught of bitters, which will prove no loving cup for him, and teach a soberer estimation of his own policy. The difficulty is to find a fitting messenger for our dispatch to Magdeburg; to Hendrick alone can I trust the safe keeping of the

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"one eyed spy," this employment I cannot put on Konrad; the rough soldier considers the guarding of a prisoner in his line of duty; Konrad the civilian would flinch at the office of jailer over a felon; the latter I can ill spare, but I fear he must be the man; he is discreet, and Mansfeldt knows him."

Konrad was now summoned. The few last days had wrought a marked change in his appearance. As the light fell upon his careworn countenance, neglected hair, and spiritless eye, the Elector looked at him in some surprise; he had not observed the alteration in him before.

"You are ill, Wolffenstaff?"

Konrad stammered out a respectful negative, and assured his Highness that he was quite well enough to execute any commands he might have for him. The Duke notified to him his desire that he should quit the

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city before dawn and make the best of his way to Magdeburg.

"Deliver my greeting to the Governor, and say that I require his presence and counsel; his earliest convenience will suit me best; Count Henry must return with his uncle; I need not recommend to you diligence and caution."

While the Elector was speaking, Konrad's face became flushed: he raised up his cap—(which had been dangling between his fingers by his side)—across his breast, and held it tightly with both hands, that their tremour might not be perceived.

"Excuse me to Count Mansfeldt for this unceremonious request," added the Duke; "and now Count, I will accompany you to the Duchess. I have no further orders Wolffenstaff."

As soon as Konrad gained his own chamber, he cast himself into a seat. When he had

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een commanded into his Prince's presence,
e had no anticipation of the trial which
waited him. Was there no other trusty
essenger to be found for this service? but
e knew the Duke never gave an order
ithout reflection, and he could not ques-
on the propriety of this one, although he
ould have preferred that some other should
ave been chosen. If Thumelda were guilty,
ust he witness her degradation?

"Oh Heaven!" he exclaimed, "guilt and
humelda associated in my thoughts? Shame
onrad! shame! would she thus condemn
u upon any evidence? but alas how cruelly
rong is the evidence, almost too strong to
lmit of disbelief."

He passed an hour as he had passed days
d nights, torn by contending doubts and
notions, wishing to fathom but dreading
find the truth. His sense of duty at last
oused him to make preparations for his
parture; he wished to seek repose for a

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few hours, but the attempt was vain; he would have been glad had his orders been to depart immediately, not from any desire to reach his destination, but that bodily exertion and movement might divide the torments of his mind; he would have hailed the vilest drudgery, if it could have diverted his thoughts for however brief a space from his mental wretchedness. With alternate dreadand impatience he counted the waning hours, and finally started before the smallest symptom of light appeared.

As he approached towards the termination of his journey, his head fell on his breast, his rein dropped over his horse's mane, his cheek was blanched, he could not look at those towers where he was to learn his doom, but the reflection crossed him, that this delay was not consistent with the duty he owed his noble master. With a heavy sigh, he put his horse into a trot, and in a few minutes alighted in the Castle yard; he

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threw his bridle rein to a groom, and without lifting his eyes from the ground entered the hall, and desired a lacquey to have his coming announced as a messenger from Wittemberg, in haste for immediate speech with the Governor; during the short time he waited in the hall, all the circumstances of his last interview with Thumelda at the same spot recurred vividly to his memory; her reluctance to leave him, the gift of the fatal locket, which there he had placed in her hands; at that moment could she have been deceiving him? Oh! what distraction! Thumelda thus to deceive! the playmate of his infancy, the idol of his boyhood and youth, the daughter of the honest Krantz, the child of the virtuous Theresa. Oh! sorrow! sorrow! how willingly would he flee far away! what mattered it what became of him, or where he went? But his heart whispered to him; "your parents, Konrad," and a flood of tenderness for the

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authors of his being brought tears into his eyes. "Ingrate! shall thy blighted hopes darken their remaining days with clouds of grief; wilt thou in thy selfish sorrow deprive them of the pride and prop of their old age? Oh, no! beloved ones! how in thought hath your son sinned against and wronged ye, my father! my mother!"

It was well that the return of the messenger obliged the unhappy youth to rouse himself, and bring his mind to bear upon the business he had to execute; the man requested him to follow him into the presence of Count Mansfeldt, who gave his ready assent, and notified his intention of setting out on the following morning.

"And now my brave young man," he said, at the same time kindly taking his hand, "let me thank you, which I sincerely do, for the heroism which preserved our dear nephew to us; he is a frank-hearted, noble fellow, but too heedless of danger. Of

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you, Wolffenstaff, he speaks in the highest terms both of admiration and gratitude, and such encomiums your noble deed merits. You are under protection which renders any offer of future service from me nugatory; but the friendship of Albert of Mansfeldt may not be unacceptable."

Konrad disclaimed any merit, but assured him that in honouring him with his regard he had promised him that which was of most value to him, and that which he trusted it would never be his misfortune to forfeit.

"I fear it not, Wolffenstaff, or I have not read you right; and now as I shall have some matters to arrange before I quit the city, I will request you to seek my nephew, and deliver to him the Elector's summons, for which I doubt if he is prepared, or will very willingly obey."

Konrad retired; another onerous duty was before him; but ere he reached the end

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of the corridor, the object of his search accosted him.

Henry's salutation was warm and friendly, but Konrad was anxious to perform his mission, and then request the explanation he had determined to seek, but in which he had been disappointed. He delivered the short command with which he was charged from Duke Maurice.

Henry looked confused and annoyed, and suddenly started off to seek his uncle, bidding his preserver a brief good-morrow. Konrad looked after him.

"Foiled again," he said, "I give you credit, Count Henry, for not knowing the wrong you have done me;" then with loitering steps he pursued his way, hopeless of clearing up his suspicions before his return to Wittemberg.

Where was he to go? whom was he to seek? He had not the resolution to enquire

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or Thumelda, although he felt that this was perhaps the course he ought to pursue; but guilty? no, he could not, it was impossible.

He now hastened from the Castle, and wandered from street to street, without an object or an aim; he was weary, but could not rest; wanting refreshment, but could not eat; desiring intelligence, but shunning every one; miserable, but dwelling on his misery; needing consolation, but denying himself hope, and dreading again to enter the Castle till the shades of evening should screen him from observation.

"Konrad, surely Konrad," said a voice behind him.

"Krantz!" cried the youth turning round, not yet returned to Reiterstein."

"You have given me a fine chase, young man," returned the miller. "What may be your business, that you deign not even an inquiry for the miller or his daughter? have

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your honours, Konrad Wolffenstaff, turned aside your friendship and your thoughts from us?"

"Herr Krantz, you know better; but the stricken deer seeks not the hunter who has given him his death wound; leave me, good Krantz, to you I must be silent, lest your heart should be crushed as mine is: to you I will not run the hazard of a question, though there be none other to relieve me from my fears. Oh! in pity leave me, good and valued friend;" and he moved forward.

"What ails you, Konrad?" said the miller; "I do not understand you. I trust no groundless jealousy."

Konrad groaned. "Seek not intelligence of me, Herr Krantz."

"Of whom, thou man of riddles?"

"You madden me," cried Konrad desperately; "ask your daughter."

"Oh! as I thought; some lover's fancy."

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Konrad laughed; but the miller when he looked upon him, saw no corresponding mirth in the working of his agonized features. It was a hollow, senseless laugh.

"Konrad, you have been drinking."

"Ay, truly have I," retorted the youth; "from a well nigh inexhaustible cup, which has not left my lips for days and nights, I have nearly drained it, but wish not you to pledge me. I beseech you, let me finish the intoxicating draught alone; ah, ah, you see I am greedy, my friend."

Krantz feared that Konrad's mind was wandering, and wished to soothe him.

"Come Konrad, come, no more of this; we will seek Thumelda."

"No, Krantz, I cannot; I am the last she will desire to see."

"Listen to me," said the now agitated father. "Thumelda you shall see, and in my presence. You have said too much, or not enough. Poor maiden, she has been

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waiting ever since she heard of your arrival."

"Spare me," cried Konrad, "she watches not for me; I am but the bearer of unwelcome news."

"No more of this, young man," replied Krantz angrily; "let us on, I will not be denied;" nd seizing him by the arm, he hurried him quickly forward, with a rapidity which Konrad could not resist. When they reached the Castle, the unhappy Wolffenstaff turned suddenly, fronted the miller, looked mournfully in his face, seized both his hands, and said deliberately with a hollow voice:

"If I leave this town a maniac, Krantz, you must answer for it to my poor parents."

The miller again placed his arm within his own, led him into a chamber which had been appropriated to his use, and really fearing in his present state of mind to leave

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his young friend alone, requested a lacquey to desire Mistress Thumelda to come to him without delay.

The poor girl was weeping, but obeyed the summons. She believed that Konrad's elevation had caused his neglect of her, and that her father had sent for her to comfort and console her. The first object her eye glanced upon, with his head bowed down, was Konrad; no longer the handsome, gay Konrad, but a worn, pale being, with haggard cheeks, and sunken eyes. She stood stupified and aghast at his altered appearance.

Krantz saw that neither had power to break silence; he said seriously, "Thumelda, some heavy accusation lies against you; what wrong have you done—of what breach of faith have you been guilty towards your betrothed?"

"Wrong! my father, none, nor breach of faith, unless I have misjudged him in par-

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taking your fears that the miller's daughter is no longer a worthy alliance for the Elector's secretary."

"None other, are you sure, Thumelda?"

"None, my father."

"Where is thy locket, Thumelda?" said her lover mournfully; "on thy fair bosom, or transferred to one of higher grade than the Duke's poor secretary?"

"I know not, indeed, Konrad," she answered with emphasis; "I have it not; but truly cannot say who may now possess it."

"I can, Thumelda," replied Konrad in broken accents; "it lies in Count Henry's bosom, next his heart; while he gives his open vows to the lady Mathilda, in secret he cherishes this bauble."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Thumelda; "impossible!" and crossing the room, she went up to him, pressing his arm, and looking at him in alarm,

"Are you mad!"

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"Nearly so," he replied; and his head again sank on his bosom.

"What means this, Konrad? what means this, Thumelda?" cried Krantz, now becoming alarmed for his child's honour; "what locket? what of Count Henry?"

"I know not; indeed I know not, father," answered Thumelda, wringing her hands; "Konrad did give me ere we parted a token; it was taken from me."

"Thumelda, Count Henry wears—" begun Konrad.

"Hold!" interrupted the miller; "how know you this?" turning fiercely to Konrad.

"I saw it," he replied, almost choking, "when I slew the wolf by which he was beset; I found it among the fragments of his vest, and drew it from the jaws of the expiring brute; I returned it to him, and he thanked me in warmer terms for that restoration, than for his life which I had preserved. I know no more; since that

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fatal hour, sleep has scarcely closed my eyes, or food passed my lips; my brain turns, Krantz; is this enough, or will you complete your work?"

The miller with a firm step strode to the door and said in a determined tone, "Thumelda, and you, Konrad, remain where you are."

The unhappy girl sat bathed in tears: her companion neither moved nor spoke.

Ere long, hasty steps approached; the door was thrown open, and the miller re-entered accompanied by Count Henry, who looked at the group in astonishment.

Krantz pointed to his child.

"I have taken the liberty, Count Henry, of seeking you, to save the name of that maiden from aspersion. Know you aught to her disparagement?"

"Nought, my good fellow,—who shall dare say I do?"

"Do you possess a trinket, her gift?"

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"Assuredly not," replied Henry, smiling; "what can prompt you to propose such a question to me?"

"Wolffenstaff affirms that a bauble, containing hair, is worn by you, which was a gift to my child from him."

"It is true, miller, I have an antique locket, containing hair; but these are strange demands," he added, somewhat haughtily, "and I think not quite befitting."

"Pardon me, Count," replied Krantz, "I grant they seem unwarranted; but I am a father, and," he added, with strong emotion, "your answers nearly concern my happiness and my child's honour. As her father, I humbly crave that you will permit her to inspect that locket."

Krantz's manner was respectful, but so agitated, that Henry could not refuse. His love for his cousin was no secret; therefore why should he deny a request so simple, and for which, from the urgency of the mil-

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ler's manner, he concluded he must have some good reason? He drew forth the chain and locket, and placed them in Krantz's hands.

"Thumelda, look at this."

"It is mine!" she cried, "it was the gift of Konrad. Count Henry, how came you by it, may I ask?"

"I bought it," answered Henry.

Konrad shook his head.

"How did you lose it, Thumelda?" demanded her father.

"On that day, father, when the villain Hartorff assaulted me, of which adventure Konrad is in ignorance. The Lady Clotilda knows how many a tear she has seen me shed for the loss of Konrad's parting gift."

Poor Konrad gasped; he bent forward with straining eyes.

Henry related the purchase of the trinket at the goldsmith's shop. He believed that the hair which it then contained, and which

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he had replaced by the Lady Mathilda's, was still in his possession."

"Look, father! look!" exclaimed Thumelda, joyfully; "this bright hair is of a lighter shade than mine!"

Konrad eagerly snatched the locket from her, and compared it with her darker tresses. He looked around as one awaking from a trance: hope and joy lighted up his pallid countenance.

Thumelda, amidst her tears, which still flowed, continued:

"The kind youth who from the crowd called to Sir Otho to save me from that monster, seeing me so distressed at my loss, made every search—but in vain. I remember well, whilst I struggled against the villain, the ribbon was torn from my neck, and doubtless he retained my treasure. On the inside Konrad scratched a K; and when he did so, in sport I told him I was not

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likely to forget the donor. The Lady Mathilda herself has spoken to me about it."

"Are you satisfied, Konrad?" said her father.

"Oh! yes, Heaven be praised! My Thumelda," he exclaimed, starting to her side, "forgive my base suspicions—my own, my long-beloved! Heaven alone knows the suffering I have endured! Krantz, pardon me — pardon, Thumelda — pardon, Count Henry. Thumelda, tell me you forgive me, for sorely I have wronged you, my affianced one."

"Konrad," said Krantz, mildly, "I grant that you had some reason for your doubts—but why did you nurse and brood over them? Your duty was to have sought me when you quitted Count Mansfeldt."

"Was it for me," replied Konrad, "even had I known you were still in Magdeburg, to accuse the daughter to the parent—to

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accuse my betrothed one upon suspicion, strong as it was, but unconfirmed? No, Krantz, from Count Henry I would have demanded an explanation, but he knows his sudden journey denied me the possibility of doing so. Again to-day I sought him; but ere I could claim his attention, he turned abruptly from me, and I saw no chance before my return to Wittemberg of gaining speech with him."

Krantz's honest face lighted up with joy: he clasped them in his arms.

"Bless you, my children! Konrad, let this be a last warning to you, not to judge hastily from appearances."

"Mistress Thumelda," said Henry, "permit me to retain this trinket till I can procure another."

Thumelda's escape from Hartorff was now related. Henry gave the description of the supposed merchant; but from Hartorff's complete transformation, there was little

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resemblance to the man: they could only conclude that he had disposed of the locket for money.

The hours no longer lagged. Thumelda rejoined the Lady Clotilda, who rejoiced to see the smile on her happy face: she would not detain her. Henry ordered supper to be taken to them, that they might not suffer interruption. Krantz could not but feel pity for all the misery Konrad had experienced, or in his heart blame him for his persevering silence.

The night was far advanced ere they parted; but the youth in his own mind determined that on his return to Wittemberg he would endeavour, with the assistance of the goldsmith, to trace Hartorff, or at least to find the person from whom Count Henry had purchased the trinket.

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CHAPTER IV.

WHILE the village of Reiterstein and the inhabitants of the mill were enjoying protection from the security afforded by the soldiers, the surrounding country was infested by a band of marauders; traders from Kemnitz and the neighbouring towns feared to traverse the forests or heaths without a strong escort; robberies were occasionally perpetrated almost under the very walls; and before a body of men

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could turn out in pursuit of the depredators, they were off with their booty.

Much valuable property as well as money had thus been wrested from many unfortunate persons who, mulcted and maltreated, could only give contradictory accounts of their assailants, so dexterously did they conduct their attacks. One party represented itself as plundered and beaten by men in the garb of hunters; another said that their assailants were clad in leathern doublets; a third that they were cased in steel.

A rich burgher returning from Leipsic with merchandise, accompanied by four servants, who had been suddenly surprised at mid-day, his people disarmed, his goods carried off, swore before the authorities, that the band consisting of eight or ten men, were wholly black from head to foot; that the work of spoliation was conducted with a rapidity which no human

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hands could have achieved, and that their horses were so fleet, they must be winged. Some allowance was made for the good burgher's fears, who had hardly recovered from his panic, but his servants corroborated his deposition; there had been no murder, because there had been no time for resistance.

Another party declared that the demons (for such he believed them to be) were white, and that as the ground was covered with snow, their approach was not perceived till every man was knocked from his horse; before they came to their senses and recovered their legs, the plunderers were away with their spoil.

Many other tales of a like nature did not lose in the transmission from mouth to mouth, but spread terror from town to town. As the peasantry were left in peace, they did not much concern themselves in seeking for or giving any information of these

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brigands, as by so doing they might possibly expose themselves to destruction; the soldiers quartered in the village and at the mill took no part in searching for these spoliators, their orders were to prevent the Baron's exactions on certain lands in the neighbourhood.

In the mean time Reiterstein, who had thus been placed under check, still continued to expect Hartorff. From his prolonged absence, he began to fear that his hurts had proved mortal,—not an unlikely event to happen to a person whose constitution was inflamed by hard drinking. It was now nearly a month since he had left him on his sick bed; it was true, the journey was long, and the season unfavourable for a man scarcely convalescent; nor did Ludwig return; probably if Hartorff was still in existence, he might be waiting for him; the Baron had no companion, and apparently little occupation; he carefully

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inspected his men and their appointments, was much in his stables, surveyed minutely his stronghold, and made additional defences to it; often rode forth to the chase, and generally finished his evenings over the wine flask; he became more dark and morose than ever.

It was rumoured that travellers, as well as bears and wolves, were hunted by the inmates of the Castle, for the Baron was not the man to sit peaceably down without some indemnification for the lands which had been wrested from him. These were merely conjectures not borne out by strong evidence; it was certain that he often watched from the highest tower; that parties of ten and twenty left the Castle at all hours of the day, but more generally returned during the night; still they always set out with their dogs, either in their ordinary attire or in hunting garbs.

The Baron's men were a motley crew:

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Italians, Spaniards, with some outcasts from the free towns; whatever his pursuits might be, if (as it was whispered) they were not lawful, they were carried on with a dexterity and secrecy which defied detection, nor did the description of the numbers and appearance of the band which spread such consternation, more especially round Kemnitz and its vicinity, tally at any time with that of the parties who issued from the fortress.

In consequence of these continual outrages, many preventive as well as active measures were taken by the magistrates; a good look out was kept from the walls, horses ready saddled, with men to mount them (on the first alarm) and attack the robbers, were housed and stabled near the gates. These precautions preserved the passengers from being pillaged so close to the town; the burghers who had goods of value to transport took care to travel

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in large parties armed and guarded, but still the evil was not rooted out, and the traffic of the hucksters, pedlars, and minor merchants, who had not influence to engage, and could not afford to pay for protection, was ruinously injured; in fact their trade was nearly stopped.

From the various reports brought in by those who had been laid under contribution, superstitious fancies of supernatural agents, began to circulate among the common people, who hardly considered themselves safe in the streets; the magistrates tried every means to disabuse them of such unfounded terrors, for these idle stories gave the freebooters an immense advantage; such follies were confined to the ignorant, but still, they produced a bad effect, spread like a contagion, and made it the more necessary that greater vigilance should be used. Scouring parties were ordered out, but they returned as they went, without

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any intelligence; and the lower mechanics with the poorer class of women, became more confirmed in their belief, that mortals could not thus appear under so many different guises, vanish, and elude all attempts at discovery.

It was in vain to argue against their ignorance and superstition; or try to convince them, that spirits could have no use for stuffs, or such wares as were plundered from merchants and travellers. There was force enough in the town and Castle to chase away, or capture the villains, but where to find them? this was the question, and one which nobody could answer; it was only to be hoped that success would make these brigands too bold, and lead to their detection. Thus thought the wiser heads, and therefore finding all other means fail, at last apparently relaxed their endeavours, and pretended to treat the matter lightly, still keeping watch around the town.

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Kemnitz was an old town, full of crooked streets, narrow ways, tall, tottering overhanging gables, corners, angles, and short turns; but in these days a flourishing place, possessing some trade, and the population industrious: under the protection of its Castle, which stood a mile beyond the gates, it enjoyed tolerable security. Reiterstein would often make his appearance in its market place, accompanied by two or three of his German followers; he was generally attired in his hunting garb, or in the suit of a civilian; for sometimes he would change his mind after he had started for the chase, send home the greater number of his dogs, and part of his retinue, pursue his ride to Kemnitz, dismount, and wrapping his cloak around him, traverse the streets in all directions, giving orders for horse gear, hunting spears, and other articles, which his people were to fetch; and then whistling to his two favourite hounds,

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retrace his way homewards. He had been so rarely at Reiterstein of late years that he had no acquaintances in the town, but would sometimes stop at the inn for refreshment, and gather from mine host the news of the day; the worthy man's conversation generally turned upon the last robbery, with the means taken to bring the depredators to justice, and he also expatiated loudly and at length upon the absurd fears of the people. The Baron laughed as mine host recounted the story of the black spirits and the white spirits, and asked him whether he believed in such things.

"It is hard to say, noble sir," he replied, "Herr Bickerstaff is a respectable burgher, backed by his four servants, who swear to the black spirits; here on the other hand a huckster, in company with two pedlars, a wooldresser and prentice weaver, who

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equally swear to the white ones; which is one to believe?"

"That black is white, I suppose," said the Baron with a grin; "perhaps the black demons rode in the moonlight, and so your huckster, pedlars, prentice, and wooldresser were deceived."

"But the snow was on the ground, Mein Herr, which would make them look blacker still."

"They always paint these gentry blacker than they are, you know," retorted the Baron.

"Well, demons or no demons," said the man, "it is certain our people lost their wares, and got nothing but knocks and fright, in exchange for their merchandize to bring home from such a market; a bad payment for those who have got to live by their trade; it is something new of late in these parts, and sets all the tongues in the

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town wagging like bell clappers: after one of these encounters with the marauders, one can hardly hear the church chimes for their chatter; when the thieves made free with their bales and boxes, no doubt their teeth set their tongues the example."

At the word thieves, a slight wince of the Baron's mouth might have been perceived if mine host had happened to have observed it.

"I have heard of these stories before," he remarked, "why do not your magistrates put down such irregularities?"

"They have tried," answered his informant with a knowing wink, "and that is what the people say; that with all their footmen and horsemen, they cannot rout them out; and that they must have been caught before this, if they were flesh and blood; not that I believe such nonsense, only this, that they are clever fellows at their trade; but now I hear they mean to

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call in their scouts, and just stay quiet, and so lure them on like, and see if they cannot cage them that way, good luck for them who have no occasion to go out of the town say I, but I think their sport is nearly over."

"Why so, my friend?"

"Because no one will quit the town but in well armed companies, too many for them; our people when they leave the gates with their light waggons, and pack horses, are bristled with swords, pistols, pikes and daggers, for all the world like a herd of hedgehogs, a murrain take the hounds to give honest people so much trouble, and not let them keep their own; I should like to fill my empty casks with such gentry, and roll them down into the river; if they are fiery devils, the women would only have to dip their buckets for warm water. This comes of these wars and fighting; when they have once got their

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hands into blood spilling and pillaging, they can't keep them out of their neighbours pockets, or from their throats."

"Why," observed the Baron, "they say that Duke Maurice has disbanded his army."

"Ay, ay," responded mine host, "they are not his Saxons who do such things; they are glad enough to get home to their own hearths and their own families: it is these foreign fellows, whose help they call in, because they can't cut and hack each other to pieces fast enough. When they get no more pay, they have no honest calling to turn to: they can't speak Saxon speech, or dress Saxon wool: if I had my will, I would give them Saxon hemp, and stop their tongues altogether:—but the flask is out, noble sir; shall I fetch another?"

"No more," said the Baron, throwing his reckoning on the table, and at the same time addressing his communicative host, "I have given orders in the town for sundry

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goods: I shall possibly send a waggon with some of my people to fetch them. They will put up here; see that you give them good entertainment."

He then desired his horses to be brought out, and left mine host, who with cap in hand watched the departure of his guest to find another listener, and who, as he saw the flakes of snow descending, shook himself, and brushing his sleeve, said—

"Rather he than I!"

Whether this self-gratulation proceeded from the comfortable idea that he was safe from the predatory gentry who had formed the topic of their conversation, or that he was housed from the weather, is a conjecture left to the sagacity of the reader to solve, for he did not explain himself further than is written down; but retired to the chimney-corner, to restore the caloric expended before his own door, in doing parting civilities to the Baron.

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The wind was bitterly keen, the snow was falling fast and thick, while the overhanging clouds were heavy and loaded.

The Baron made a rapid journey back to Reiterstein. He was soon seated by the blazing logs, which were piled on the wide hearth: he threw his cloak over a high-backed settle to dry, and then applied himself to the companion of his lonely hours, which was always ready at his elbow to answer his call, and his exactions were not a few upon the friendly wine-flask. For a time he drank and thought, and as the warmth shed its genial influence, dozed, while the wood crackled, and threw out lively sparks of fire. Although he cursed, because it was his habit to swear as well as to drink, he was glad, for his dreams were not pleasant; then he heaped more fuel, called for more wine and lights, and pondered on many things gone by and to come. His reflections probably were not more agreeable

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than his dreams; for he started up, paced about, clenched his hands, renewed his draught, then threw himself again into his seat.

The wind howled wildly round the Castle, and whistled through the loop-holes; the soldiers in the hall were drinking, singing, and shouting in their various dialects—the watch-word was lost in the united din of the voices, and the bellowing of the wind; but finally all became calm, the wind sank, the snow came steadily down, the men had emptied their flagons, retired to their quarters, and the step of the sentinel could be heard, as he turned the angle on that side of the building.

Again the Baron had slept; he roused himself, rose, trimmed his lamp, threw his cloak, which was now dry, over his shoulders, clasped it round his neck, put on his bonnet, and drawing a key from his pocket, opened a cabinet of curiously carved oak,

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which stood in the corner: from this he took a bunch of keys; then opening a low door, lamp in hand, proceeded through galleries and empty chambers; in the last of these he withdrew a sliding panel, which concealed another door; to this he applied a key from the bunch in his hand; he passed onwards, closing both after him.

At the end of a narrow passage, he descended a steep flight of steps, and after other applications of his keys and some turns, entered a dry and spacious vault, around which were lying various bales of goods, armour, with warlike instruments; a sort of warehouse, containing a motley collection of portable goods of all descriptions. The bales had evidently been newly made up for easy transportation, as the old covers, with the private marks of the owners, were thrown together in a corner. He advanced to a recess, and unlocked a well-concealed massy door, studded with iron nails, cramps,

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hinges, and bolts. On shelves within were ranged goblets, tankards, cups, and flagons of silver and gold, of different shapes and sizes, jewelled ornaments, stones and gems of value which had been wrenched from their settings, also bags of money. He gloated with a miser's pleasure over his hoards, saying to himself—

"I will add to these treasures before I have done. Duke Maurice, Reiterstein is not ruined yet; the spoil of your subjects has helped to swell this mass, and has paid back in part, and shall refund still more, in compensation for what you have wrested from him, and you will be cunning, my Lady Cousin, while I hold this Castle, to extract from me your portion of these monies, the golden proceeds from your rich lands; but we must see to dispose of these more bulky wares to advantage; some will be required for home consumption. Hang that fellow, Hartorff, I need his assistance for

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this business, but further his greedy eye shall not pry. I should not have a ducat, golden vessel, or jewel left, if he once got scent of the treasure."

He now removed one of the heavy bags of coin, placed it under his cloak, reclosed the door, took up the lamp, retrod his steps, and was soon again within the influence of the burning logs; the money was counted, a book of calculations drawn from the cabinet, studied, and then with keys and money, replaced; he rubbed his hands over the glowing embers, and finished his flask.

On the following morning, the Baron distributed a portion of the golden ducats among his men, in payment of their extra service as agreed upon. The storm of the preceding night had entirely passed away, and the sun now shone out upon the frozen snow, which glittered and sparkled under its cheering beams.

The fields and heaths were deeply covered,

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the trees were festooned with its bridal like wreaths, each spray of weeping birch and quivering aspen, was feathered to its tip with hoar frost, and their slender branches bent down in graceful curves; the blue smoke from the village hearths curled up perpendicularly from the whitened roofs of thatch, for there was scarcely a breath of wind to impede its upward course, or disperse its continuous column, till a fresh issue from below broke through its vapoury head, dividing it right and left, and floating it into the thin atmosphere. The wind during the night, in the more open places, had drifted winter's blanched winding sheet into miniature waves, or where it had encountered any obstacle, piled it on high in toppling banks.

Unless to a person well acquainted with the country, it would have been difficult to find a track, for the drifts had filled up the deep, as well as the shallow places; and had

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given the most uneven parts the appearance of a dead level; thus overlaying the earth with a universal mantle of pure white, and leaving to the wayfarer no land-marks, unless here and there a tree, distinguishable by its dark stem, whose tufted head was bowed under the weight with which winter's stern hand had burthened it; or a peasant's homestead, betrayed by its smoke and dark sides; the barking of dogs, guarding the farm yards from the attacks of wolves, were the only sounds which broke upon the ear.

Notwithstanding these impediments, a horseman who was well protected from the cold, made his way steadily onwards; his stout cloak covered his saddle bags, as well as his person; he seemed not at fault, although the appearance of the country was changed by its new garb; his hat was slouched over his eyes, partly to shade them from the dazzling reflection of the interminable sheet of white around, as well as

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to save them from the biting frost. He every now and then changed his rein from hand to hand, keeping up circulation in the one at liberty, by thrusting it into the breast of his doublet; he had emerged from the forest, and left it an hour's ride behind him; in the distance before him, on an elevated knoll, rose the dark towers of Reiterstein. In half an hour these were again lost to view, as he entered a broad path between two low banks, on which the snow was piled high above his head, forming not a rocky, but a snow pass, for the wind had driven it against the stunted shrubs and brushwood, which bordered their edges, but had left the pathway clear from the heavier drift. He had ridden forward about a hundred yards, when his way was impeded by an object, which as white as the snow, arose from it.

His horse started at the figure, two similar forms on each side jerked him from his

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stirrups, he fell forward on his face against the bank, and was forcibly held down by them, while his first assailant rifled his doublet, and eased him of his purse and pistols.

When the booty was secured, they relaxed their hold, threatened him at the same time with death, if he continued his journey before half an hour had elapsed after their departure, or if he attempted pursuit. They then left him; the overthrown horseman arose, shook and readjusted his cloak, beat the snow from his hat, cursed his ill luck, and after walking briskly backwards and forwards for the time prescribed, made his way to the end of this temporary defile. Here he found his horse, disburthened of his saddle bags, but as he had no more to lose, he was tolerably certain of escaping further molestation, therefore mounted with much composure, and prosecuted his journey.

The Baron, who had just finished his daily

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inspection of his stud, and was striding up and down the ramparts, more for want of occupation than for exercise, and was at the same time revolving many undigested plans in his mind, was interrupted by Brandt's hasty approach.

"Sir Baron," he said in some trepidation, "there is a traveller at the gate, who knocks and holloas, and will take no denial, he says he must and will see you."

"What is he like?"

"He is well mounted; I could not see his face or his person, for he is muffled to the eyes."

"Then give his horse to a groom, and bring him into the hall; unless he can give good reason for his visit, he shall be in no hurry to repeat it."

Brandt retired, and the Baron entered the hall, to wait for the appearance of the persevering intruder, whom on his advance he addressed haughtily:

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"Here Hans, take his cloak and hat, you should know better, fellow, than to stand before me covered."

The Baron was obeyed, and a simple burgher stood before him.

"And now your business with me?"

"Noble Baron, about five miles from hence, I was waylaid and robbed, and am come to claim your assistance for the restitution of my property."

"Man," exclaimed the Baron angrily, "do you suppose that all the freebooters in the neighbourhood come under my jurisdiction, or that I am to play knight errant to every travelling huckster and pedlar."

"I am neither," replied the man sturdily, "but a respectable burgher from Ghent, and lastly from Wittemberg, and require as I said, restitution of my property."

"Scoundrel," cried the Baron still more enraged, "do you expect me to be banker

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for all the cut purses who may lurk in my vicinity?"

"I expect nevertheless, noble sir, that you will see me righted, and I know that you can do so, ay, and have my money, my saddle bags, and my pistols restored to me."

"The fellow is mad," exclaimed the Baron, "he has been affrighted out of his wits. What have I to do with the foul doublet and hose you may choose to carry at your saddle bow? you impudent varlet, get you gone."

"I am no varlet, and I will not move from this spot till my money and my goods are given back to me, and moreover I will force you to do it at last."

The Baron looked at the man in amazement; and then roared out:

"Here you Brandt, call Wilhelm and Pedro, give this stuttering impudent pedlar a shroud in the snow which you have

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cleared from the yard, and then trundle him over the ramparts."

The men advanced to seize the resisting struggling burgher.

"Is this the reception, Baron, you give—"

"Off with him!" shouted the Baron.

"Is this the reception you give your lieutenant, poor Hartorff?"

"Hartorff?" cried Reiterstein.

"Yes truly," rejoined the other, speaking in his natural voice, "you propose to give me a cold welcome."

"Confound you," said his master, "you had nearly paid for your mummery."

The Baron dismissed Brandt and his fellow.

"And now pray what led you, my mountebank lieutenant, to suppose that my people had robbed you? the bungling knaves!"

"By no means my redoubted master, you accuse them wrongfully; I never saw anything better done, or a traveller more adroitly

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handled; they must have had practice of late; but you forget, that I know these are old pastimes of yours, and the fellows were so well drilled, I could not doubt who was their commanding officer; but, with your leave, I will enquire after my property; I am half frozen and famished, and shall be glad to fortify myself for my journey into the Castle ditch."

Hartorff in the course of two hours was in close conference with the robber noble; he detailed his adventures, and assured the Baron, that finding Duke Maurice had returned to Wittemberg, his desire of visiting that place had arisen solely from his anxiety to gain information for his noble commander's guidance: of this his auditor believed just as much as was really the truth; but it suited his purpose to assure Hartorff that he did not doubt his zeal or attachment. Self-interest is the only bond which can unite villains, the storm of bad passions in one

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moment may snap the loose and rotten tie, as the wind lays low the decayed and sapless tree; that he had contrived to amass a considerable sum by successful, though not fair play, in the several games at which he was an adept, was palpable, by the bag of money which was now on the table between them, and had been delivered to the Baron by his agents but a few minutes before the lieutenant's arrival; he could not therefore plead poverty which it had been his intention to do, and the share which he would have claimed of the productive robber warfare which had been going on during his absence, went to swell the Baron's hoards. To do him justice, he spoke with some gratitude of the friar's medical abilities and charitable care of him. In continuation of his narrative he added—

"Not knowing the warfare which was carrying on here against the citizens' purses, I should have remained some time longer in

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my quarters, which I found profitable and comfortable, and where I was likely to pick up many useful hints; but that puritanical scribe Konrad, I spied out, was sent off to Magdeburg with despatches, where I suppose he got wind of my escapade with his dark-eyed beauty, and the locket affair, for, assisted by Count Henry of Mansfeldt, he was peering into every hole and corner to discover if I was in the town. This I found out, from some inquisitive questions put to me by the goldsmith and the tavern keeper where I used to meet Bortoni; I discovered also that Hornbook, who is as cunning as a fox, although he could not track me or my abode, had visited all the stables in the town, and had been minutely overhauling my horse; so I thought it time to be off, and I was not too fast in coming to this conclusion, for scarcely had I cleared the town when I saw from a rising ground, a party coming full tilt after me. However, I had

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got the start, and as my horse was fresh and in wind, gave them but little chance of overtaking me. It seems he is in high favour with the Elector for saving the stripling Henry of Mansfeldt's life; and I knew not how he might view the matter, and then my league with Bortoni might by some chance come to light. I lost a good harvest there for both of us. I suspect if he had lived he would have put us in the right road; but in the name of wonder, what is the meaning of all these soldiers being quartered in the village; I met several as I passed through; I should think they must interfere with your levies in the neighbourhood."

It was now the Baron's turn to account for the presence of this force at Reiterstein, and relate the causes which had led to his being saddled with such unwelcome checks.

"Whough!" whistled Hartorff, "this is a bad business;" and in his own mind he began to think he might have sought some

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better theatre for the exertion of his abilities; but then he considered his master was fertile in resources, and would contrive to fill his coffers by some means or other: besides, he still retained his stronghold, and a good force to back him.

What Hartorff gained he kept for himself. In that which he unlawfully assisted his commander to seize, he claimed a share, and lived well at free quarters; therefore he became reconciled to his measures. Before they separated, many things were discussed.

Ere ten days had passed, two light waggons well loaded, under Hartorff's escort, (who on this occasion resumed and further perfected his burgher disguise) had departed for and returned from Leipsic. The lieutenant, retaining a handsome per centage for himself on the merchandize sold, delivered the remaining proceeds into the Baron's hands, who lodged them safely in his concealed bank.

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Hartorff had neither seen nor heard any thing of Ludwig; nor was it likely he could have done so, if, as the Baron supposed, he had gone to Magdeburg.

"I expected," he added, "to find him here; his loss, if he does not return, will be a gain—for I do not fancy our present trade would be much to his taste. You always thought the fellow better suited to our purposes than he was."

"That is to say," replied Reiterstein, "that he was not scrupulous."

"Exactly so," answered the lieutenant.

"Perhaps it is as well that he is gone," added his master; "but his honesty has been of some account to me, for he looked well to matters while I was away."

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CHAPTER V.

To narrate all the discussions, or to enter into all the particulars of the negociations which were carried on at this time between the Emperor and Maurice, for the safe conduct of the deputies who were to be sent by the Lutheran Princes to settle religious differences, would be to involve the reader in details not only out of place in a romance, but also more likely to weary than to interest; we shall therefore pass by many things which may be found in authors who

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wrote diffusely on these matters at this period, and offer as an excuse for such omissions the desire to amuse by touching rather upon the most prominent events of a laical character, and which are more in the province of such a work as this to weave into its web of many colours.

"You have scarcely slept upon my wishes my good friend," said Maurice addressing Mansfeldt, who at an early hour had just alighted from his horse, and was accompanied by Count Heideck into the Elector's presence, "and at the expense of your own rest, have timed well your visit, while those are indulging still in repose, who by their treachery deny it to their Prince."

"I judged," replied Mansfeldt, "that this hour, unseasonable to others, would be most agreeable to your Highness; I grieve that you should be subjected to the necessity of such watchfulness."

"It is better Count, that I should abridge

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my needful rest, than sleep in blind security and wake to find that I have slept too long. My deputies returned last night; I anticipated the answer which they have brought. As I expected their return, I was not willing to lose time in deciding upon such measures as must be consequent upon that answer; had his Imperial Majesty responded to my wishes (certainly not to my hopes,) I should still have derived benefit from your able counsel; I have however although unwillingly, been compelled to succumb to the necessity of the occasion, not studying your convenience as I could wish."

"My duty is my convenience, and resolves itself into a pleasure, when your Highness deigns to call in the feeble support of my opinion upon matters so nearly concerning your own interest."

"The Emperor," pursued Maurice, "still evades decision upon any of the points proposed to him; declares his willingness

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to treat them with partiality, and assures the ambassadors of those powers associated with me in support of our demands, that their intercession has had its due weight and influence. He further desires them to notify these sentiments to their own courts, but that he withholds any final settlement until he can confer with me in person, which he expects to do. Thus he spoke by his ministers, thus he expressed himself to the ambassadors and deputies, and thus he still answers my persevering remonstrances."

"Does your Highness rely on such assurances?"

"No, Mansfeldt, I dare not; the Landgrave must be free."

"Your Highness then has decided———"

"To prepare for war," interrupted Maurice firmly, "his crooked policy has stigmatised me with the name of domestic traitor; I grieve that blood must wash out the foul stain. You know I have foreseen this, and

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am prepared to trust to arms, since fair entreaties have failed to prevail. It is for you and my friends to assist in furthering my designs without creating suspicion of my intentions; daily I expect the ambassadors from France."

Maurice now detailed, explained, and descanted upon his ultimate views, and then retired to break the ill success of his mission to his Duchess, who being less acquainted with the character of the Emperor, and the influence of his wily counsellors, and judging according to the justice of the cause, as those of pure and honest hearts are prone to judge, had been more sanguine than her husband as to the success of the last mission, so powerfully backed. He knew the man, and the tortuous windings of his crafty mind, a labyrinth of deceit, and was well aware of the sway which he permitted Granville and Gonsanque to exercise over him.

The Elector would not respond to, or

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buoy up her hopes, although he could not endure to crush them, for who can bear to banish the brief respite from woe which hope brings, to save from utter despondency those whom we love?

The voice of affection is perhaps the fittest to prepare the destined sufferer for a tale of sorrow, because its tender sympathy pours in a healing balm while it reluctantly inflicts the wound, but the task is a hard one, and few are equal to its performance.

As Maurice passed through the private apartments to seek his wife, he weighed, and reconsidered his words, and refashioned his bearing, in the manner most likely to soothe and reconcile her to the failure of the embassy, upon the desired issue of which she had built such sanguine hopes. War, the alternative upon which he had decided for the enlargement of the entrapped Landgrave, would rather increase than assuage

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her grief; it was an adventurous measure, perilous for her husband, and if unfortunate in its termination, would perhaps confirm and increase the cruel ill-usage under which her beloved parent languished. He knew she would be watching for his coming; he had concealed from her the return of the deputies on the previous evening, and hoped his slow and reluctant step might now in some degree prepare her for the ungrateful news he was compelled to communicate.

As he entered, he found her clasped in the arms of her brother. Their agitation so completely absorbed them, that his approach was unperceived by either. Their sorrow was his sorrow, and his heart smote him that his credulity had caused him to witness a scene, of which he felt he had been in part the origin.

The Electress, as she raised her head from her brother's shoulder, saw the dis-

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tress which was visibly depicted on her Maurice's countenance as he stood with folded arms contemplating them. The youth's back was to him, but the exclamation of "My Husband!" by the Electress, announced to William of Hesse the presence of his brother-in-law.

The Elector took him warmly by the hand, but the young Prince did not so cordially return the pressure.

"Perhaps, Duke, I am unwelcome."

Maurice looked at him reproachfully and replied—

"Unwelcome? Never!—and I trust you will not refuse to combine with me in speaking words of comfort and fortitude to our beloved Agnes."

"Then again, my Maurice, you have failed?" said she, looking sadly in his face.

"Not entirely, my love; as usual fair speeches, but evasive concessions."

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"And is it to be thus for ever?" asked William.

"No;" returned the Elector with vehemence; "think you, good brother, that Maurice hath not heart to prize his domestic happiness? Think you that the tears of this loved one," embracing his wife, "fall like pilgrims' drops, on cold marble, which the first beam from morning's sunny light dries from its polished surface? Think you that Maurice holds his honour as a bubble, which the breath of every malicious fool may bandy to and fro, and burst with its tainted scandal into air. Think you that with Maurice, oaths are unsanctified and idle words? My Agnes," he added more calmly as he again folded her in his arms, "knows better, but," turning towards the Prince, "I cannot blame you, brother, you are a son, and would be an unworthy one if our unhappy father's vile durance pressed less heavily on your duty and affection. If

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your judgment of me errs, I will fain believe it is warped by the continual alternations of hope and despondency, to which our reiterated and wasted negotiations have given rise. As I intended honestly when I took upon myself a responsibility which has nearly overwhelmed me, so I intend to act faithfully, and liberate our father, which by Heaven! if it be in the power of man to do, I will do! I can pardon doubts which are not offensive, because natural, and opinions which weigh not because they are fallacious."

The Prince kept his eye fixed on the Duke as if he would read his inmost soul, and could glean the truth of his declarations and the workings of his mind from his face, for he still distrusted him, and doubted if he would really risk so much for the object they both had in view; but Maurice's brow was fair and open, his eyes were full of fire, and each emphatic word evinced a

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strong determination long brooded over, a decision delayed, but the more matured and immutable.

The Duchess gazed from her brother to her husband. Alas! she guessed too well from those speaking, flashing eyes, the inevitable resolution which he had formed, and she cast down hers in grief. She could not dissuade him, for she prized her husband's honour, while the love and duty of a child kept her silent; she could not persuade, for it was a hazardous measure; her Maurice's life and possessions might be placed in jeopardy, but she drew comfort from the reliance she had ever found reason to place upon his consummate talents and prudence.

"Are you satisfied, my brother?" said the Elector, as he held out his hand to him.

"I am," replied the youth, now grasping heartily the proffered token of compact and brotherhood.

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"Precede me, then, to the Council; declare boldly your errand before my ministers; you must, however, interpret my reply according to your wishes, and what you know to be my intentions."

Mansfeldt, Heideck, and Arnoldi, were among the members who awaited the Duke's coming. Prince William of Hesse's introduction among them caused some surprise, for his arrival was not known to all. The Duke welcomed him, and said, that by his presence in that assembly, he concluded business had brought him to his Court. He replied, it had done so. He came upon a matter which touched him nearly; he came to learn what success had attended the late mediation in favour of his father.

Maurice handed him the letters, repeated the assurances he had received from the Emperor, and stated that his Imperial Majesty expressed himself anxious for his presence, that he might confer with him, and

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settle all matters under discussion between them.

"And although," pursued the Elector, "to leave my dominions in the present state of affairs, will be a serious inconvenience to me, I shall not hesitate to do so, for nothing is of deeper concern to me than the prolonged detention of the Landgrave."

"This journey, Duke," replied the Prince, "will be but a postponement of the question; are we thus still to linger for mediations which avail nothing but to breed false hopes, while thus such fruitless delays absorb the time? You know Duke Maurice, that our mother, borne down by ineffectual struggles against her adverse fortune, by grief at her separation from her beloved husband, distracted by his sufferings, overwhelmed by the knowledge of his cruel and derogatory treatment, and broken-hearted that she was neither al-

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lowed to alleviate his griefs, nor administer to his sorrows, sank into eternal sleep, and was followed to the silent tomb by her bereaved children. One living mourner less was left, but one deep and deeper calamity more was reserved for us, who had been wont to mingle our sighs and tears with hers. Alas! alas! one other added and unmitigated woe for those who still remained to weep. Years cannot wear away the remembrance of such a trial as this, nor time efface the awful recollection, but she has passed away from her afflictions on this earth, I trust to everlasting happiness."

He paused; then added in a lower tone—

"Her children have no other consolation left them, than to pay these bitter tributes to her memory."

The Prince overpowered by these sad remembrances, wiped away the bitter drops of which he spoke.

"Duke Maurice, my Father and your

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Father, the Landgrave of Hesse," he continued with encreasing energy, "pines away his days in hopeless grief and suffering within the narrow limits of a nasty and loathsome prison; he, who at your instigation, consented to degrade himself before a human being,—who consented to yield his territories, power, and liberty, at the feet of one, who before high Heaven, is mortal like himself, upon the pledge that this demeaning and unbecoming ceremony would satisfy the temporal pride of the ruler, whose power had stricken him so low,—who in defiance of the convention that his restoration to freedom and to his territories should wipe out the disgrace of such profound humiliation, is still held in vile durance like the meanest malefactor. Is this the fulfilment of the compact of which Joachim the Elector of Brandenberg and yourself were the agents? Are such empty professions and futile attempts enough to satisfy

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the yearnings of his children? and will they efface the odium which must attach to you?"

The Prince now nearly overcome by strong emotion, pressed his hands across his forehead, and paused. The assembly awaited in silence and respect until these filial feelings were somewhat subdued. By a strong effort he calmed himself, and then proceeded with more composure.

"Duke Maurice, I cannot counsel your journey, I doubt your safety with one, who so lightly holds his plighted word and kingly honour; one who in his arrogance, deems that even his prisons should be filled with captive Princes."

"I fear no danger, Prince," replied Maurice "the Emperor knows well my attachment to him, and my personal intercession, if necessary, must not be wanting."

"Be it so Duke, but blame me not if I cite

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the Elector Joachim of Brandenberg and yourself to fulfil your obligations."

"Prince," replied Maurice, "I shall persist in *my design*, and I question not that our father's liberation will be the result."

Within a week, Mansfeldt and Prince William passed the gates of Wittemberg; the Prince to seek Duke George, who was in winter quarters at Mulhausen, Mansfeldt to Magdeburg, the bearer of an invitation to Sir Otho and Clotilda, to visit the Elector and Electress at Wittemberg.

Deeply as they felt indebted to Duke Maurice, they could not part from those with whom they had been for so many weeks domesticated, and from whom they had received so much friendship and kindness, without deep and sincere regret. Mansfeldt was almost inclined to rebuke them for their unwillingness to obey this distinguished summons, however flattering

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their reluctance might be to the Countess and himself.

"His Highness," he observed to Otho, "besides the few opportunities he has himself had of judging, has heard your acquirements much extolled, nor has Duke George been wanting in availing himself of occasions to laud your military talents. Wild as he is, he has not been unobservant of or lukewarm in your praise, you know he rarely chooses a cold medium in act or speech."

Otho sighed and observed—

"You are right Count, it is not for an obscure knight who has a name to gain, to cast away an occasion which may lead to distinction. I owe every exertion to you my own Clotilda, and to that dear one who now nestles in the Countess's arms."

"We shall miss you sadly," said Mathilda pressing the hand of her friend, "but I trust while His Highness appreciates your society he will graciously consider how much his

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enjoyment robs our domestic circle, for his more intimate knowledge of you, will teach him how to estimate our loss."

"He draws largely on our family ties; is it not so Mathilda?" demanded her father with a sly smile. Mathilda blushed.

"You do not answer Mathilda, your mother and myself have the most reason to be dissatisfied."

"Why so my father? I am sure I shall equally with yourselves miss these dear companions. My mother, too, how lonely indeed will she feel without that dear child, of whom really I am half inclined to be jealous."

"No Mathilda," retorted the Countess, "that is not spoken with your usual truth," at the same time placing the young Lewis in her daughter's lap, who covered him with caresses."

"His Highness," pursued the Count, "loves to see those around him happy, and

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there is a certain youth who at present holds the rank of his aide-de-camp who is moody and melancholy, and whom the court diversions fail to rouse. He takes some interest in the young soldier for my sake, and fancies that the presence and bantering of a fair cousin of his, may chase away his morbid musings. This young lady therefore is included in his invitation, and I shall myself accompany her to the court, and place her for a short time under the Electress's protection, who promises to receive her with kindness. The Countess and myself therefore must be——"

"Left alone," interrupted Mathilda, "but this must not be."

"I fear there is no alternative my dear child; you cannot say nay to such a bidding; you must therefore quit the dulness of Magdeburg for the court gaities of Wittemberg, and assist his Highness to discipline this

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wayward recruit, whom he enlisted from our Castle."

"I hope," said Mathilda in alarm, "Henry has not given the Elector cause for displeasure?"

"Faith!" replied her father, "it seems that your cousin, rather than the Duke, is displeased."

To say that Mathilda was not gratified and happy, would be to add twenty years to the eighteen which she marked, but there was a shadow over one part of the bright prospect before her, as there ever is over our gayest anticipations; for although the distance from them was not great, or the absence from her parents likely to be prolonged, it vexed her to leave them thus alone; for the good father Augustine, who could not deny himself the happiness of witnessing that of his dear children as he called them, and had therefore given him-

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self a longer repose than usual from his holy labours, was about to leave them.

It was a new occurrence also to Mathilda; she had never before quitted the paternal roof. It was her first parting, and a first parting from a loved home, whether in childhood, manhood, or womanhood, is ever a painful separation: it is a break in the hitherto unbroken links of childhood's associations, and the first adieu we bid to home, even if only for a brief space, and under the happiest auspices, is often more felt than lengthened absences later in life, when the Rubicon has been passed and repassed.

Mathilda therefore set about her preparations in a more orderly and leisurely manner than she would have done, if her parents as well were to be her companions, and often paused as the rich brocades and velvets were offered for her inspection and choice, with a passing doubt as to the happiness

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her visit might bring; a distrust which possibly would have been more strongly confirmed, if the image of her cousin Henry had not continually obtruded itself in the foreground. It was arranged that Krantz and the faithful Ludwig should accompany them.

After many tearful adieux, the party finally commenced their journey; Clotilda, Mathilda, and Lewis, with their damsels, in litters, the rest of the party well mounted. Their progress was slow: as the hour at which they started was near noon, as the days were short, and the season the depth of winter, from the keen blast of which the warm furs in which they were enveloped hardly defended them, they could not compass the distance in less than three days.

They were still a few miles on the third day from the end of their journey, when a party of horsemen overtook them, and surrounded the litters. Mansfeldt had provided a sufficient escort, as much for assistance as

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protection, although it was difficult to say when any one was secure, or what lawless band might interrupt the course of travellers. At that time, from the constant intercourse between the two towns, this was perhaps the safest road; still Mansfeldt felt some alarm when he was thus unceremoniously stopped, and pushed up to the leader to demand his object; but his exclamation reassured his companions.

"What is this? I believed you, Duke George, to be at Mulhausen."

"Recently I was," he replied; "but as I conclude your way is my way, with your leave we will pay our respects to the Elector in company."

The Count now ordered the litters to proceed, while the Duke greeted Otho in a cordial manner; then turning to Mansfeldt, demanded—

"What precious deposits, Count, may I ask, occupy those funereal-looking ma-

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chines, which you are guarding, like a second St. George, from an obstreperous dragon?"

"Forbear your inquiries I pray, Prince, until I unpack my costly wares at his Highness's court; although I confess that the atmosphere might freeze even a fiery dragon, I think your curiosity will hardly find time to cool or abate in the short space which, from the distance, must intervene between its birth and its gratification."

"At any rate, Count, you are in no haste to allay it; a man is usually desirous of puffing off the wares he takes to market," he said, laughing.

"True," replied Mansfeldt, "when they are for sale—but my goods are already disposed of; they are rare in quality. I am not a free man, Prince, to grant them to a new bidder."

"You may not have made a good market, Count; but perhaps you fear to incur the risk of temptation, if a better should offer."

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"I hope I am above it," he replied, "or long experience has been wasted upon me."

Duke George looked annoyed.

"I fear there are few who can answer for themselves so boldly, Count."

Mansfeldt was uneasy, but answered calmly—

"All can, Prince, who are men of honour, and have high characters at stake. We cannot call it *temptation* to do that which is wise and good; the word therefore itself carries its warning with it, and it is a sufficient one, when we find it applicable to our desires, to admonish us to avoid it, if we regard self-approbation, or the esteem of others."

"Upon my faith, noble Sir, I am tempted to put myself under your tutelage, and learn prudence,—surely you will admit this inclination to be both wise and good."

The Count shook his head.

"I fear, Prince, you will take lessons from a harsher teacher—experience."

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"That is to say, if a long life be granted to me. That market is not such a monopoly as yours: it is open to all purchasers."

Mansfeldt had not felt some uneasiness without cause. Prince William had accidentally mentioned to the Duke, Maurice's invitation to the party now on their way to Wittemberg, and he determined to set out towards the city and meet them on the road, not, perhaps, with the definite resolve of intercepting them, but, at any rate, with the intention of making an effort of some sort to possess himself of the object of his wild affections.

He had nothing but disagreeable recollections connected with Magdeburg, and detested it, neither could he have formed any excuse for visiting it, but some hope had sprung up from Henry's separation from his cousin, especially as the Prince had represented him to be unhappy. Mansfeldt perhaps might be induced to hesitate as to

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a match which would not exalt his only child; but the Count's firm manner had considerably damped any expectations he might have formed, and he pursued his way to the conclusion of his journey, quite at a loss as to the best method of proceeding, and of compassing after his arrival, if possible, his designs. He hid his anxiety by keeping up a bantering conversation with Mansfeldt and Sir Otho, interlarding his discourse with jests and laughter.

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CHAPTER VI.

DUKE GEORGE accompanied the party to the palace, and thus assured himself of that of which before he scarcely doubted, that Mathilda was one of the travellers whom the Count was so carefully guarding. The difference of her ceremonious salutation to himself, when she descended from her litter, compared with the more familiar greeting awarded to her cousin, proved to him that his long journey would probably be a fruitless one; and he now for the first time,

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began seriously to reflect what excuse he could urge to the Elector for his sudden appearance at Wittemberg, when he believed him to be with his troops, who were quartered at Mulhausen and in the neighbourhood.

When they had alighted and had entered the palace, he remounted his horse, sought lodgings in the town, and then dispatched a message to Count Heideck to request an interview, who, when he received this summons, shrugged his shoulders, hummed an air, and nodded assent, wondering what new and wild schemes were marching and countermarching, at double-quick time, through the Prince's fertile brain.

"What a pity," he thought, "that his head-piece does not better guide his gallantry: he will storm a town, rally and sally with skill and bravery beyond most men, but will never make a good general at defence, or possess prudence enough to con-

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duct an orderly retreat. By his mode of warfare he sets every acknowledged military rule at defiance, and I fear the Elector will find some difficulty in restoring discipline to the troops under his command, after the licence which he allows and encourages.'

Having indulged in these and similar cogitations, the worthy soldier proceeded to the Prince's lodgings, as indicated to him by his messenger. He was received with a hearty welcome, and warm acknowledgments for his prompt attention to his invitation. He hoped that he should find him equally willing to oblige him upon some other points on which he might have occasion to trouble him, besides those which more immediately pressed.

The Count expressed his readiness to promote his wishes, as far as it was in his power to do so.

" First then, my good Sir, I am at a loss

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for quarters for my men; secondly, I wish you to notify my arrival to the Elector."

"The first request I will attend to forthwith, Prince; your next commission will be also equally easy, for I imagine his Highness expects you."

"Not exactly," replied the Prince, with hesitation. "I did not announce my intention to the Elector, but I have matters upon which I wish to consult him at his leisure."

"Faith, Duke, if you wait his leisure, your business will speed badly,—for his hours, like a civic banquet board, are overloaded with a variety of meats and dishes prepared by master cooks; and although some are not very palatable, nor easy of digestion, still he must taste of all, and give his opinion upon the merits of each. You may imagine therefore that he is not very willing to increase his establishment in this department, or essay the skill of any new compounder."

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"Then I must tempt his appetite with some novelty," replied the Prince, laughing.

"Pardon me," responded Heideck, "if I doubt your power to do so. Any new invention is more likely to produce disgust and nausea, and you must not be disappointed if your cookery should be rejected and sent away untasted."

"Nevertheless I will try my skill," pursued the Duke, "if you will act as my usher. Mansfeldt," he added, contemptuously, "with whom I travelled the last few miles, was so intent upon the comfort and safety of the lady-toys he was bringing to the court, that I would not trouble him, nor indeed, could he have aided me in allotting quarters to my men."

This last sentence gave Heideck an insight into the Prince's intended proceedings; he had not been present when Mansfeldt and his companions arrived at Wittemberg, and at the commencement of this

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conversation he had supposed the Prince's appearance at this conjuncture accidental.

"It would seem," continued Duke George, "that while his Highness is surfeited with the more solid viands, he assists his digestion with light confections."

"These dainties," replied Heideck. "he leaves to the Electress to scatter among his courtiers."

"He cannot object, Count, that his soldiers shall participate as well, in the scramble for them."

"Possibly," replied Heideck rather maliciously, "he thinks that they help themselves ad libitum to other booty in other quarters, but doubtless," he added, "while you remain here, you will secure your portion of these sweets composed of smiles and honeyed words."

"I shall claim it," said the Prince drawing himself up.

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"Not as a right, Prince, these matters usually pass by favour."

"And sometimes, Count, by interest, which propitiates the favour sought."

"To my mind, Duke, that is not the weapon I would choose, or use to win my way to such a banquet of delights. It is better to gain the hearts of the inhabitants by proclamation of gentle usage, than bribe the Governor to yield the city to the invaders."

"You speak, Count, rather as a politician, than a soldier or a lover. All means are fair to gain possession. I suppose upon this principle it was, that your counsel in part helped to save those feasting burghers of Magdeburg from rendering up their goods."

"It is notorious that it did, Prince, but had it been otherwise, their Governor was above the temptation of bribery, even" he said with meaning, "if they had not held the lives of some valuable prisoners in their

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power, as hostages for clemency. As a soldier and a politician, I am satisfied with my counsel and advice, for the result has justified me for the part I played in that transaction, but we are wandering wide of our position, which is bad generalship. As a lover, I recommend when you desire to invest a fair citadel, to do so by gentler approaches than were used on that occasion.—The toys of which you spoke are easily fractured by rough usage; Count Mansfeldt therefore, cannot be blamed for packing his cargo so carefully. I know," he added with emphasis, "they are beyond all price to him, and bribery, or interest, would fail to gain possession of them; but it is time your people were lodged, I will look to their comforts, how many bear you company?"

"Fifty troopers, two officers besides my own varlets; with your leave, Count, I will share this duty with you."

Maurice and the Electress received their

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guests with their usual urbanity; the latter turning to Mansfeldt after the first salutations and presentations were over, congratulated him upon his power to add such lovely guests to their society.

"The Elector has spoken much to me upon the charms of your domestic circle, but your family jewels Count, are even of rarer water than I had supposed, although my Maurice was no niggard in his praise; one could hardly imagine that the Lady Clotilda had been till lately the denizen of a cloister; the most polished court could hardly produce so fair a specimen of lovely and unaffected elegance'"

"They tell me your Highness," replied Mansfeldt, "that there is no one more calculated than the good Lady Abbess of Walsrode, to form the mind and manners of a maiden, besides the Lady Clotilda comes of a race renowned for exterior grace and high principle. In early youth

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I knew her parents well, and have seldom looked upon their like; no doubt his Highness has acquainted you with her strange story."

"He has indeed, and I grieve that there should be such a cloud of mystery over her husband's birth, for under other circumstances than those unfortunate ones which attended her marriage, we should have called it a mésalliance."

"No one your Highness, can feel his doubtful origin so keenly as Sir Otho does himself, and to this mortifying reflection is to be ascribed the shade which you may observe over his handsome and naturally animated features; the good father Augustine declares, that while he lives, he will never relax in his efforts to discover his parentage, but I fear they will not be crowned with success; however, it is a hope which keeps Sir Otho from greater despondency, although I think the benefit he would confer and

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which the other so ardently covets, is almost a doubtful one, for the shadow which hangs over his origin, seems but the more to stimulate his wife's love for him, and every mark of attention or honour bestowed upon him is received by her with heartfelt gratitude, although his own high qualities imperiously demand such consideration for him, for I hold him as much distinguished above most men as she is nearly matchless among women."

Heideck's entrance now rendered the conversation more general. He took the opportunity of requesting the Elector's attention for a few moments, who was not well pleased to be drawn aside from his fair guests.

"Is this just, Count Heideck," he observed good-humouredly, "thus to abridge my few minutes of relaxation?"

"I am unwilling indeed to disturb your Highness from such an agreeable council,

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but I have given my word to lose no time in executing a commission with which I am fraught; its communication I fear may not make amends for even the brief space upon which I am compelled to trespass

"What is it?" said Maurice hastily.

"Duke George has requested me to announce his arrival."

"What does he come for? no disaster I trust?"

"If I gather his real motive, your Highness, it is to bask in the sunshine which certain bright eyes shed over these saloons; our conversation was not long, but its conclusion induced me to form this supposition, for it tended to that effect; as his arrival was unexpected, he desired me to announce it to your Highness."

"Foolish boy," said the Elector, "he must be sent back, this is no theatre for his wild pranks."

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"It will be one for a duel or two possibly," replied the Count coolly.

"Advise him against that," said Maurice seriously, "when say you he came?"

"It appears he joined Count Mansfeldt on the road, and entered the town with him; this junction was as unexpected as unwillingly endured; he states that he has matters on which he wishes to speak with your Highness, but gave me no indication of their substance."

"To-morrow I will see him Count, we will give him some hours to arrange in his own mind the propositions he may have to make, that is, if he will take advantage of the delay to reduce his flighty imagination into some order; he is a brave fellow, I wish he were more temperate, but his actions ever outstrip his judgment, and leave it so far in the distance that it is difficult to guess at what point of the compass one must look for it; let him openly attend the council to-morrow,

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but reserve what he has to say for a private audience."

Heideck soon returned to the impatient Prince. After his departure, Maurice crossed over to the Electress, who was still in conversation with Mansfeldt, and looking on her affectionately, said—

"Truly my Agnes, I owe the Count some thanks for smiles which are but too unfrequent dwellers upon your countenance. I trust they are the approving indexes of the favour these fair additions he has so kindly confided to our welcome, will find with you."

"They are indeed, my Maurice, and thanks are due to your eloquence, which prevailed with the Count to allow me the opportunity of expressing how entirely my judgment coincides with yours upon the charms and graces of our fair visiters; my smiles are but the borrowed reflections from yours, which ever give birth to my happiest

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thoughts; when sadness casts its shadows o'er my brow, they rise, because I see yours clouded by care and anxiety; then melancholy fancies environ my thoughts, and persuade me to apprehend some forthcoming danger to you."

Maurice's eyes intuitively followed the direction of the Electress's at the moment she gave utterance to this gentle speech; as they wandered to the opposite side of the room where Carlowitz and Schoenberg were engaged in conversation with Sir Otho, and answering to her thoughts he said in a whisper—

"Fear not my love, it is they who are in jeopardy; they have chosen the path which has been so artfully strewed with gold for them; the ground on which they tread is unsound, and they will sink while my feet still stand firm upon the rock, but I came to tell you that Count Heideck announces a fresh arrival; as his air when he entered

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wore something of mystery, I feared you might suffer alarm."

The looks of the Electress spoke eloquently her thanks for her husband's consideration, he continued—

"Count Mansfeldt on his journey hither, attracted our erratic and fiery meteor, Duke George, within the vortex of his galaxy, which truly needed no additional luminary to increase its blaze of brilliancy."

"Your Highness," said Mansfeldt, "invests me with an undeserved merit; by accident I conclude Duke George pursued his course at the same time to the fixed star which rules the destiny of Saxony, the Court of Wittemberg."

"Light travels fast and far, Count, and some beam from your wandering and bright constellation doubtless reached, and has drawn him hither; but I question, from what I see, if he will find his heaven here;

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it will rather be a mercy to abridge his purgatory."

Konrad, having passed an evening of unalloyed happiness with Thumelda and her father, sought his own chamber. To his surprise a light was burning within, and on entering he found Hendrick with folded arms and extended limbs fast asleep before the dying embers of the stove.

He stood for a time debating as to the cause of this unusual visit, and then giving the trooper a hearty shake of the shoulder, begged him to satisfy his curiosity on this head. Hendrick rising and stretching himself, yawned out—

"I have been watching for you, Herr Wolffenstaff, for two good hours at least."

"Not a wakeful watching," retorted Konrad, "if I judge by the chilliness of the room. I wish my good friend, you had kept sentry over the fire."

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"So I did," he replied shivering, "but while watching you in, the fire went out, for I fell asleep; can you blame me for drowsiness, when you have not even a flagon to keep a man company?"

"And make him still more heavy headed," responded Konrad; "but let me ask what stronger motive than good liquor prevailed with you to leave to others the duty of draining the tankards?"

"I took my guard over them early in the evening, trust me I did not let these jolly companions escape me altogether," answered Hendrick; "but I came to seek you here because I could not find you elsewhere, and here at last I knew you must come to take your rest, and because I want your advice, which is not a thing a friend often keeps one waiting for, unless his pocket is called upon at the same time to make it acceptable. That creature Bortoni, who is under my

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custody, is sick, and I am at a loss how to act."

"You have not starved him I hope?" said Konrad.

"Oh! no, he is well nourished, but stall feeding seemingly does not suit his constitution, the prison besides is damp, and I fancy he has been used to treatment as dainty as that of a lady's lap-dog."

"Are you sure Hendrick that he ails? or has he imposed upon your honesty? for he is crafty enough to feign death itself if needful."

"So I thought at first," he replied, "and gave him abundance of food and clothing, but did not otherwise heed his complaints. but I believe truly his sickness to be sore and real. I want you to see him, for as you are well skilled in book learning, the Elector will be better satisfied with your report than mine."

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Konrad rather winced at this proposition; the spy was as abhorent to him as a loathsome reptile; he hated to look upon him, but he felt that the soldier was right, for he well knew that the Duke by no means desired his death, but merely his safe custody; the creature was but a vile tool in the hands of others, more guilty and corrupt than himself, although too high in power to be made amenable to the Electoral Court for their corruption.

"Hendrick I am ready, although I would rather again face my fierce and late godfather of the forest by whom I played such an undutiful part, than encounter this snaky creeping thing."

He then took up the lamp, and was proceeding towards the door.

"Tut man," cried his companion, "not so fast, take your cloak and hat; you forget that the gentleman's lodgings are underground."

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"And the walls I suppose," added Konrad, "filter the waters of the Elbe. Poor wretch! he has spied farther into the Elector's stronghold, than it came within his calculation to be able to do; but come Hendrick, I am now proof against your reeking subterranean domicile."

"Sounds of revelry were to be heard issuing from the banqueters as they passed through a lateral and covered passage which ran along the side of the hall, and led into one of smaller dimensions. This vestibule opened into a quadrangle, and faced the outer gate with its capacious porch. One door to the right entered into the guard-room, another to the left into the quadrangle, and one fronting them into another passage similar to that they had just quitted. On each side of this gallery were rooms appropriated to the stores of arms and accoutrements. Some fifty paces brought them into a vaulted and groined roofed chamber, thickly deco-

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rated and strewed with coats of mail and their accompaniments. Here Hendrick trimmed his lamp, took a basket (which he had placed there previously to his seeking Konrad) from behind a cuirass, and again quitting the chamber made a short turn, at the termination of which they reached the landing place of a flight of steep stone steps which led downwards to the base of a high tower. This entrance to the dungeons below was guarded by a strong door, which, as well as the one from the chamber above, Hendrick locked after them, and preceding Konrad, he admitted him into a vault which received but a scanty illumination from a loop hole high above their heads. It required some little time even in the broad glare of day for the eye to become accustomed to the darkness of the place, before an archway with a recess on either side and within which was embedded a well-guarded door, could be discovered.

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"Now, Herr Wolffenstaff, keep behind me, and judge for yourself, unseen by him, of the state of my prisoner."

As they entered the dungeon of Bortoni, which occupied about one third of the base of the tower, and received neither light nor air from without, Konrad slid into its darkest corner. The atmosphere was damp, and loaded with that heavy and earthy smell which weighs down vitality, but the prison was otherwise clean and spacious. Under a lamp, which was fastened by an iron cramp and socket to the wall, and which burned but dimly, owing to the dank vapours of the place, was stretched, on a pallet of piled straw, the one-eyed spy.

Hendrick approached a table, and having placed upon it his lamp and basket, called to announce his presence to his captive. A low moan was the only reply he received.

"Come, get up," said the trooper, "I cannot tarry long. Here is your provision,

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which in consideration of your sickness, you may flavour from this good flask of rhenish."

Slowly the wretched creature arose from under the sheep-skins with which Hendrick had furnished him, and looked wildly around him.

"Ah! Master Hendrick," he said, in a feeble voice, "thou art ever in haste, and I do not marvel that thou art so, to leave this noisome place."

"No thanks to you and your confounded knavery that I have to visit it so often," replied the trooper. "Many a better man has fared worse—and for his honesty too. Here are dainties enough to tempt a hermit. Come, come;" and Hendrick motioned to him to approach the table.

"One breath of air, or ray of light, would be worth all your dainties," he replied, as with difficulty he tottered forward.

Konrad shuddered as he viewed Bortoni:

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his body, lean and diminutive before, was now shrunken and emaciated. It had lost its peculiar pliancy: his sharp features had become sharper, and his complexion cadaverous, while his unshaven beard nearly reached to his sunken chest.

"I cannot eat, Master Hendrick; have you spoken a word of favour for me?"

"No, I have not," he replied.

"Oh! do not let me die in this dark and lonesome place—I will tell all."

"No doubt of it," answered Hendrick, "and more than all, and that is the reason you are here. It is a dangerous thing to pry into the secrets of princes. You carried on the trade too long, and have at last set your foot on your own treacherous trap: no doubt it was well baited, as you intended it for others."

"No, no, not your master's secrets indeed: I do not know them—I can tell nothing of them."

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"If you do not," said the soldier, "at least you tried your best to steal them; —but who is to believe you? Why, you would betray Satan himself, your bosom friend, for the value of a thaler: I have told you before, your life is safe."

"No, no, it is not — I shall die here alone;" and then suffering his head to sink upon his breast, he continued, in a hollow whisper—"Bortoni, thou wilt never again breathe the fresh air, see the sun, nor look upon the faces of men. Alone in this dark and fetid sepulchre,"—and again he raised his head, and looked around in terror,—"here thou wilt sigh thy last sigh." Then throwing himself upon his knees before Hendrick, cried, in supplicating tones—"But for one peep of day, for once to inhale the fresh breeze, I would pay gold—all I have, Master Hendrick."

"Tempt me not, man," exclaimed the soldier, "with bribes: I will have none of

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thy coin, which comes from the devil's mint; it would scorch my palms. Thou knowest I dare not let thee beyond yon outer prison; there thou mayest walk while I watch."

"I cannot now bear my useless and wasted limbs so far; I have no breath. Is there no one to show mercy to a dying man? My master—surely he would intreat in my behalf,—and they say your Prince is merciful."

"Rise, Master Bortoni, your master believes you dead, and cares not that you are so. He well deserves to share your prison; for in truth, he who set you on your dirty work, merits as much, or more, to partake the penalty."

"It was a harsh sentence," he rejoined, rising, "to send me hither."

"Milder than you had earned," said Konrad, coming forward, "when you would have shifted your abominable machinations by

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base lies upon the shoulders of an innocent man, and accused him of a treason to which you endeavoured to bribe him, and which would have cost him his life."

The wretched being at the sight of Konrad wrung his hands and almost screamed, "if thou art here, there is no hope."

Konrad looked down upon him with a mixture of compassion and contempt.

"Had'st thou been Konrad, and Konrad Bortoni, there would be none for thee, for thou and thy employers love retribution better than mercy, but I have not come hither to reproach thy misery, however well deserved such reproaches."

Konrad now examined more minutely the object before him: a shivering fit had seized him, his teeth chattered, his body waved to and fro, he breathed so short and with so much difficulty, that the clammy perspiration gathered in drops upon his forehead; Hendrick made him swallow a glass of

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wine, and when a little revived, led him to his straw pallet, for the aguish paroxysm made him fear that he was about to die; he threw the sheep skins over him, and placing the table, with a jug of water by his side, replenished the lamp, and soon after with Konrad quitted the dungeon of the wretched being.

As they crossed the vaulted chamber and entered the passage beyond, Konrad whispered, "we are watched."

Hendrick instantly shaded the lamp with his cloak, and they paused.

"It was the echo of our own steps," murmured Hendrick in the same low tone.

"There was a footfall after we stopped," observed Konrad, "make six steps forward, and then halt."

They did so, and no longer doubted that some one was and had been in advance of them from the chamber.

"I fear me, we must have left the passage

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and outer vaulted chamber doors open," murmured Konrad, "let us hasten forward."

As they did so, they caught the glimpse of a figure issuing into the vestibule.

"Hurry onwards," said Konrad, "and see if any one is missing from the table, and I will wait your return in the quadrangle."

Hendrick was not long absent; he reported that all the guests were there, but that as he looked into the hall Schoenberg was apparently reseating himself by Colonel Schwendi, and a cloak which he knew to be his was cast aside as if it had been thrown off in haste.

"Is the Elector there, Hendrick?"

"No, if he has been there he has quitted them,"

The clock now struck ten.

"I must away," said Konrad, "we shall be blamed for leaving those entrances unlocked, but we must excuse ourselves as well as we can to the Elector for our careless-

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ness. I will go forward, and endeavour to see him; indeed it is my hour of attendance for to-morrow's orders; wait in my room till I come back."

Konrad made all speed to the Elector's closet, and as he passed through the anteroom, demanded of a page in attendance if his Highness had passed through; he was answered in the affirmative, an hour since.

"Has he enquired for me?"

"Yes, some minutes ago."

Konrad found the Elector alone, who having given him some trifling directions, said:

"Wolffenstaff, I shall not require your further services to-night."

Konrad requested a few minutes' audience, and narrated the circumstances of his visit to Bortoni's prison, and his precarious state. When he had concluded all the particulars of his relation, the Elector desired him to bring Hendrick, who, although ex-

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pecting the summons, entered in some trepidation, anticipating an angry reprimand.

"How long has your prisoner been ill?" the Duke demanded.

"For many days, your Highness."

"Has he endeavoured to bribe you to release him?"

"He has, your Highness."

"I cannot much blame him for that. Have you reason," he continued, "to suspect that your visits to his prison have been watched before to-night?"

"Why, your Highness, I have met Herr Schoenberg more than once of an evening in the vestibule, or walking in the quadrangle but as so many come and go that way, I took but little heed of the circumstance, nor perhaps should I have done so at all, if the evening banquet had not been going on at the time in the hall."

"How often do you visit your prisoner?"

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"Twice a day; indeed I have found it needful, for at times he can hardly reach his hand for the pitcher of water beside him, although he is ever crying for fresh water, and takes little else."

"Is it your custom when you visit his prison, to leave the door of the passage and vaulted room open?"

"No, your Highness, not since he has been in confinement, and I generally make some excuse to accompany any one who has need of access to the stores during the day."

"It was a careless act of thine, sirrah."

"It was indeed your Highness, and I am much concerned for the neglect, but in truth I was so anxious to get Herr Wolffenstaff to report the state of the prisoner, and knew that he had not much time to spare for the inspection, that in my haste I omitted to lock them after me."

"Hum," said the Elector to himself, "this accounts for his often quitting the table at

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so early an hour; to-morrow evening, Hendrick, your prisoner must be moved; prepare the upper chamber of the northern tower, and carry him thither; what money he may have about him deliver to the Chancellor with a note of the sum; let him have all needful, and in three days report his state to me; he must not, in case of your absence, have it in his power to bribe his guard, but see that you conduct this removal at the fittest time, and with more caution than you have used to-night. In this service, Wolffenstaff, I must request you to assist."

After a few directions, the Duke dismissed them.

"I cannot tell," he thought, "what knowledge the fellow may have gleaned; he is a well trained spy out of the way, although I do not wish to destroy the wretch, nor deprive his Imperial Majesty of one able friend and coadjutor," and here his counte-

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nance expressed ineffable contempt, "out of the phalanx in his pay. The brave Colonel must dispense with his valuable services for some time longer, and continue to take all the dirty duty upon himself; that wretched low spy receives better treatment than my poor unhappy and excellent father-in-law;" and here he heaved a deep sigh, "but that shall not endure."

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CHAPTER VII.

KRANTZ with reluctance broached to Thumelda the necessity for his speedy departure. His absence from home had been prolonged much beyond his expectation or intention. Thumelda, who had ever before her eyes the vision of the terrible Baron, extracted from him a promise, that he would journey with other travellers after he left Leipsic, where he intended to visit his son Philip. She yearned to see her mother, and would gladly have been the companion of his way, but

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but to this the miller would not accede; his home was no longer the shelter it should be for his child, and sacred as it was to him from every past and fond recollection, his whole thoughts were bent upon abandoning an asylum which during the Baron's life must cease to be either the abode of peace or security.

Clotilda also felt that however his presence at Reiterstein might be beneficial to her interests, yet by urging or even permitting his continued residence in the neighbourhood, (if in her power to dissuade him from it,) she was compromising positively his happiness, and possibly his safety.

To abandon the occupation of the mill had been for some time the subject of his meditations; most unwillingly was it entertained, and the consideration of it often postponed, but the necessity still glaringly pressed itself upon his attention. The spring would in all probability deprive him of the

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protection of the soldiers; the separation also from his children, his continual absences from them, or if with them, from Theresa, robbed life of all its social charms; he cared not how much he laboured while his wife and children were near him to reward his toils, and repay his exertions by their endearments and cares for his comforts, but to endure that toil without the recompense of domestic peace, to see possibly the fruits of his industry swept away in one moment, and beggary usurp the place of hard earned competence, was a prospect too dreary to leave him any mental repose. How to compass this removal, was a difficulty not easy to be overcome. His mill was his only resource; it might not prosper under the management of those to whom he could entrust it, as it had done under his own, and he viewed with the most melancholy forebodings his probable ruin, the result of the vicious propensities of one man.

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Sir Otho and Clotilda pressed him to trust himself and his family to their care for future provision, and permit them thus to repay in part their obligations to him. His difficulties they urged had arisen from his attachment to them; it was not just that he should suffer ruin in their cause.

But Krantz replied to them, "That he had only repaid a debt too long due; all he possessed, all his prosperity, was the work of the loved Lord Lewis and his father, and if he rendered back all to them, he was still their debtor for years of happiness. In his heart he felt besides that honest pride, which although it scorned not a temporary and absolutely necessary aid, could not reconcile him to remain a perpetual pensioner on their bounty, an idle partaker of their generosity, being still in the prime of life, and vigour of body and intellect, and able to amend his fortune by his industry.

Ludwig would not be refused, when he

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proposed to bear him company to Leipsic, and quieted Thumelda's apprehensions by the assurance, that doubtless they should find companions on the way, for the first annual fair at Leipsic was at hand. His daughter hung round his neck with many fond adieu, and charged him with reiterated tender remembrances to her beloved mother, with difficulty he tore himself from her affectionate embrace.

While Krantz pursued his journey, matters at Wittemberg did not stand still.

Duke George had urged his suit to Count Mansfeldt, upon which measure he had never ventured openly before; the Count's denial was gracious, but grave and steady; still the persevering Prince could not reconcile himself to abandon his hopes. Mathilda trusted that this interview with her father would release her from his further persecutions, for each hour she dreaded some conflict between the rivals, her terror of driving

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the Prince to some desperate act, constrained her manner to her cousin when the other was present; the consequence of this prudent conduct was, that Henry became piqued and ultimately jealous at what he conceived her neglect. Thus gradually a coolness grew up between them, unconsciously to themselves almost, and Henry by his increasing causeless suspicions, acted daily in a manner calculated to estrange still more Mathilda's confidence, and convert into reality that reserve, which in the first instance was assumed to prevent feuds: cold ceremony usurped the light-hearted jest, and not unfrequently the former friendly bantering took the tone of sarcasm.

Henry, by degrees, persuaded himself that his cousin preferred the Prince's attentions, when in fact she only tolerated them for the sake of her lover. Mathilda on the contrary, from his indifferent manner, began

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to view in his conduct the desire to break from an engagement of which he had become weary. Mutual avoidance was the result of these mistaken impressions; to all others than her lover's eye, Mathilda's discouragement of Duke George was evident, but neither of the rivals looked upon her behaviour in this light.

Henry considered her alteration of manner to himself as the result of her preference for another; the Prince, viewing it according to his sanguine temperament, hoping and wishing it to be so, believed her partial desertion of her cousin's society, evinced a predilection for his own.

Mathilda was miserable, but neither complained, nor sought consolation; her whole endeavour was to school herself into more indifference. Her state of mind was so unhappy, that she counted till the hour should arrive, which would bear her from the scene where she had anticipated so much pleasure,

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but where she had found the very source from which she hoped to draw it, poisoned, to that hour which would carry her back to the bosom of a fond mother and friend.

She was so upright in her own intentions, and so open, that she never suspected she could be misunderstood; nor was she, by those who looked on with unprepossessed minds, but prejudice unfortunately views every occurrence askance, and never takes in more than the profile which comes within its scrutiny. A prejudiced man is as unsafe a counsellor as he is a dangerous judge.

By those who were unbiassed, as there was no cause given by her for the coolness between Henry and herself, therefore was it for some time unperceived. Their estrangement also had been gradual, and had increased by imperceptible degrees; his dereliction was confirmed in her mind, because his present conduct was so much at variance with his natural disposition. She was sure

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that if he had grounds for uneasiness, he would frankly declare his annoyance; but jealousy, like bodily disease, is of a Proteus character, and perverts the natural temper. On the contrary, when this change of manner first came over him, she endeavoured more than once to draw him into an explanation, but he either turned away, made an indifferent remark, or some slighting observation which sealed her lips; he recklessly abandoned her to Duke George's assiduities.

The Count, notwithstanding all Mathilda's caution to conceal from him the distress of mind she was enduring (for she knew that any complaint preferred to her father against her cousin would bring down upon him her parent's severest displeasure), perceived the roses fade from her cheek; he feared that the change from regular and quiet habits to scenes of continual gaiety and festivity had impaired her health; but whenever she saw the Count's eye upon her, she assumed an

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air of enjoyment and cheerfulness, which exertion, as well as the fear that the cause of her pallor should be perceived, brought a transitory glow into her face, and then he thought his anxiety had misled him.

Henry's excuse for his relaxed attention wash is duty in attendance upon the Elector; his conversation, when near his cousin, was on the delights of the chase, or the anticipated glory of some future and perhaps distant campaign. He seemed to dwell with peculiar complacency upon the discussion of every amusement in which, from its nature, she could not be a partaker, and upon every subject from which she could derive no interest, laughed, and would pass the greater part of the evening by the side of the handsome Adelheid Carlowitz, and look as if he was vexed when called upon to show some act of courtesy to Mathilda.

Mansfeldt was not always present; still he thought his manners not improved since

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his residence at the Electoral Court, but never suspected any change towards his beloved child possible. To a whispered observation to her to this effect, she quietly replied—

"I do not think they are."

Henry at the moment was standing near, and overheard, as Mansfeldt intended he should, the remark and the rejoinder, and coloured.

The listless way in which she answered, and the unusual paleness of her complexion, drew the Count's attention, and he continued, looking at her—

"Nor have your looks benefitted, my child, by new habits, or the dissipation to which you are unaccustomed."

The Prince at this moment placed himself at her side, and heard her reply—

"My quiet home, my father, suits me best: I shall regain my former robust appearance when we return to Magdeburg. When, think

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you, we shall take our departure? my dear mother must be very lonely."

Neither of her auditors liked this observation, which was intended for both.

"Oh! Count," said the Prince, in a beseeching tone, "do not deprive the court of one of its brightest stars."

"But, Prince, you have just heard my father declare that the star has lost its brilliancy. Such a feeble light will scarcely be prized where so many, more dazzling, shine; and I assure you the star itself will be very glad to travel back in its own orbit, since some convulsion of nature has transferred and greatly misplaced it."

This was said half jestingly.

"But," rejoined the Prince, "the Electress will never part from you so soon."

"To the kind Electress," said Mathilda, "I must yield my wishes, as I did when I accepted her gracious invitation, and should

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be ungrateful if I could leave her without regret."

"And are there none others to share with her in this feeling?" said the Prince.

"Yes, those with whom I quitted Magdeburg, and to whom I must reluctantly bid adieu when I return thither."

Henry caught the last part of this sentence only, and immediately construed it into an invitation to the Duke; and burning with vexation, crossed into another room, and again devoted himself to the fascinating Fraulein Carlowitz.

"Yes," thought Henry, "as he retired that night to his own chamber, "this was the reason why she so readily acquiesced in my aunt's objections to our immediate union. 'When I return thither;' yes, doubtless, he will be a welcome guest at Magdeburg when I am far away." And now he endeavoured to dwell upon the image of the handsome Adelheid and her flattering reception of his

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attentions; but that of his cousin would obtrude itself in the foreground, and notwithstanding the flashing dark eyes, but bolder beauty of the manœuvring lady, his attempt to bring them into juxta-position was a reproach to himself.

Clotilda, who passed her mornings before the appearance of the Electress chiefly with Mathilda, was not slow to discover that something was amiss with her friend, but as Mathilda's answers to her queries and apprehensions as to the state of her health, were answered cheerfully or were adroitly avoided, she could not press the subject.

The cause, when she perceived Henry's repeated devotion to Adelheid Carlowitz, did not escape her, or raise him in her opinion. She grieved that the first affection of her friend should have been thrown away upon a being so capricious, and devoid of discrimination. She reflected however that Mathilda joined to a gay and happy disposi-

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tion, the firmness of character which was conspicuous in both her parents, and blighted as she might be by her cousin's treatment, she felt assured that she would struggle against its domination over her future happiness, rather than sink under the disappointment of misplaced affections, but Clotilda grieved that the young heart of the amiable Mathilda should be exposed to such an unmerited wound; although religious principle, love for her parents, and moral courage might heal the stab. While she was thus musing, a gentle hand upon her shoulder caused her to turn round, and her husband's eyes met hers.

He seated himself by her, and pressing her to his bosom said:

"As usual, my love, I have come for comfort to my fountain of all joy and consolation."

"What ails my Otho?" she cried in alarm.

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"A vexation," he replied, "which may pass away. Duke George, whose friendship for me has revived, and burns with more ardour than ever, has proposed to me, to return with him to Mulhausen. I evaded, and declined his proposition with all the adroitness in my power, unwilling to offend him; but as he never conceives that he can have imbibed a false impression, he is persuaded that he offers that which must be acceptable. I urged my unwillingness to be absent from yourself, an unnecessary sacrifice when the army was in winter quarters. Oh! he would persuade you to consent to the temporary separation. A command was ready for me. I told him that it was not in my power to leave Wittemberg. I was here by the Elector's command. Oh! he would arrange that with the Elector, in fact he had some counter argument for every objection which I urged."

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"But you will not go, my Otho, you will not accept his offer?"

'Assuredly not, my love, if I can avoid it; but if he should represent to the Elector that my wishes coincide with his, which I fear he will do, and his Highness commands, I shall be placed in a most unlooked-for position."

"Cannot you explain to his Highness?" demanded Clotilda, in agitation.

"But if, in the interval, the fiat goes forth, how can I refuse? for unless the Elector sees good reason, he will not impose an irksome duty upon me; and it is difficult to guess what arguments Duke George may bring forward to induce him to come to such a decision. I know he would be glad if some steady adviser and friend was near him, to check his wild ravages."

Clotilda saw the truth of her husband's remark, and sat for some time in silent consternation. She had suffered so much, that

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she dreaded any separation from him; their happiness in each other was perfect, the one painful thought of his birth alone continued to cast a shade of sorrow over Otho's brow.

His conjecture was well founded. Duke George applied to the Elector for permission that Otho should join him.

Maurice was astonished, and demanded if Sir Otho had sanctioned the application.

"Not exactly, but he knew that it was in accordance with his wishes. He certainly had hesitated, but his indecision appeared to proceed from his doubt of his Highness's approval and permission."

Maurice knew how often the Prince's judgment was perverted by his sanguine disposition, and told him he would think upon it.

"Leave his wife, leave the court and my protection, to join an unemployed army, under the command of an impetuous Prince? If this be his desire, I have greatly misin-

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terpreted the knight, or his friendship is of a most romantic character," thought Maurice, as he entered the circle usually assembled in the saloons. His eyes, when he had conducted the Electress to her seat, and placed her under the care of Duke George, wandered over the various groups around. Henry, as usual for the few last evenings, was by the side of Adelheid Carlowitz. "Again?" thought Maurice, as he observed them. Mathilda was conversing with Sir Otho; their looks were grave, while Clotilda's, who sat apart, bespoke anxiety, and were fixed on his own movements. He drew near, and with some gracious remark addressed her. She rose; but taking her hands within his own, he gently re-placed her in her seat, at the same time occupying the vacant one beside her, himself.

"Your knight I perceive," he observed, "is supplying the place of that recreant one, who is basking in the beams of the

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handsome Adelheid's smiles; my aide-de-camp is toying with dangerous weapons."

"I lament his hardihood," replied Clotilda, "at the same time that I deprecate his taste."

"She is handsome, very handsome," said the Elector, "what say you, fair lady, in comparison with the beauty of your friend?"

"I am not at a loss to answer your Highness's question, since happily for Mathilda of Mansfeldt, there is so much disparity that a comparison can hardly be drawn between them."

"But," he urged, "you see she has the greater power of fascination."

"Too much of that your Highness! art has superseded the rights of nature."

"Doubtless," replied Maurice, more seriously, "in the present instance, for your fair friend, if I do not greatly err, bears nature's best impress in her character."

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"She does indeed," cried Clotilda with enthusiasm, "and the reverse of the beautiful medal which hitherto Henry has worn next his heart, is engraven with principle."

"If you had dissented from my opinion," returned Maurice, "yon gallant Prince of Mecklenberg would doubtless have enlisted on my side with as much eagerness as he seems to covet the favour of the fair object of our discussion. The Electress appears to have dismissed and relcased him, for more rational converse with Count Mansfeldt. I fear his halcyon days are nearly over; he has stolen a march on his own troops, and I am inclined to think will fall back upon his reserved forces in some disorder, unless he can entice some friendly aid from my garrison to accompany him in his retreat, and console him after his defeat."

"He will not readily find any one willing

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to make such an exchange," replied Clotilda.

"He assures me otherwise," observed Maurice.

"He vouches hastily perhaps," replied Clotilda, "for that which is his own single desire. His success I imagine to be more than problematical, unless your Highness commands, which command, although it may be lamented, cannot be disputed."

"You speak so confidently, my fair ward that I suspect you are not ignorant of his designs in this matter."

"In truth I must confess, your Highness, that I am not. He has made the same proposition to Sir Otho, and gave him much concern in pressing it and persisting in it."

"We will undeceive the well-meaning mar-plot," said Maurice good-humouredly, "and your knight shall occupy a post more to his taste;" at the same time quitting his seat, and looking towards Sir Otho, to in-

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dicate to him that it was now vacant for him.

Maurice during the evening made known to the Prince, that he required Sir Otho's services at Wittemberg, but that if he found it requisite, he would send him to join him.

In proportion as Henry cooled towards Mathilda, so did the Prince's spirits and ardour increase, and she could with difficulty bear up under the daily tortures she was compelled to suffer.

She loved her cousin truly and tenderly, loved him for his frank and noble disposition, for his attachment to her father, for his entire unselfishness, and generous nature. The inexplicable change in his temper and manners, grieved her to the heart, if possible, more than his waywardness to herself. He was entangling himself in a fatal net, for although his attentions to Adelheid Carlowitz were confined to their occasional meetings in society, and were more openly dis-

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played when she was near to witness them, they would, if continued, compromise him with her father, nor was the young lady a person to suffer him to withdraw them at his own pleasure. Mathilda had never liked her, and had negatived every effort on her part at intimacy; the fair Adelheid therefore had a greater satisfaction in withdrawing Henry's attention from his cousin, more particularly as on his first arrival, her blandishments had been lost upon him. Mathilda now avoided her more than ever, although she appeared to take an unblushing delight in parading her fascinations before the unhappy maiden. She would gladly have drawn the Prince as well into her toils, but as more than one object at the same time never occupied his mind, for however short a period the present fancy might endure, she found this division of her artillery might endanger her ultimate victory over her intended victim; for she

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was far too keen sighted not to perceive, that while Henry's attentions were often too glaringly displayed to her, his heart was not in them, and that he was not so far entangled in her wiles, as to be tormented by any jealous feeling, but that coquetry on her part might disgust him at her levity; his bosom must be bland from one affection, before another could be planted; for this reason she was ever on the watch to speak in praise of the Prince, extol his valour, at the same time hinting that although he excited her admiration, he was not to her taste calculated to excite any other feeling.

By artful manœuvres, she generally placed herself in such a position, that every word spoken by him to Mathilda might be noticed by Henry. Indefensible and ill-judged as Henry's proceedings were, his heart was still true to his cousin, and if the fair Adelheid had known better the deep attachment and intimacy which had almost

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from infancy subsisted between them, Henry's constancy of heart, or Mathilda's immeasurable superiority over herself in all things, as well as in beauty, her vanity and enterprize might have received a check. She was an admirable adept to deal with worldlings, could finesse against finesse, invent and circumvent, but a character of simple truth puzzled her understanding, because she mistook truth for falsehood, and invested the most simple acts with attributes of art which did not belong to them; Mathilda, therefore she truly said, she could not comprehend; as little could the guileless Mathilda comprehend her. If his cousin had believed that jealousy had caused Henry's desertion of her, she would have taxed him with his unreasonable folly, but there was no ground for it. He knew how steadily she had discouraged the Duke, and her pride revolted from the possibility of offering an explanation which might be em-

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barrassing to him, and mortifying to herself, if a decay of affection towards her had caused his vacillating behaviour. At times he would fix his eyes on her with a look of distraction, but when he talked to her, it was with an air of indifference. The same silence was preserved by him. "Of what avail is it," he would say, as he wildly paced his own chamber, "to speak to her? if her love has changed its object, any attempt of mine to endeavour to fan anew the flame, would be useless, as well as ridiculous. Is he not for ever hovering near her? did she not from the time of his arrival treat me with more reserve? Luckless was the hour, Henry of Mansfeldt, in which you passed the gates of Wittemberg, or trod its festive halls! Luckless the hour, Otho, when your sword did not complete its work!"

An order from the Elector, requiring his immediate attendance, arrested this melancholy soliloquy, and other thoughts for a

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time were suggested by the result of the summons he had received.

The Elector was in conversation with Count Heideck when he entered, but turning round to him from the window at which he was standing, said gravely: "I believe, Count Henry, your ambition is to become an accomplished soldier?"

"It is so, your Highness."

"Believing this," said Maurice, "as your present mode of life here does not tend to this end, I have decided, of course with the approbation of your uncle, that you shall in the course of a few days accompany Count Heideck to Leipsic, where he will explain to you the nature of the duties you will have to perform, and for a time you will also enjoy the advantage of his advice; by this alone you will act, and under better auspices I could not place you. I trust the time will suffice for such preparations as you may have to make; a soldier, you know,

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should always be ready. Sir Otho will fill your post as my aide-de-camp."

Henry in his present state of mind, cared not where he went, and joyfully acceded to the orders he had received. As he quitted the room, "alas! Poor Henry," he thought, "the sight of thee even, is no longer endurable! Farewell Mathilda, there is nothing now to do but to pray for war—and the first friendly ball; the sooner, the more honoured will be the gift! My uncle too, to counsel thus.... but what matters it, he is wise to thrust aside the impediment that lies in my cousin's path." As he bent his steps to give orders for the commencement of his preparations for departure, in his reckless despair, he carolled a gay air. When he had closed the door, the Elector observed, "upon my word Heideck, I am sorry to part from that boy, but the handsome Adelheid has sealed his fate, thanks as well to his own folly; my aide-de-camp must never be the accepted

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lover of the traiterous minister's daughter, who is as wily and plotting as himself, and fancies that her naive manner shelters her from the observation of the deceived Elector. A little discipline will sober your pupil Heideck."

"Unaccountable!" replied the Count, "but there is evidently no reluctance on his part to quit the dark-eyed enchantress. I begin verily to believe that the boy is jealous of Duke George; I feared some mischief would arise when he appeared so unexpectedly among us."

"He shall not either," replied Maurice, "remain many hours after your departure. As you are in his confidence, a hint from you that his disorderly troops require some restraint from their commander, might save me from the charge of inhospitality."

"I fear that the mission which your Highness has given me is a little beyond my powers of diplomacy."

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"Try my good friend." said Maurice, placing his hand on Heideck's shoulder; "if your communication to him brings an appeal to me, I will endeavour to decide the question."

Count Mansfeldt lost no time in informing Mathilda of Henry's destination.

She did not lament his departure; he would be saved from the snares of an artful coquette, who was quite unworthy of him. His presence no longer contributed to her happiness; on the contrary, she felt indeed that the continual agitation she suffered was daily and sadly undermining her health. For herself she cared not, but she reflected on her parents, childless, if she should be taken from them, she imagined their desolation and grief, and her own decay was a prospect of affliction for them which she dared not look upon!

Heideck performed his mission, but as he had foretold, Duke George in all haste

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sought the Elector, who told him he regretted the exigency, but so many complaints had reached him of the disorders committed by his army, that he must, contrary to his own wishes, suggest the expediency indeed the necessity of his repressing them in person.

The Prince came fraught with the purpose of declaring that the object of his stay at Wittemberg was to solicit the hand of Count Mansfeldt's daughter, but there was such an evident avoidance on the part of the Elector when he endeavoured to touch upon the point, giving him to understand that every object was light in comparison to the duties of the command which he had taken upon himself, that he was compelled reluctantly to postpone, though not to abandon, his project. Finding the Elector thus averse to discuss any other subject, he took his leave, trusting to a more favorable opportunity to interest Maurice in the

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success of his suit, and hoping ultimately to extract some sanction from the object of it. He felt he could not at present prolong his stay, when motives so openly expressed, rendered him an unwelcome guest. A fête at the palace at the date of three days, to be given more especially in compliment to himself, allowed him however some respite, and soothed him as Maurice intended it should, for his unpalatable request.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"A LETTER for you, mistress Thumelda," said Ludwig, as he arrested the steps of the maiden, who was threading her way through a concourse of lacqueys, carpenters, and assistant workmen, all busy hurrying to and fro, preparing the decorations of the rooms for the fête which was to take place on the ensuing day.

"Oh! you are come back, master Ludwig," she exclaimed in pleased surprise

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"When did you return? where, and how did you leave my father? how does my dear mother look? how fares all at the mill?"

"Am I to answer your questions by battalion, or rank and file, mistress Thumelda?" inquired Ludwig.

Thumelda impatiently tore open her letter, then closed it with an air of disappointment.

"My father only says they are well, and refers me to you for all particulars, so you had better begin at the beginning, and forestal all my questions."

"That would be difficult now," replied Ludwig laughing, "for according to your marshalling, I must begin my story at the end."

"First then. I arrived here five minutes since; secondly, we reached Leipsic on the next day after we quitted you, tarried two with your brother, and judging that many were coming into, and few leaving the

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town, I would not suffer your father to make his way alone, so we pursued our journey cautiously together; fortunately when within a couple of leagues of Kemnitz, we were taken prisoners by the town guard; and were escorted by our sapient captors safely within the gates, and carried before the magistrates."

"Taken prisoners!" exclaimed Thumelda.

"Ay truly, Mistress," answered Ludwig merrily. "It seems that two days before, and during the carousing at the annual entertainment given by the burghermasters, while most of the citizens were drunk, and the rest more than mid-way on the road to intoxication, a band of plunderers were admitted by some confederates within the walls, who beat off the guard from the gates, helped themselves to all the silver vessels which had been brought forth to grace the feast, emptied the coffers at the private dwellings of some of the revellers, and be-

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fore the rolling wine skins could hiccup out orders for pursuit, got clear off with their booty. They would have seized a waggon belonging to the Baron which was standing laden with sundry light goods in the yard of mine host of the porcupine, but the nobles' people beat them off; my belief is, that this was a feint, and that the waggon dropped some of these robbers on the previous day as it came through the town. The guard looked very foolish when they found they had caught the honest miller; they agreed to make amends for their mistake, (which we had certainly favoured,) by accompanying us to the mill; there we found your good mother, who was well, and pleased you may be sure to see us. Your father has determined to leave the mill under Schultz's direction, to Carl and Gantz, and remove for a time to Leipsic, while the Baron remains at Reiterstein, for they say his life will not be safe after the departure of

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the soldiers; therefore when they are ordered away, your parents and my father will journey with them. This is my story, mistress Thumelda, and now may I ask in turn what means all this bustle and hurry scurry, as if the place were about to be besieged?"

"Oh! Master Ludwig, we are to have such gay doings; a grand ball to-morrow, a great banquet, fire works, and I know not what besides. The workmen are hanging the golden cloths, and the velvet, and silken tapestries embroidered with the Elector's arms, and the scriptural tapestries, fixing the sconces for the lights, erecting the platforms for the fire-works, preparing the banquet tables, and the gallery for the musicians. They say that nothing has been seen so fine since the celebration of the marriage of Prince Augustus, the Elector's brother, at Torgau, when there was a grand castle built on the Elbe, and a sham fight between men dressed in red as Turks, and

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our Saxons, and a storming of the castle, and the Saxons beat the Turks, you may be sure; then they had bonfires, and fire works, and all sorts of beautiful pageants, shows, and diversions; no one knows so well how to order all these things as our brave Elector, but I must not tarry longer; thank you very much for your care of my dear Father, and your news," and away tripped Thumelda to finish embroidering a silver badge for Konrad's new cap, and trim the same with a broad band of dark sable.

At the earliest point of time on the ensuing evening mentioned in the invitations, the guests began to arrive. The courts were lined with men at arms, the corridors and passages with halberdiers, the ante-rooms with lacqueys, who all, as well as the pages in attendance to usher them into the presence of the Elector and Electress, were superbly arrayed.

Nobles, knights, and ladies, to meet the

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magnificent taste of Maurice, were emulous to rival each other in the gorgeousness of their attire. Rich furs, velvets, brocades of gold and silver, with precious gems, were mingled in costly profusion, and the Court of Wittemberg, though not Imperial, rivalled its Germanic superior in splendour.

Before the reception began, those visiters residing in the Castle were ranged in a circle on either side their princely hosts. This ceremony over, the Elector and Electress left their chairs of state; sweet wines, cakes and comfits were handed, till guns gave signal that the fire-works were about to commence. Shouts issued from the gratified populace as each rocket, between the intervals of more complicated efforts of art, shot high above the town, and burst in a shower of descending stars; a Castle erected on the frozen waters of the Elbe suddenly sent forth more than a hundred of these splendid messengers to the clouds, and

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then itself exploded in one general firework. The effect was so dazzling, that for some moments the illuminated rooms appeared to be caverns of darkness.

Maurice had bribed from Italy the admirable band, which now broke up the youthful groups. Music, like other arts in Germany, at that period, was not a national, but a very scantily diffused one, and foreigners were either called upon for such entertainments as the occasion arose, or permanently retained by those princes, whose domestic taste or magnificent style of living, demanded similar accompaniments to their state.

To look upon this gay and spirit-stirring scene, who would have said that the light golden tissue barely concealed the throbbing of a pained heart? that the brow encircled with the gemmed coronet and jewelled cap, hid deep and inward thoughts of care and scheming? or that the soft and graceful movements usurped for the brief hour only the stern

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and angry gestures of passion? Characters, like the persons of their owners, are often tricked out for the passing hours in silken thoughts which move to "Lydian measures."

How difficult the task to Mathilda to answer with a smile when a tear would have responded more truly to her feelings. How forced were Henry's movements, who would more willingly have encountered a fierce unyielding enemy to relieve the passion which was consuming him. How mortified the high-minded Otho when he looked around, and felt that his birth-right gave him no legitimate claim of place among the many around of less personal pretension. His valour alone had won him knighthood; by the proud nobles in that circle, envious of his superior qualifications, he was looked upon with civil scorn, they revenged their own ignorance and rude manners on his obscure position.

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The trumpets sounded to another scene of transient splendour. Three tables (provided with game, huge turkeys, pasties of venison, and hares, interspersed with cakes and "gilded show-dishes,") sufficed to accommodate the courtly multitude. Prince George, Count Mansfeldt and his daughter, with those of princely lineage, occupied the upper table with their Highnesses; the higher nobility the second, while the inferior nobles and knights filled the third. To each guest a servitor was appointed; behind the Elector, on elaborately carved buffets was displayed a goodly array of gold and silver plate. It was a sparkling scene, and not marred as such festivities usually were in those days by the direful habit of hard drinking. The young nobles were merely inspirited for a renewal of the ball, as the known wish of the Electress forbade on these occasions deep potations, and Maurice, though not always abstemious,

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as indeed none were, had too much love and respect for his gentle wife, not to second her wishes by his example of self-denial.

Mathilda had studiously avoided the Prince, who had sought every opportunity during the evening to engage her attention; he now requested to escort her from the banquet table, and engaged her hand on the recommencement of the dance. There was no retreat, but Mathilda, who was weary, soon requested to rest, and joining her father, adjourned with him into a smaller room more apart from the sounds of music, and the glare of lights.

"Thou art fatigued, my child," he said, "but this revel will not last much longer: when the Electress retires, I would advise you to seek your couch."

"I should be most glad to do so," replied his daughter, "for pleasure is a penance when it brings such weariness."

Mansfeldt shook his head; for he knew

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the weariness of which she complained was rather in the disappointed heart than in the limbs; but at such a time he would not trench upon a painful subject, and rather endeavoured to amuse her by giving her the brief histories of some of the more prominent persons with whom he had conversed during the evening. The music ceased for a few moments, and Mansfeldt proposed to ascertain whether the Elector and Electress had retired; besides, he must seek speech with Henry before his departure to-morrow.

"Doubtless," replied Mathilda, with some asperity, "you will find him, if you enquire for the Fraulien Carlowitz: her dress is of scarlet and gold tissue."

Mansfeldt looked grieved, but passed on without reply into the other rooms upon his mission.

Mathilda sighed, and placed her hand over her aching eyes. This seemed a relief

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to her; for her melancholy thoughts, with the exertion necessary to hide them, created bodily fatigue. This indulgence was not long enjoyed; for the Prince, who had watched their retreat and Mansfeldt's return into the ball room alone, was soon at her side, and in imploring accents intreated her to hear and allow him to carry hope into what he termed, when absent from her, his exile.

She did not interrupt his eloquence, for she was pained for him. His faults, in her estimation, and according to her gentle breeding, were heavy; but she must believe his love to be sincere, if she judged by his perseverance.

Her patience in listening encouraged his hopes. When she found that he was building castles upon her considerate forbearance, it became an act of duty and justice to undeceive him. She lamented his adherence to an unrequited passion, and in-

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treated him not to urge a subject upon which she had before so explicitly declared herself.

" It was true," he replied, " she had done so; but, under other circumstances, she could no longer plead her engagement to her cousin, whom the world said, from some cause, had transferred his allegiance, and had voluntarily sought employment, which would keep him at some distance from her.

" Of my cousin's views and feelings," said Mathilda piqued, " I grieve to say I know little, or the cause of his apparent estrangement from us, of which, since I do not complain, none have a right to judge. On two points, Prince, you are misinformed. Henry did not ask, although he accepted more distant service, nor is his heart, I am sure, in the attentions he chooses, for reasons unknown to me, to lavish on another. My father has not dissolved our engagement, nor have I."

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"Surely, surely, fair Mathilda, you have not allowed me to indulge in expectations you now mean to discourage?"

"If you have done so, Prince, it is not my fault. I am not aware that I have given you reason to suppose me so mutable: if my manner has been less distant than possibly you thought it formerly, it was altered from the conviction that you had rationally abandoned a pursuit which you found could never respond to your wishes, and also with the desire, by a friendly bearing to you, to avoid the repetition of the strife I once witnessed."

The Prince was deeply mortified; not one encouraging look could he gather from Mathilda's mournful eyes.

"Then you still love your cousin?" he demanded, with an abrupt and desperate effort.

"I know not, Prince, that you have any

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title to probe my heart, or put such a question to a maiden, whose attractions you have just informed her have been supplanted by another; but I will sacrifice all punctilio and present feelings to spare yours in future. A woman's heart, once attached, is not prone to change its object, unsuitable as her preference may prove to have been: were mine otherwise constituted, you would secure a very worthless plaything, and I would wish you to value my friendship, though I cannot grant you more,—nor will I lead you to hope I ever can."

"Fair Lady, you are candid," said the Prince bitterly, setting his teeth firmly and striking his forehead, "and cruel as candid;" and he rushed from the room.

Mathilda was determined to seek her own chamber, and plead indisposition for her untimely retreat, should her absence be observed; but when she rose to pass through the side door, which was near the sofa on

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which she had been sitting, Henry, like a statue, was leaning in the door-way. He was entering to pass through this ante-chamber to the ball-room, when his steps were arrested by the Prince's allusion to him: he remained rivetted to the spot from agitation and astonishment.

Mathilda was as much mortified as her rejected lover had been; for though she chose to discourage him by professing her disbelief in Henry's attachment to the manœuvring Adelheid, his faithlessness she did not doubt, and certainly had no desire that he should learn the true state of her heart, or that it was still in his power to reject her.

Under these feelings, coldly, and somewhat haughtily, she requested him to allow her to pass.

Henry started, and seized her hand to detain her; but his uncle at that moment entered, and taking Mathilda's arm within his own, led her away.

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"Their Highnesses are leaving us," he observed; "show yourself, and then I will conduct you to your chamber."

With a beating heart, Henry awaited in the morning an answer to the permission he had requested, to bid his cousin adieu. Although he could not exculpate himself, he trusted to her no longer doubted love for pardon.

A formal denial came; she wished him all honour and happiness, but excused herself, from fatigue and indisposition.

What a formidable barrier, he reflected, had his jealousy raised between his cousin and himself. But a few weeks since, such a request would have been as superfluous as a refusal to grant it impossible. In less than twenty-four hours he should be far away: he left none to plead for him; even his fond uncle evidently looked displeased with him. Mathilda was indifferent to him, the Elector had dismissed him. He had ob-

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served Sir Otho and the Lady Clotilda's disapproving looks.

Without purpose, he wandered towards the state apartments. He threw himself into the seat his cousin had occupied on the previous evening. Although winter's rigorous hand kept all nature dormant, and the aspect of the sandy level round Wittemberg presented not its usual contrast to the more favoured and verdant spots beyond, the sun shone brightly and cheeringly through the narrow windows. Whether Henry sought this spot to indulge in solitude, more vividly to recal Mathilda's words and image, to soothe his agitation by visiting the place where he had last seen her, or to mature some idea wherewith to mitigate her anger, perhaps he was hardly himself conscious; but there he lingered, as if his wishes would spirit her back again. The dazzling sunbeams glanced on a glittering object by his side. He took it up; it was a jewel which

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had fallen from its setting, and was of value.

At this moment Mathilda's youthful attendant, Hedwig, entered the room; but perceiving Henry, she was about to retreat, when he detained and questioned her closely as to her Mistress's indisposition.

The girl hesitated. Truly the Lady Mathilda was not over well; but had risen, left her chamber, and had desired her not to tarry. She hoped he would excuse her, and let her do her errand.

"And what may that be, Mistress Hedwig?" demanded Henry, who was willing to gather more of Mathilda's real state.

"Why, no harm, I believe, to tell. On replacing my lady's jewels in the casket, we miss an emerald. I have searched every nook and corner of the ball and banquetting rooms, and now my mistress remembers that just before she retired last night,

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she was seated for some while in this chamber."

Hedwig began a diligent search, while Henry plied her with questions.

"Not here, not here, or here," she repeated, as each cumbrous piece of furniture was either removed or looked under; and she was quitting the room, vexed at her want of success, when Henry followed her.

The girl stopped and coloured, for they were near the door of Mathilda's sitting-room.

"Well, Hedwig, what do you wait for?"

The embarrassed girl, who knew, from the strict orders she had received, that no one but the Lady Clotilda was to be admitted, answered in trepidation:—

"Please, Sir, my Lady is not well, and will not see any one."

"Not if they bring her news of the lost jewel?" At the same time holding the emerald, beyond her reach, up to the light.

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"Oh! dear me, how glad I am; pray give it to me."

"Not I," said Henry; "I will restore it myself."

"Oh, no; indeed, you must not, Count; pray let me have it."

"Then, my pretty maiden, I shall keep it, and wear it in my cap," continued he.

"Surely you will not do such a thing?"

"Faith! but I will," he replied.

He looked so resolute, that the poor damsel was puzzled whether her mistress would be more offended by her abandoning the jewel, or disobeying her orders. Making her mistress's case her own, she judged the jewel of more worth than the order, and proceeded after another urgent intreaty to open the door.

She was closely followed by Henry, and stood in confusion, stammering out an excuse for her disobedience, while he felt every

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inclination to cast himself at his cousin's feet, and implore forgiveness; but she looked so proudly on him, they had been so much estranged, their confidence so broken, that he felt he was intruding where he had been forbidden to enter, and dared not presume at once to throw himself upon an indulgence he had forfeited.

Mathilda rose, and requested to know what urgent business had induced him to seek her after her refusal to admit him, at the same time motioning Hedwig to withdraw.

Henry advanced timidly.

"Several reasons," he said, falteringly, "fair cousin, have induced me to transgress your wishes. First, to restore this jewel; next to excuse my errors, proclaim my penitence, and solicit your pardon."

"The jewel, Count Henry, my maiden might as well have brought. I have not accused you to any one; your errors I may

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lament, but your penitence I do not require, and therefore you need not my pardon."

Mathilda's disdain struck him to the heart.

"Of one thing I do accuse you," she continued, "and that the last offence of which I believed you capable, or which I can forgive—listening to a conversation which was not intended to be overheard."

This allusion wounded Henry's generous soul to the quick; he defended himself by relating that his presence was accidental. Miserable, and unfit for the gaiety of a scene which nauseated rather than gratified him, he had sought the retreat of a room which no one seemed to occupy, and was, he confessed, unable to move, when he heard her reject the suit of his believed favoured rival. As he proceeded, he became more and more impassioned, stated the grounds of his jealousy, and the wretched state of mind he had endured. In desperation he had gladly acceded to the Elec-

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tor's offer. Mathilda did not doubt his truth, but condemned his impetuosity and want of judgment, which lowered him in her estimation. She frankly told him so; and when with all the energy of his nature and true passion of his heart, he entreated her reception of him upon their former footing, she told him she could not trust her happiness in the power of one who had so little confidence in her, and so little discretion in his conduct before others.

"You have lowered yourself even in the estimation of your friends," she pursued. "Your dismissal from the court, for I can call it little else, is the proof."

"And will you discard me because others may condemn?" he demanded in sorrow.

"No," she replied, "I should not, if I did not find such condemnation just. Like a wayward child, you endeavoured to trample upon your toy, and must not murmur that it is withheld from you; when wholly in

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your possession, who can answer for its preservation from injury?"

Henry cast down his eyes. How had his conduct taught his cousin coldly to reason! How sobered by the reflections he had forced upon her, was the cheerful confiding love she once felt for him! Could such love ever return? In his own he felt no decay; but he had not been misjudged, mistrusted, or made by studied arts of indifference to feel that he was slighted. In agony he paced the room, accused, condemned, and endeavoured by turns to exculpate himself to her.

"Oh, Mathilda, in pity gain me, through my uncle, but the respite of a few days. Send me not from you thus discarded and heart-broken."

"I cannot, Henry, ask my father to demand a favour from the Elector, which will subject him to the suspicion of vacillation, or his daughter to be reported as the

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love-sick maiden, whom her recreant lover has deigned again to restore to his favour. You never offered any explanation of the slights you put upon me in public; the stain must be obliterated, before I suffer a renewal of vows you have so faithlessly broken; farewell;" and Mathilda, unequal to further exertion, shaken by Henry's distress, and the pleadings of her own heart, withdrew from the room.

He stood where she had left him, dizzy with the anguish he was suffering. How differently from his expectations had this interview terminated; how subdued his own bounding spirit. In what anticipation could he indulge for the future: he felt the wreck of all his young hopes; how unskilful a mariner had he proved for his own happiness. All, all his prospects had perished on the unfriendly shore to which he had steered them. The love of the woman he adored, her

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peace of mind, and the friendship of those he loved.

"Oh, fool and idiot that I have been!"

Despairingly he sought his uncle, to throw himself upon his affection and his mercy.

Here less comfort was held out to him; he must consider his engagement with his cousin as broken, and this it had been his purpose to tell him, if he had not sought him; an intercourse must now cease from which he had so perseveringly withdrawn himself; he would not endanger his child's happiness by entrusting it to one who proved himself so unstable.

Thus dismissed in shame and confusion, but full of wise resolves for the future, Henry joined Heideck, and quitted Wittemberg with him on the following morning.

Henry's departure preceded that of Duke George by a few hours only, and the deserted Adelheid was compelled to transfer her

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smiles to the French Ambassadors. The desired lover had broken from her toils without one expressed regret, or even a request to be permitted to say adieu. The night of the ball had terminated their intercourse. Her vanity was wounded, her blandishments had been thrown away, and her arts lost upon a person whom, from his guileless character she conceived would have fallen an easy victim to her wiles. Her manœuvring had been defeated by inexperience, and her insidious darts of wit rendered pointless, because their aim was unsuspected. The more she was out of humour at her own failure, the greater acrimony did she feel against the cause of her discomfiture, whom she always addressed with that air of compassion which implied patronizing pity. Mathilda was not provoked by her malice, because she had no esteem for her character, and charitably reflected that although she had brought her mortification upon her-

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self, she was not the less mortified; at the same time she took the privilege of avoiding her impertinence.

This conduct in her rival the other attributed to timidity, and believing she had the power to annoy her, she sought occasion the more to do so. Clotilda, who knew that Mathilda had been sorely tried and needed repose, generally contrived to take a place near her friend, when she saw that the young lady meditated one of her pretended friendly enquiries, for she appeared to be the only person of whom she stood in some awe; but self-confidence, spurred on by envy, is not easily daunted. Without hesitation, therefore, a few evenings after Henry's and the Duke's departure, she advanced to join a coterie, who were conversing sociably apart from the rest, and addressing Mathilda, expressed her pleasure that she was well enough and in spirits to join the circle.

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Mathilda bowed, and said she was extremely flattered by her continued concern for her health, but lamented that as it had experienced little variation except from occasional lassitude arising from late hours and fatigue, she must rob her of the gratification which she was sure she felt, at its amendment, and which she so elegantly expressed.

"I am sorry," persisted Adelheid, "that my enquiries are ill-timed, but heavy eyes and faded roses misled my judgment."

"That which is well meant," answered Mathilda quietly, "is rarely ill-timed; that which is otherwise intended, must ever be so."

Colonel Schwendi, who really liked Mathilda, and had been treated more than once by the Fraulein Carlowitz with hauteur and caprice, observed :—

"Surely you do not expect roses to bloom at this season, fair lady."

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"Oh, but the fair Mathilda brought such a profusion from Magdeburg, that one could hardly suppose she would so soon be robbed of them at Wittemberg."

"Perhaps you are the thief," said Mathilda laughing, "and have stolen them to use as blushes."

Schwendi looked approval.

"If so, I must request your instruction in the art to manage them," retorted Adelheid.

"That I cannot vouch to do," replied Mathilda, "I confess I have often found them inconvenient, perhaps they are weary of my want of skill, and will be content to remain in abler hands. I must leave them therefore to your discretion, that you may employ them as time and purpose suit; I am heartily glad to be rid of the tell-tales."

This was said so archly, that for a time the invader was foiled, but soon returned to the attack.

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"You also, Colonel, I fear, intend to leave some damsel to sigh for your absence."

"Unless you take compassion upon me, fair lady, I fear there will be few sighs accorded to waft me on my journey."

"They will be few indeed, and cold ones, if you depend upon me for a supply. If you felt that you required such an impetus, you should have been more alert, and have taken advantage of the escort of those who have preceded you."

"I was not aware," replied the Colonel with a mock air of concern, "that I was making my application to one whose previous generosity had reduced her to bankruptcy."

Mathilda with difficulty repressed a laugh, but said with much gravity, "Although you have not proffered your request to me, I really should be most happy, Colonel Schwendi, but must hoard mine for the day which is

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not far distant, when I shall bid adieu to many kind friends in Wittemberg."

"I suppose then, fair ladies, I must make friends with fate, and resign myself to a north-easterly wind, a softer breeze would have been (at least in imagination) more genial:" turning to Mathilda, "any commands for Inspruck?"

"None, thank you," she replied. "My father himself talks of travelling southward early in the spring; my mother wishes much to revisit Italy."

"Indeed!" observed Schwendi.

The unconscious Mathilda had puzzled him more by this short sentence, than the Fraulein Carlowitz could have done by an hour of tortuous discourse. Schwendi had awaited the coming of the French ambassadors, but found it so impossible to account for their visit, for any other reasons than those which Maurice openly declared, that he resolved

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to repair to Inspruck, and report the inutility of his remaining to watch the politics of a court, entirely devoted to amusement and magnificence.

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CHAPTER IX.

SCHWENDI had not proceeded half way on his journey, when a small party of horsemen joined his slender cavalcade.

On this day he had planned a longer march than he could compass; the night had surprised him, and he had just despatched a man forward to secure accommodation at the first village on their route; it was too dark to discover more than the outlines of men and horses. The intruders

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kept in the rear for a short distance, then suddenly wheeled about, and galloped off.

The Colonel rode on, little heeding the circumstance, and intent only on reaching his resting-place, when he found that a stranger had spurred up abreast of him. He placed his hand on his pistol, but his self-invited companion did not seem to be in a condition to make any attack, for although he used every effort to keep up with the Colonel's increasing speed, he was evidently overcome by fatigue, and did so with great difficulty. His next conclusion was, that some traveller had tacitly placed himself under his protection for the short distance which soon brought them to their halting-place for the night. The Colonel entered the gast-haus: the unknown horseman followed him, and silently seated himself by the turf fire in the kitchen, still retaining the thick cloak which enveloped his person, and a fur cap, which, supplied with lappets

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lined with the same material and fastened under the chin, nearly concealed his face. He anxiously watched till the supper was on the table, and they were alone; then suddenly disengaging himself from his covering, displayed to his astonished master the form of his valet Bortoni, the one-eyed spy.

"A water sprite from the frozen Elbe!" cried the Colonel.

"I wish I were," said the valet in a doleful tone, "for my body would not be mortal to ache as it now does. To shut a man up for weeks in a close prison, and then set him on a rough charger to ride a matter of forty leagues, is giving him a taste of the rack."

A good supper, and the relation of his sufferings, restored in part Bortoni's animation.

Schwendi assured him that he had believed in the report of his death.

The spy replied they would find the Duke was too clever for any of them; on the whole

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he could not complain of his treatment; but he could not think of his first prison without horror, although he would have fared well, but for his sickness.

"But how got you away, Bortoni?"

"They said," he replied, "that as they did not need my sort of service, and you might, you were welcome to it; but forbade me, on pain of death, ever to put my foot on Saxon territory again; so, guarded by three troopers, I was delivered over to your people; they told them jeeringly to use me well, for I had been kept with great care."

Schwendi felt some compassion for him, and promised that when they reached Hoff on the following morning, for his convenience he would halt there for the rest of the day and night, but told him he must have been a bungler to get into such a scrape, from which charge the spy defended himself by observing, that he did not expect to find men so much attached to their

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Prince, and so faithful to their trust, as to be above all price.

The early and long winter began to relax its icy bonds, and although the winds of March were bleak, there was every promise of a fair and genial spring.

Maurice had broken up his court at Wittemberg, and proceeded to Torgau, where, on the first of March, he convened his States, provided for the safety of his frontiers, and invested his brother Augustus with full powers to govern during his absence. In the meanwhile, Schoenberg was sent forward to prepare a suitable residence for him at Inspruck; thus amusing and deluding the Emperor, who was more disposed to believe in Maurice's attachment to himself, Carlowitz's reports, and Granvelle's doubts of his talents, than in Alva's dark suspicions, and the memorial from the ecclesiastical states.

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Maurice was much moved when he embraced his little Augusta, and bade adieu to the gentle Agnes. He knew how uncertain and distant the time might be ere they would meet again, but as she wept upon his shoulder, he cheered and entreated her to hope, that as his cause was dutiful and just, so would it prosper.

"Heaven knows, my Agnes, I quit you unwillingly; I go for your father's sake, but leave my dearest thoughts with you;" then straining her again to his bosom, he tore himself from her arms, and commenced his journey in company with Carlowitz, Sir Otho, and Konrad. Hendrick had received secret orders three days previously to push on with a small company, and wait at a village two posts beyond Leipsic. Thumelda cautioned Konrad during his absence to entertain no jealous fears, and felt thankful, distressed as she was at parting, that his weapon was a pen, and not a pike. She

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wondered much to see her mistress so composed, but a whisper from Maurice had set her heart at ease.

On this occasion, the Elector had determined to travel in one of those splendid but cumbrous vehicles, which, inconvenient and uneasy, were used only on state journies by royalty and high nobility. A separate carriage was appointed for Carlowitz, who wrapped in his furs, and conning over in his mind his successful treachery, and the high favour in which he stood with the Emperor, in spite of the jolting of the carriage, sank by degrees into a dreamy state, visions of wealth and greater eminence floating before him.

The Emperor testified regard for him as he had proved, when, on the occasion of a transient illness, he had in haste dispatched his own physician to him. The Elector also, who could not, and evidently did not suspect his secret correspondence with

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Granvelle, loaded him with favours, and opened his heart to him. It would be extraordinary if increase of fortune did not follow such prospects; but plotters are often so intent upon their own plans, and so confident in their own sagacity, that they blindly fall into snares prepared with little art to entrap them.

Some two posts beyond Leipsic, the golden dreams of the self-complacent minister were interrupted by a sudden jerk of the carriage. The cavalcade halted, and some confusion seemed to bespeak an accident. Konrad, who was on horseback, rode up, and hurriedly announced that the Elector was ill. Sir Otho left the carriage, and resigned to the minister his seat opposite to the Duke.

"Carlowitz," said Maurice in a feeble tone, while leaning his head forward upon his hands, as if in pain, "I know not whether it is owing to this jolting machine, to which I but little use myself, or to an indisposition

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which I have felt for some days hanging over me, but I am ill and weary, and can proceed no farther. I must either rest at Leipsic, or return to Torgau, if I can reach the latter place, which, in my present state, I fear will be impossible. This illness is most ill-timed and unfortunate."

"A few hours rest at our next post, will perhaps restore your Highness," said Carlowitz.

Maurice shook his head.

"I am too ill for that, even if I could trust myself to the accommodation I should find; I must not risk the chance." He continued with apparent difficulty: "The Emperor is expecting me, I wish you to hasten forward, make my apology for this unavoidable delay, and assure him that ere long I will wait upon him at Inspruck."

He now leaned back with every appearance of exhaustion and suffering; then after

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a few moments, making an effort to rally, added—

"My faithful and trustworthy friend, good speed to you on your journey; I doubt not that in a few days I shall be able to follow you."

The minister, after many expressions of condolence and anxiety for the Elector's health, returned to his own vehicle; some of the suite had orders to accompany him, and Maurice, as his carriage passed his own on the road, watched his departure with a smile of satisfaction.

"There goes a traitor," he apostrophized to himself, "a spy upon my bosom's secrets; happily at last I am relieved from all these serpents, who would have entwined their coils around my heart, to drink its blood."

Hendrick at this moment galloped up with two led horses. Maurice sprang from the carriage, crying; "Now to horse! where is Count Heideck?"

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Before the question could be answered, Heideck, with Henry of Mansfeldt, rode forward.

"You, Sir Otho, mount and make the best of your way back to Torgau. The carriage I have quitted shall wait at Leipsic, whither another will convey your lady: conduct her to Augsburg, where doubtless by this time you will find the Father Augustine. Other friends possibly will join her there; it is scarcely necessary I should press upon you the importance of despatch."

The Duke leapt on his horse, and was soon out of sight, while Otho rapidly retraced his steps to Torgau. He paid a hasty visit to Krantz, who was now settled at Leipsic, and with whom he had spoken a few hours before on his way through the town. He told him the change of plans. On his return, he found Clotilda prepared to commence the long journey which had been appointed for them. Her tears fell fast as

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she took leave of the amiable Electress, and expressed her gratitude for the kindness and condescension she had shown her; again a wanderer, with the probability of war, which would keep her in continual alarm for her husband's safety, there was little to console her for quitting the protection she had for some weeks enjoyed, but there was a mitigation to her regret in the hope, that if war must be, she would be nearer the seat of it, and in the way of procuring frequent intelligence.

They had scarcely quitted the city of Leipsic, when Krantz rode up to the carriage. He had come with Schramm to form an additional escort, and would not be denied; besides, the Baron had left his lair, and no one knew whither he was gone.

This intelligence caused Otho to consent with less reluctance that the small band headed by Ludwig, which the Elector had left at his disposal, should be further

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strengthened by the protection of the honest miller.

As Maurice had predicted, they found the good Father at Augsburg, who, to their joy, informed them that they might shortly expect the Countess and Mathilda.

Maurice's intentions were no longer veiled. William of Hesse had joined him; proclamations were issued by Henry of France his ally, Albert of Brandenburg, and himself, declaring the causes which had compelled them to have recourse to arms.

The towns before which they appeared did not attempt resistance. Donnavert yielded, Augsburg was invested without delay, and, as Maurice was previously aware it would not, did not hold out. The commander of the small force within its garrison, consisting of four companies of infantry, was well informed that the citizens would not suffer him to risk the destruction of their town by a vain opposition. Mau-

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rice re-established their council, and here as well as in the other towns he had reduced, restored the citizens to many of their abridged rights, re-instated the magistrates and Protestant clergy.

Our travellers, when the army appeared before the walls, experienced but little alarm: its numbers they knew would preserve them from witnessing any contention; but the hour, the dreaded hour, was come, when Otho and Clotilda must part.

Her heart beat painfully when he presented himself ready equipped for the journey.

"What, so soon?" she faltered out.

"Even so, my love, but not, as you see, for war. The Duke commands my attendance upon him to Lintz, where he is to meet King Ferdinand, and essay one effort more for peace."

To cover from her husband's observation the faintness which came over her, she sank

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into the nearest seat. Their last parting, to what peril and woe had it not been the forerunner! She had no parent or sister to listen to her apprehensions, or soothe her fears. Kind friends would soon be around her; but could she add her sorrows and alarms to theirs, already but too many? This warfare, so little likely to be arrested, might rob her of him she so passionately, deeply loved.

"Where danger is, there you will be, my own, my beloved Otho; but, ah! in the heat of battle, let one tender thought of your Clotilda mingle with your ardour, and seek not honour where danger only can be reaped."

She stopped, lest sobs and words should issue in twin partnership. She sat in silence, and gazed upon him as though she would infuse her spirit into his, that he might bear her inmost thoughts with him, to temper his courage with her feminine tenderness.

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Otho bent over her, and the warm tear fell upon the hand he clasped: she kissed the precious drop away.

"Heaven guard thee!" were her last words, as he rushed back to take a final embrace. She fell on her knees, with consciousness enough only to know that her parting prayer could be granted by that Power alone to whom she had appealed.

It had long been settled that the faithful Ludwig should accompany Otho. He was discreet and intelligent; in battle, ill or wounded, his watchfulness could be relied upon.

When Clotilda arose, the thoughtful Thumelda placed her beautiful boy in her arms: she judged wisely, that his innocent caresses would be the fittest and surest consolation. When the good father visited her some hours after, he found her calm; hope had stolen in to assuage the pang of parting. He had accompanied Otho to the camp, and

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had remained with him till the moment of departure.

Poor Henry, while the army was before Augsburg, lost no opportunity of interesting Clotilda in his cause; if she had condemned, she now pitied him, for the impetuous youth was sobered into the care-worn suppliant. She could not resist his importunities to plead for his pardon. Augustine had just informed her that the army was moving towards Ulm, when Henry almost immediately followed him.

"The chances of war, fair lady," he said, much agitated, "are doubtful: to you I entrust this letter; if I fall, it may engender softer feelings to my memory. Farewell!"

Clotilda watched him as he rode through the gates.

"I will do thy bidding, poor youth; and if I know thy cousin's heart, my task will not be a very difficult one."

Towards the middle of April, Clotilda

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had again the happiness of embracing the Countess and Mathilda. The Count had accompanied them the greater part of the way, but had turned off to join the army.

Mathilda's forced spirits and delicate health, while her mother's watchful eye told plainly she was aware of the painful change, grieved those who had seen her but a few weeks since in all the bloom of youth, health, and confidence of happiness.

Clotilda faithfully kept her promise, and Henry's letter was soon in his cousin's possession. Every sentence spoke penitence, and breathed unalterable love: his desolation of heart was depicted in such glowing colours, and his folly so eloquently repented, that Mathilda almost accused herself of harshness in withstanding his supplications before they parted.

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CHAPTER X.

MAURICE, finding that the preliminary stipulation proposed by the Emperor, before he would discuss any of the points for which the confederate princes had taken the field, was, that they should disband their army, did not hazard delay by discussing such an insidious requisition. He agreed with Ferdinand upon a truce, which was to commence on the twenty-eighth of that month—May,—and continue till the eighth of June; then hastened to join the army which had

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fruitlessly besieged Ulm, at Gundelfingen, and marched onwards with celerity towards Fiessen, in order to intercept the Emperor's troops, who were to assemble beyond at Reutte. Light skirmishes with detached bodies brought no further advantages than a few prisoners and stragglers, who confirmed the reports of the scouts, that the Imperial troops were already in possession of the passes of the Alps, and that any advance through those guarded defiles would be impracticable.

The French Ambassador advised immediate action.

"The Emperor's person," he observed, "may reward our diligence; the chase will be well repaid by the capture of such game."

"True," replied Maurice, gaily; "but I possess no cage sufficiently capacious to hold so large a bird."

Otho and Henry had been engaged in

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every skirmish: on whichever side the trumpet sounded, their helms and plumed crests were seen foremost in the fray; the love of glory, and personal attachment and gratitude to the Elector, ruled Otho's heart, and rendered the power of his arm invincible. Maurice was not daunted by the obstacles before him; a few days only remained for action, before the truce would bind him to a temporary peace; more accurate information, however, as to the force and position of the enemy, with the numbers defending the passes, was necessary before he advanced to Fiessen.

To Otho, with a chosen band of picked men, he gave the command of this dangerous service, which required courage, regulated by caution. In the silence of the night, Otho and Henry set off on their perilous expedition. The moon was shining brightly on the calm surface of the Leck, (whose tranquil waters were soon to be taint-

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ed with the hot blood of strife, and steep in their cold embrace the angry passions of contending men,) as Otho and his select troop passed over the bridge, and rode in the direction of Reutte.

Skirting the enemy's camp, they pushed forward towards the passes; then making a short circuit, again reconnoitred the position of the main body. They had proceeded some miles on their return, and were crossing a green and level spot which bordered the direct route to their own camp, when Henry turning to Otho, observed—

"It appears not likely that our knowledge will be challenged on the route, we shall gain some credit at little risk."

"Hark! I doubt not so," cried Otho.

Henry halted, and looked towards the direction where his friend pointed. A dark mass was distinguishable, and a party consisting of about fifty horsemen, were seen emerging from a clump of trees which bor-

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dered the other side of the road. After having left the vicinity of the camp, Otho not apprehending any encounter, had sent forward the major part of his troop, but he still outnumbered the foe, and trusted that he should effect a capture without much bloodshed. He formed his men in compact order, then crying, "Forward!" dashed into the midst of the enemy; but his adversaries stood the shock, and made a brave resistance, the example and exertions of their leader who, with frantic gestures and imprecations rallied his men, still prolonging the contest. Otho saw his people fall around him, many overthrown by the single arm of his adversary.

Ludwig cried out, "By his red plume, Reiterstein!"

With a bound Otho cleared a horse which had just been killed before him, and hand to hand encountered his fierce foe. Their strife was deadly; blow followed blow, and clanked on their steel armour. They wheeled.

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retreated and advanced to secure a sure aim, and by degrees merged apart from the general mêlée. The blood as it trickled through the vambraces, crimsoned Otho's gauntlet, while his scarf was cut asunder.

"By my life, the bastard bleeds!" cried Reiterstein.

"The venom in thy veins shall repay it," retorted Otho, who raising himself in his stirrups, cleft the lacings of the Baron's helmet, which rolling on the ground, left exposed, in the pale light of the moon, his features distorted by rage and fury. The blood streamed over his corslet as he reeled in his saddle.

A cry of, "Quarter! quarter!" arose from the Baron's vanquished followers, who were flying towards the camp.

Otho pressed on him, but ere he could repeat the attack, his unhelmed foe dexterously backed his horse, turned, and fled. Pursuit was useless so near the enemy's

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camp. Some prisoners were secured, and with the wounded under Henry's charge were carried forward, while Otho put spurs to his horse, and was speedily with Maurice, to give an account of his enterprize.

"The force in the camp, your Highness," he reported, "I should say, does not exceed, if it reaches, a thousand men; its dispersion will open the way to the passes."

He then gave a relation of the skirmish; they had made some prisoners, but one of his own men was missing.

"You are wounded, Sir Otho."

"So slightly, your Highness, that a kerchief will be the only surgeon I shall require."

"So," thought Maurice, "Reiterstein is with the Emperor; this I expected."

Otho had not quitted the late scene of action more than an hour, when another party of six troopers appeared on the field.

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One dismounted, and going carefully over the ground, raised part of a torn scarf, dabbled it in blood, thrust it in his bosom, and resuming the fallen helmet, remounted and galloped off in an opposite direction from the camp.

About an hour past noon on the subsequent day, Thumelda, her broken accents foreboding ill news, announced to Clotilda the arrival of a messenger from the camp.

"Your pale cheeks," exclaimed Clotilda, while her own became more blanched, "speak evil tidings; he is slain!"

"No, no! dear lady, he lives, but severely wounded in a night skirmish."

"Where is the messenger?" demanded Augustine, who had entered just before Thumelda's appearance.

"Close at hand, good Father, he says he is in haste."

"Seek him, Thumelda, and let us learn the truth."

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The man was ushered in, soiled and heated.

"What is this tale you bring?" asked the monk in trepidation.

"This, Reverend Father, that Sir Otho is dangerously hurt, and desires the immediate presence of yourself with his wife and child, for the surgeons give us little hope."

Augustine, scarcely less agitated than the sinking Clotilda, in tremulous accents desired to know what tokens he brought in corroboration of his story.

The soldier drew forth a portion of Otho's well-known scarf, stained with blood

"Have you no letter? Have you no escort?" again questioned Augustine.

"None, he was in too great extremity to admit of a moment's delay;" and then added, after a short pause, "no doubt they will send protection to meet you."

"Where are we to seek him?" cried Clotilda.

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"At the camp, near Fiessen, Madam."

With wild intreaties, she urged instant departure; it was in vain that the Father hinted at delay.

"At least wait my father's return," said Thumelda; "he started at day-break with Schramm, in company with a troop who were to join the army, hoping that, some miles from hence, he might fall in with a messenger or wounded stragglers returning to the town."

But Clotilda, whose fancy portrayed before her eyes the image of her dying husband, bore down all opposition.

"Let us away!" she exclaimed, "and fly to him, nor delay to grant perhaps his last request, who never denied my smallest wish."

As the soldier watched her agony, he muttered some inaudible words, turned away, and hurried from their presence. A hasty message was despatched to the

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Countess. Absorbed in grief which was too great for words, Clotilda, with the Father, Thumelda and her child, entered the heavy vehicle which had brought them to Augsburg; their progress was slow, and each lagging moment she felt might terminate the life of her husband, each breath of air be loaded with his last sigh. The Father would not rouse her from the half senseless state in which she lay back in the carriage: he left her to her sorrow; hope he could give none, and it was useless to offer consolation where none could avail. They had not left the city half an hour, when Krantz arrived to hear the melancholy news which all were eager to communicate. His heart misgave him.

"Where was the messenger?"

"Gone!"

"Did he accompany them?"

"No, he rode off as soon as he had spoken to the Lady Clotilda."

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The miller was much troubled. Konrad might have written, he thought. Sir Otho surely would not have exposed his wife and child to traverse a country, the seat of war, unprotected? Even the Elector or Count Mansfeldt would have ordered some escort. A few moments only were spent in reflection; he hastily took some refreshment while fresh horses were sought, and accompanied by Schramm, pursued the route which it was said the travellers had taken.

These had not proceeded many miles, when the carriage was surrounded by an armed party; the drivers, compelled to turn from the direct road, were commanded to greater speed, and Augustine catching a glimpse of Hartorff's face, perceived with dismay, that his almost undefined fears had too sure a basis, and that they had been treacherously allured from their asylum. Clotilda, who now saw how unadvisedly she had rejected the Father's counsel for at least

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a short delay, and had silenced his doubts by her entreaties, derived but one consolation in her extremity,—that there was hope her husband might be safe. The night was breaking into morning when the tired horses were unyoked, and the travellers, placed in covered litters, guarded on either side. The Father knew but too well that their journey would be through the defiles, and that the impregnable fortress of Ehrenberg was in all probability their destination. Thumelda's deep sobs were the only sounds which broke the silence of this most unhappy and terrified party.

As night fell on this same day, the clamour of battle near Fiessen had ceased, the Emperor's advanced troops had been totally routed and defeated, the fugitives spread the contagion of their panic to the assembling bodies at Reutte, dead and dying strewed the field, when Otho, still clad in steel harness, and nearly spent with the fight,

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entered the tent of his wounded companion in arms, Henry of Mansfeldt, who turning his languid eyes towards him, said with a friendly smile—

"You fought like a lion, Otho."

"I was not more than equal to yourself," he replied, "but what say the surgeons?"

"They give me hope," he answered with a sigh, "but I care not, it is even as I wished."

"Say not thus, my brave friend. Have you seen your uncle?"

"Not yet; I suppose he is in council with the Duke and Count Heideck."

"I will seek him," said Otho; "measures must be taken for your removal before we march to-morrow."

Mansfeldt was soon at his nephew's side; with pride he had watched his brave bearing through the fight. The short conversation which passed between them seemed to revive

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the sufferer, and he sank into a quiet slumber.

The *réveillé* had not sounded, and Otho was but half equipped, when Krantz staggered into the tent. He could scarcely articulate—

"Where is the Lady Clotilda?"

Otho seized his arm.

"What of my wife, Krantz?"

"Ah! what of your wife and my child?" the miller gasped out; "deceived, betrayed!" Then swallowing the emotion which nearly choked him, he related the manner in which they had, in company with the Father, been induced to quit Augsburg.

Otho was frantic: the destruction of his wife and child appeared inevitable.

Krantz faintly hoped there might be a chance of overtaking them before they reached Ehrenberg, to which place he had no doubt Reiterstein would carry them.

Otho rushed from the tent, stated their

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peril to the Elector, and besought him to let him press forward and clear the passes.

Maurice, shocked and grieved at the villanous stratagem the Baron had practised, granted his request without hesitation, and a strong force preceded the main army.

Henry was carried into the town, carefully attended by his uncle, who Maurice had insisted should remain with him.

The unfortunate termination of the battle on the preceding day caused such consternation among the Emperor's troops, that they were chased from their posts, and offered but a feeble resistance to Maurice's progress.

Otho, with undaunted valour, bore down all opposition where any stand was made, and Reiterstein gained his eyrie with his wretched captives, as he appeared with Duke George under the walls. The redoubt below the Castle was soon carried with irresistible bravery as the rest of the army

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came up; but the garrison laughed their enemies to scorn, while they hurled every species of missile upon them from above.

But we must turn awhile to the helpless party who were now lodged in the same stronghold with the fierce Reiterstein. Having given orders for their safe custody, with some difficulty he dismounted from his horse. The wound in his head, aggravated by the unremitting fatigue of the journey, subdued for a time even his iron frame. He was satisfied that his prisoners could neither escape nor be rescued, and retired to have his wound examined, and seek some rest and refreshment, postponing for a few hours his purpose of complete and unparalleled vengeance.

Clotilda, ever firm in danger, now endeavoured to comfort the unhappy Father, who reproached himself for his facility in giving way too readily, and contrary to his better judgment. Sinking on her knees, she prayed

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in all humility for fortitude to meet the fate which she doubted not awaited her.

Every avenue was sought by Otho and those with him, who were equally concerned. Scouts were sent round in every direction; the most impracticable places were deemed by them practicable. With straining eyes, they watched every movement of the besieged who perched on high, seemed, by the defences which nature as well as art had planted round them, to be placed beyond the power of any human force. Krantz's distress of mind equalled Otho's; while Konrad, scarcely in his senses, explored the fissures of every rock around.

Krantz threw himself on the ground: his child, his innocent child, in the hands of a rude soldiery; the thought maddened him, and he groaned in unutterable anguish.

"Krantz! Krantz!" cried Ludwig, in breathless haste, "hope, arise."

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The miller started to his feet. A goatherd stood between Ludwig and his father.

"Sir Otho! where is Sir Otho? we must instantly to the Elector," cried the soldier; "before night falls, Ehrenberg may be ours."

They met the broken-hearted Otho, and repaired together to seek Maurice.

"Whom have you here?" said the Elector, looking at the goatherd.

"Man," whispered Ludwig, "tell your tale." But the poor fellow, bewildered and over-awed, made a sign to Ludwig to speak for him, who proceeded briefly to state—"Riding round on the plain just underneath that bird's nest, your Highness, in the forlorn hope of finding some accessible part, I met this good man; he told me, that concealed behind a rock, he had watched while his goats were browsing, and discovered a practicable path, although dangerous and difficult."

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"How did he make this discovery?" asked Maurice.

"In pursuing one of his goats, your Highness, which had strayed from the flock, and clambered up the steep."

"Ah! think you the path is feasible?"

"He believes it to be so; and as he pointed it out to me, I should say it was, if carefully and resolutely attempted; the more so, as it is unsuspected by the garrison."

"Let no time be lost," cried Maurice. "Goatherd, thou shalt be handsomely rewarded. Sir Otho, let Duke George collect his choicest men; if dauntless courage can win it, it shall be ours."

Duke George, preceded by the goatherd, followed by Otho and those who had so much at stake, with the bravest and steadiest of his troops, were soon in silence ascending the narrow and rugged path.

Reiterstein again intruded his hateful presence on his captives. With scorn he

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spurned Clotilda's pleadings, and scoffed at the Father's exhortations. Death alone could satiate his revenge; he swore that their mutilated bodies should be sent as messengers to the usurper Maurice, and his bastard knight.

"Mercy, mercy," screamed Clotilda, "in mercy spare my child!"

"And leave an heir," he cried, "to inherit your fair lands; never! he is not the first bantling that has fed the eagles, eh! Hartorff?"

"At the peril of Heaven's eternal judgment and condemnation," cried the Father, "harm them not, everlasting punishment will be thy retribution for the deed."

"Silence!" roared the Baron, "no priestcraft terrors for me, old man: to save me from the scandal of the church, a more secret doom but not less sure, will be yours; but first your eyes shall witness the punishment your meddling has brought

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upon this woman and her brat; away with them!"

Reiterstein tore the child from his mother's arms. With distracted cries, Clotilda clung to him; Hartorff and some of the Baron's outcast retainers had seized the Father.

"Harterff, bring forth your intended bride; the scene may teach her docility:" and a horrid maniac laugh rang in the ears of his victims.

With relentless haste the prisoners were borne along; the Father, with the effort of a man in the prime and vigour of manhood, released himself from the grasp of the ruffians who held him, drew Clotilda back from the edge of the precipice, and clutched at the child.

"Monster, villain," cried the monk, "yet hold, e're thou plungest thy soul into perdition;" and he held on high the cross which was suspended from his girdle.

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The soldiers, awed for a moment, shrunk back; his commanding figure and saint-like aspect, as standing bareheaded on the ledge of the precipice, he displayed the sacred emblem, startled even their hardened natures.

Clotilda uttered a wild scream which echoed from rock to rock, as she saw her terrified child struggling in Reiterstein's arms. In witnessing her agony half his revenge was accomplished. In his own mind he had doomed the most terrible fate to the wretched Clotilda, but he was determined that every terror and torture in his power to inflict, should be the forerunner of his basest and most execrable purposes, but as he turned to gloat his eyes with her despair, a poniard was buried to the hilt in his breast; as he fell, the dreaded figure of Schramm stood over him.

Augustine snatched the screaming child, and bore him, amidst the clash and din of

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arms, into the Castle. Otho raised his now senseless wife and fought his way, till he had placed her in safety. Thumelda was still struggling with Hartorff; a whirling blow struck him to the ground, and the contending parties in the fierceness of their fight trampled upon him; the released girl saw only that Konrad was there, and sprang into her father's arms.

Troops continued to mount the steep; besieged and besiegers fought with desperation, but as fresh numbers poured in, the combat for the defenders became each moment more doubtful. Under showers of cannon balls and musketry, Maurice attacked them on the other side of the Castle, and aided those who had already arrived.

"Quarter," and "surrender," now sounded on every side, and ere night fell the supposed impregnable fortress was in Maurice's possession.

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Life was not yet extinct in the Baron; when he was borne into the hall, the poniard was still buried in its bed. Otho covered with blood and smoke, received his beloved wife in his arms; the dark Baron, struggling with death, saw assembled around him, those whom he had persecuted with such unrelenting hate.

"Baron Reiterstein," cried Schramm, "I told thee that to thy dying hour I would not cease to follow thee; thy soul contemplated my murder, but thy hand failed to accomplish thy soul's purpose. One intended crime is blotted from the dark catalogue of thy misdeeds."

The Baron looked on him in doubt; he writhed with pain, his eyes were becoming dim, while Schramm's slight figure and pallid countenance flitted like a phantom before his receding senses.

The Father drew near; he prayed for the departing soul, Reiterstein motioned him

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away, while with an expiring effort he raised himself, and drew the poniard from his bosom; the blood spurted forth in a torrent, he stretched out his arms, sank back and expired. As Reiterstein breathed his last, Maurice and some of his officers entered; he gave Hendrick and Ludwig orders for the removal of the body, and desired that Konrad would take possession of any papers, either found upon him or belonging to him; he was carried to the chapel, some papers and a key of curious workmanship were taken from his person. Among the few who fell, was the soldier who had been taken prisoner in the skirmish, and whom the Baron by threats and bribes, had induced to decoy his late captives from Augsburg. Clotilda's distress had moved him to compassion, and he had fought to save those, whom he had assisted to entrap.

Hendrick and Ludwig now hastened to

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procure some refreshment for the exhausted Clotilda, who was obliged to be supported from the hall. It seemed hardly possible for her to believe they were safe, and their dire enemy lying in the stillness of death, till her husband bending over her, and the tender care of those around, spoke of peace and security.

With the first streak of day, Otho conducted them into the valley, and leaving them under the charge of those so attached to them, re-ascended the steep, still slippery with the blood of many a friend and foe. As he slowly climbed the precipitous pathway, sounds of discord reached his ear. At the Castle he found all in disorder and confusion; some mercenaries in Rifeberg's service, were loudly clamouring for additional pay, as a largess for the last day's service; the mutiny was nearly at its height, when he made his way through the throng of riotous soldiery. Maurice reso-

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lutely refused their demand as unreasonable, exhorted them not to tarnish by such disgraceful conduct, the glory they had won, but march forward obedient to their leaders.

"Largess! largess!" they roared in one continued din.

The foremost of the brawlers thrust forward his pike to strike at the Elector.

"Hendrick," cried the Duke, "make that fellow your prisoner."

"Largess! largess!" still yelled the mercenaries.

Duke George and Otho, with the officers around him, could hardly with all their exertions, beat off the soldiers, or secure him from the attack now made upon him, with pikes and the butt ends of muskets.

"For Heaven's sake, your Highness, fly!" cried Otho, "we are not enough to stem their mad fury; with our bodies we will cover your retreat."

Maurice, who saw not only the jeopardy in which he was placed himself, but the

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danger to which he exposed the faithful few who were contending against armed hundreds, gave way to the necessity of the moment; fighting and retreating, he gained the camp; thus driven out from this stronghold by those men who, but a few hours before, had fought so valiantly by his side to put him in possession of it. Fresh troops were sent to reduce the mutineers to subjection, with the promise of booty at Inspruck.

This unforseen delay was fatal to Maurice's plan of surprising the Emperor, and thus dictating the conditions he had failed to gain by repeated appeals.

Hartorff still lived, and was carried to the camp, while at midnight the Baron was consigned to the grave.

Two regiments of light infantry marched forward and were soon followed by the Elector, and the confederate princes, while the horse, and one regiment of foot, were sent back to Fiessen, to guard the passes.

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Clotilda's wishes that she should not again be parted from her husband were acceded to; the hardy and willing Ludwig undertook to bear the news of their safety to the Countess, with a message that she might now pursue her journey to Inspruck without danger, and join them there.

When the Duke arrived at Zirlen, he found, that the Emperor, learning the fall of Ehrenberg, had fled in haste during the night with a few followers only, leaving Inspruck undefended. An immediate but useless pursuit was commenced: save the sacking of the Emperor's palace, the town remained undisturbed, as all had, where Maurice's arms had prevailed.

Hartorff's career was drawing to a close.

Maurice had determined that if he survived, he should expiate his crimes upon the scaffold.

Augustine in vain preached repentance to the hardened man, who, with coarse ribaldry,

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rejected his pious admonitions; still he did not flinch from his sacred duty, but journeyed with him to Inspruck.

As they entered the town, Hartorff, being borne on an open horse litter, with Hendrick and the Father on either side, followed by three soldiers, many idlers gathered round, and pressing forward to gain a closer view of the prisoner, obliged them to pause.

A closely hooded mendicant friar, who had joined the procession as it entered the street, which led to the prison, thrust back some of the gazers, crying—

"Disturb not by your curiosity the last hours of a dying man;" and taking hold of an urchin, who, with mouth wide gaping, was staring into the litter, heedless of the horse's feet, pushed him aside; as he turned, he cast his eyes on the malefactor, looked steadily on him for a moment, then retreated, and followed the party to the prison.

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While they were waiting for the jailor to receive the criminal, the friar drew near, and leaning over the side of the litter, which had been placed on the ground, said—

"Hartorff again."

Hartorff feebly raised his head.

"Ah! by the voice, Friar Jerome; I need you much."

"For ministering to thy soul, man; thou hast one near thee more fit for the holy offices of the church than myself; for other aid, thy case I fear is beyond my art."

He then turned to Augustine.

"Have I your permission, Father, to assist this man? At the prison I am a frequent visiter."

Augustine, to whom the friar was well known by name, for he was zealous among the poor, willingly acceded to his request.

Hartorff entreated vehemently for the friar to examine his wounds. When he had

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done so, and had given directions for his treatment, he returned to the Father.

"I know not," he observed, "to what penalty of the law that man may be amenable, but he will not live to incur the execution of it."

"Villain as he is," replied Augustine, "I am glad of it; for if he be adjudged according to his crimes, he can expect no mercy in the manner of his death."

"His hurts are inward," said Jerome, "his breast bone and left ribs are crushed."

They now parted, appointing to meet at the prison in the evening. They found on their next visit, that the medicines had relieved the patient, but the friar continued in the same opinion, that recovery, or life prolonged beyond some hours, was impossible.

"I have heard your skill much spoken of," said Augustine.

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"As a mountaineer, Father," he replied, "I learnt the virtues of the balms which the beneficent hand of nature strews over hill and valley. For a while," he added with a sigh, "I studied surgery, and thence the slender knowledge which I acquired in youth, has been much improved of late years by constant practice among my poorer brethren."

He then related his care of Hartorff at Magdeburg.

On Augustine's return from the prison, he was rejoiced to find that Ludwig had arrived, and that the Count and Countess would be with them on the next day. He stated that a messenger had been despatched to Augsburg immediately after the battle of Fiessen, at which place the Count was joined by his family without delay, so that he was spared the longer journey. Count Henry's wounds had proved less serious than the surgeons on their first hasty examination

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had supposed, and he was accompanying them; Otho rode forward to meet the travellers, and at noon, Clotilda once more embraced these valued friends.

From others they heard of her miraculous escape, for as yet the scene was too recent and its recollections too dreadful for her to be able to allude to it.

The Countess again and again folded the rescued child in her arms, while her tears wetted his bright hair. Henry was carried to his room, but from Mathilda's happier countenance it was apparent, that mediation in his favour would not be needed. He remonstrated against a separation from his family, but obeyed, and had not the courage to request his aunt's company. His looks spoke too eloquently to be misunderstood, and the Countess answering to the silent pleaders, nodded assent.

Augustine, when he visited the prison with Hendrick on the following day, found

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Jerome upon his knees by the pallet on which Hartorff was stretched, exhorting the impenitent sinner to penitence.

"I tell thee, man, thine hours are numbered."

"Thou liest, it is false!" cried Hartorff, "I will not die, thou canst save me if thou wilt."

"Impossible! I have told thee thy case is beyond my skill, thou art inwardly crushed."

The pallet shook under the wretch at this announcement.

"Even now," continued Jerome, "pains are darting through thy body, thou hast still time for confession."

"I will confess nought, friar," he exclaimed fiercely.

"As thou hopest for one ray of mercy, Hartorff, if to any one thou canst make reparation, do it."

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "To whom can I

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make reparation? to the heroes who contended against our right of levying contributions on their purses in the Appennines? to Mansfeldt's heir, whom I hurled into the valley to feed the wild birds? to Schramm, whose bones are whitening in the dark wood? to—to—" but a pang shot through his frame, which arrested his speech, and went through every limb.

"Art thou convinced now that death's hand is upon thee?" said Jerome as Hartorff sunk back on the pillow; but terror was depicted on his now rigid features, and he answered not; the friar rose from his knees; at that moment the cowl fell back from his head.

"What thou?" said the dying man.

"Hush!" interrupted the friar, "breathe not my name."

Augustine fixed his eyes on Jerome, who became confused.

"Surely, surely!" said the Father, while

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his looks were still rivetted on the friar, "I should know thee; thou art not so much changed, that I should forget thee; nor have years stolen from my recollection features it so behoved me to remember; I have sought thee far and wide."

"You sought me, Father, in the haunts of robbers, among the beggars in the streets, amidst the bands of mercenaries, in the dens of thieves, in the cells of the condemned. You sought me not, robed in sackcloth and ashes, among the honest but poor and needy, as curing their ills, and administering to their necessities; you sought me not at the ALTAR," and Jerome fervently kissed the cross he held in his hand.

"From thy robber's garb," replied the Father, "I sought thee as the companion of bad men, from thine act and air of penitence, when last and once only we met, I sought thee as well among the holy."

"Did you then think," said Jerome, seiz-

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ing his hand, and looking anxiously in his face, "that one germ of virtue might still blossom in the robber's heart?"

"I did," replied Augustine, "and heaven be praised, that which I hoped might be, is."

"Thank you, thank you, Father!" and the friar's countenance was lighted with a gleam of joy.

A groan from Hartorff telling of intense and internal agony, drew them again to the side of his pallet.

"Save me! save me!" he screamed, "there is a gulf before me, I am burning."

"Pray, pray," cried Jerome.

"I cannot, I know not how," cried the terrified culprit, "it is too late. Oh! torture! but I will not die," and he fought and struggled with the convulsions which again seized him, and left him with the clammy drops of death standing upon his forehead.

The good men knelt and prayed, while

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Hendrick endeavoured to raise him up, and relieve his laboured breathing; his face was livid, drops of blood and froth issued from his discoloured lips; with a death spasm he clutched the hands of Hendrick, and raised himself upright, turned his eyes on the holy men, his gripe relaxed,—another slight convulsion left him a corpse.

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CHAPTER XI.

"ALL is over," said Augustine, as he slowly moved away from the horrid spectacle before them; he left the narrow prison, and felt that he must breathe the fresh air. The scenes in which he had lately been engaged, added to his wearisome journeys, had much shaken him; he gladly seated himself upon a bench in the prison yard, and suffered the light breeze to blow over his pale forehead. Jerome soon joined him, the Father turned to him.

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"What of that child, whom twenty-four years since you placed in my hands; tell me I beseech you, where did you find him, whence was he stolen?"

"To hear this Father, you must listen to a tale of crime and sorrow, but I will now conceal nothing from you, the death of those most concerned, (for I hear that Reiterstein is no more,) absolves me from my oath."

The Father bowed, and the friar proceeded.

"I was the only child of a wealthy herdsman, the idol of my parents; as a boy I loved to climb the highest rocks and mountains, and gather the wild herbs and flowers which grew upon their sides. By diligent questioning among the peasants I learned the medicinal properties of many of these gifts to man, and having a better education than my informers, often successfully applied decoctions of them. My father, proud of my success and aptitude in

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acquiring the little our good priest could teach me, and thinking my inclination led that way, decided on sending me to study surgery and physic at Padua. My progress for the first two years was rapid, but unfortunately falling into the company of a set of dissolute youths, books were thrown aside, and dissipation ruled, and led me into every folly. Under different pretences I called continually upon my indulgent parents for fresh supplies. At last they refused any further advances, and when at the end of three years I returned home, I found them reduced to poverty; my extravagance had ruined them. My heart reproached me, and I resolved to labour that I might in part retrieve my errors, but this was not permitted; they found that I had deceived them, and the barb, thrown by the hand of a worthless child, had entered their hearts. In a few months I was left alone and penniless. I dared not return to Padua, where I had contracted debts I could never hope to pay.

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I became a wanderer without a home. Unhappily, (I need not weary you by relating by what chance,) I met the Baron von Reiterstein; he was about my own age, with manners calculated to win my confidence. We became constant associates, and the habits I had contracted at Padua encouraged by him, were again indulged in: I had no tie to check my inclination, no voice to warn me. In the mirth of those with whom I now constantly mixed, I found amusement; they seemed to have no care; I did not in any folly stop to reflect that their gaiety proceeded from the callousness of their hearts. A horrid oath was required of me ere I joined the bandit band; that fearful oath bound me to secrecy: I dared neither reveal nor fly from the daily atrocities I witnessed," the friar shuddered. "This life of crime soon became hateful to me, and day and night I prayed to be snatched from my bondage. Reiterstein was

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sometimes absent, his return generally preceded some hazardous exploit. On one of these occasions he brought Hartorff with him, and the next day the whole force was mustered. Every man was doubly-armed, and some were posted in ambush to give notice at the first appearance of a well guarded party of travellers, who were expected, and supposed to be prepared, if necessary, for resistance. So it proved; we were beaten off, but returned to the charge: we had contrived to overset one of the heavy carriages, it was quickly ransacked, and from within we drew forth a woman and a child; the poor woman was dead, a bullet had pierced her brain, but the child was uninjured."

"The age of the child?" interrupted the Father.

"I judge about a year," he replied; "Hartorff snatched up the babe, I followed; our party dispersed, for our opponents were

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so obstinate in their defence, that we were compelled to abandon the anticipated booty. Why, I know not, unless 'twas Providence, but unseen by him, I kept close upon his footsteps; the night though warm, was dark; we had gained a steep crag, and before I could stay his arm, the innocent he carried was dropped down the precipice! Ah! ha!' roared Hartorff, 'there goes the proud Mansfeldt's heir; Count, thou wouldst freely give thrice the sum of gold of which I robbed thee, were I to bring that bantling back! Hartorff is revenged for his prison discipline.' I slunk from the villain, and concealing myself behind one of the crags, cursed the hour in which I had doomed myself to companionship with such a crew. I passed the night on the same spot, stricken by remorse, and at the first glimmer of day, was leaning over the precipice. About twenty feet below me lay the child, whose barbarous sacrifice I had witnessed. I fancied it

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moved, for scarcely a breeze passed over the mountain: a faint hope that the mantle in which it was enveloped might have broken its fall began to dawn upon me; what a mercy that the saving mantle had prevented it from struggling and rolling over into the abyss beneath! At the hazard of my life, for one false step would have precipitated me to the bottom, I swung myself down on the narrow ledge, and found the child unhurt; I tied it in the mantle, and slung it on my back. With infinite labour and my dagger, I scraped as far as I could reach, some shallow steps. I was young, slight, and had spent my days chiefly among the steeps and crags: by the aid of the projecting rocks and stunted bushes, I gained the top, sank on my knees, and registered a vow to Heaven to quit the savages with whom for months I had herded. I resumed my cloak which I had thrown aside before I descended, concealed my charge under it, buckled on

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my sword, and then reflected how to dispose of him and escape myself. Soon after daylight, I reached the valley; after many weary miles I met you on the way to your monastery, and delivered him to your charge. My oath, my fearful oath sealed my lips to you, but the child was safe; I traversed leagues, and finally devoted myself to the holy calling, in the exercise of which you find me; thank Heaven my hands and soul are not stained with the blood of my fellow creatures."

The Father sat with his hands crossed over his breast, and eyes fixed in mute attention upon the speaker. He almost reproached himself to find how large a portion of his thoughts were engaged in the affairs of this world, and vainly tried to repress the tide of circulating human affections which were bounding and swelling in his heart. Perhaps he felt that in severing himself from every natural tie, he had un-

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dertaken a task which was presumptuous, because neither attainable by him after years of self-discipline, nor commanded by his Creator.

As Jerome concluded, Augustine arose, and paced the yard with unequal steps. He tried to curb the exhibition of his joy, that the Friar might not witness his frailty, and condemn his weakness. The object of many a tedious wandering was attained, the noble and sensitive minded Otho would no longer shrink under the mortification of a doubtful birth. Turning to Jerome abruptly, he demanded—

"By your sacrilegious oath, Friar, was confession denied to you?"

"It was, Father; for those who administered the detestable pledge were scoffers and unbelievers."

"Did you know anything of the house to which the child belonged?"

"Till that hour," replied the Friar, "I never heard the name, nor probably should

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have remembered it, but for the deed coupled with it. At Magdeburg I found Count Mansfeldt much spoken of; but I dared not make inquiries sufficiently direct to ascertain whether he was related to the infant I had saved. Could I have done so without hazarding the violation of my oath, I would have sought some means to apprise him of his existence."

This Augustine did not doubt was true; for although he had heard the Count had lost a son in infancy, he never learned the manner of his death.

"This day, Jerome, you will rejoice that one spot was still unsullied in your heart; you will kneel in humble thankfulness that the All-ruling Power watched over you, to whisper a remembrance of His word. You have sinned, but have repented, and Heaven will send peace to your soul."

Augustine ceased; then beckoning to Hendrick, who during their conference had

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been talking with the jailer, added—" Follow me!"

" My good Hendrick, hasten forward, seek the Count, and beg him to request for me an audience with the Elector before he departs. My business is urgent—I must have speech with him."

" His Highness is at hand," replied Hendrick; " look, even now I see some of his attendants turn the corner; it is Count Mansfeldt himself."

They were then opposite the residence occupied by Mansfeldt's family and Clotilda: the Father moved a few paces forward to meet the Elector, then waited till he came up. Mansfeldt, Heideck, Otho, and some officers were with him.

" Why, Father," said Maurice, good-humouredly, at the same time checking his horse, " your countenance partakes of the brightness of this gay May morning. By my life, you have seen some service with

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our army, and I am told bore yourself as bravely as the best steel-clad knight of us all. I am well pleased we are met, for I was about to send a messenger to you: I must forthwith to Passau, and would gladly find you there, if in this you can oblige me."

"Most willingly, your Highness; I was on my way to crave a private audience."

"I trust not a very long one, Father."

"One which I am sure you will not deny, since it concerns those in whom you take much interest."

"No new mischance to my ward, I trust, Father?"

"Far otherwise, your Highness."

"Well," said Maurice, turning to Mansfeldt, "as the Father is so urgent, as good news keeps few holidays, and as time presses, with your permission, for these good reasons, we will make a council-room of one of your vacant chambers."

Mansfeldt and Otho dismounted, and

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ushered the Elector into the house, Augustine and the Friar following.

"Do not disturb your lady, Mansfeldt; any chamber will suit the purpose."

"In truth, your Highness," replied Mansfeldt, "our temporary abode is a place of poor reception for you;" at the same time throwing open the door of a small waiting hall near the entrance.

"And now, good Father," said the Elector, "what is this matter which you seem to have so much at heart?"

Augustine, who saw the Duke's impatience, related succinctly the main facts of the foregoing pages. "And here," he added, is the Friar Jerome, the living witness, and chief actor in the affair."

"Wonderful!" observed the Elector; "your communication, indeed, is well worth some delay. A word with you alone;" leading the way to the further end of the hall. "How know you, Father, that this tale is

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true, or that the child delivered to you may have been Mansfeldt's? Have you any mark by which to identify him?"

"None," replied the Father, disappointedly, "but the man's haste and beseeching entreaty to me to receive the child, his robber dress, his life for years past of holiness and useful service to his fellow-creatures, induce me to believe that he would not frame such a useless falsehood. I have no doubt that he did save the boy."

"Truly, I hope it is so," returned Maurice; but we must question Mansfeldt as to the manner of his infant's supposed death: seek him, good Father. I should be grieved," thought Maurice, "if that good man's vision of happiness for those in whom he truly says I take concern, should pass away, and leave the page of hope a blank. It is a wild story, but not more strange than that of my fair ward. What frolic freaks of fortune occur to some of us! how curiously have

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these bad men's actions ruled and been interwoven in the destiny of others."

Mansfeldt found Maurice musing, and unconscious of his presence till close to him.

"So, Mansfeldt, the Father tells me that the criminal we sent forward with such care and diligence, has by his death escaped our justice. Know you anything of his early life?"

The Count was surprised, and wondered what motive could impel the Elector to take an interest in the former career of such a reprobate.

"No truly, your Highness, to my knowledge I never heard of the fellow, but as connected with Reiterstein, nor ever saw him."

"Never, Count?"

"Never."

"Do you," still questioned Maurice, "remember some twenty four years since committing a man to prison for robbing you?"

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"I was so robbed," returned Mansfeldt, "by a fellow in whom I placed some confidence at the time you mention, and punished him more for his perfidy, than for the loss of that which he stole from me, although the sum was considerable."

"Was he a German?"

"He was."

"Where did this happen? and what became of him?"

"It occurred in Italy, I have never heard of him since."

"You were attacked soon after in the mountains by banditti I think, and beat the robbers off?"

"And lost my infant, Duke, my poor Volrate. Oh! it was a grievous affliction!"

The tremulous movement of his lips, and thick voice proved that this passage in the Count's life was one of sad remembrance to him.

"Pardon these questions," said Maurice

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with feeling, laying his hand on the Count's shoulder, "I do not idly probe that wound which years have failed to heal; my purpose must excuse them to you; was your child slain?"

"No, we never knew what became of him. Fractious from the long journey, to amuse and soothe him we had him removed into the carriage with his nurse; some of our attendants brought up the rear. It was on these the robbers made their first attack. When they found we were too many for them, they dispersed and fled. Our first thought was for our child; we had little apprehension, as we supposed they had neither time for plunder, nor would they seek it in the humbler vehicle, but alas! we found the carriage which bore our treasure upset, his nurse dead a few paces beyond, and our darling gone. The night was dark, we sent for farther help, every search was made; with a strong force, we explored every

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cavern, and thus for days we kept the mountains, but he was lost to us! My poor Isabella! never shall I forget her anguish when she heard of the ill-success of all our efforts. Year after year we revisited Italy, and still again her heart is set upon the journey, although now she never alludes to our poor boy."

"Count Mansfeldt, Hartorff was the man who robbed you; Hartorff was the man who planned the attack to steal your son for revenge; Reiterstein conducted it for plunder."

"Did he declare this?" said Mansfeldt, much agitated; "did he say how he disposed of the infant?"

"Count, it was not remorse which drew this confession from him. I will not detain you now by detailing his fell purpose, but tell you that among those desperate ruffians there was one new to crime, who tracked the wretch's steps."

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"And did he save him Duke, did he save him?"

"He did, and from himself you shall hear the tale of which I confess I entertained some doubts, until I obtained your corroboration."

"My boy still lives!"

"He does, your joy will have no drawback; he is a son you may be proud to call so: thanks to good Father Augustine, perfect in all accomplishments of grace, goodness, and knighthood—as well you know yourself."

"Otho!" cried Mansfeldt trembling with eager agitation.

"Even so Count."

"Now Father, will you prepare the Countess and Sir Otho for this unexpected event, for I wish to rejoice with them, and I think my good friend here is hardly steady enough to carry his load of joy without stumbling, and letting it fall at the threshold. Jerome,

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advance; doubtless the Count will wish to speak his gratitude to the author of his son's preservation."

"No thanks, no thanks, good Count," said the friar meekly, "I have long been overpaid; but for thy child, I might have died an impenitent bandit upon the scaffold; the remembrance of his helpless innocence fed me when hunger gnawed and want enfeebled me, comforted me when remorse preyed upon me, warmed me when cold pinched me, and my only shelter and covering was the rugged rock, or the drifted snow; it healed me when sickness assailed me, and but for that blessed green and cherished spot, when all beside that memory could recal was dark, and dank, and cheerless, I should have trembled at the thought of death."

"But you anticipated none of these benefits, friar, when you saved my doomed boy?

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when the expiring lamp of virtue led you to encounter danger for his sake?" said Mansfeldt consolingly; "you have brought gladness to my house, the blessed deed exceeds my inadequate eloquence, but the consolation you say you have derived, will assist my poverty of expression—now, with his Highness's permission, we will follow the Father, and wait his summons in the anteroom: I almost fear that this excess of joy will be too much for my beloved Isabella."

Augustine found Otho with his wife, and we may now say with his mother and sister; he told him he now hoped from a declaration which had escaped Hartorff on his death bed, that he had at last found a clue to his parentage.

Otho started to his feet, caught with energy the hand of his protector, but could not speak. Why did he pause? why did he look with apprehension so wistfully in the

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face of his benefactor? The great, first longing of his heart was about to be gratified; the intelligence so long sought, so ardently desired was brought, and yet he shrank from the knowledge offered.

"Hartorff? Hartorff? What," he thought, "if I should be the degraded offspring of that villain, or some outcast as criminal? better to live on doubt, and feed on hope, better be carried a nameless knight to the grave, than to transmit such disgraceful knowledge to my posterity."

Augustine comprehended why he stood thus transfixed and joyless, while the crimson tide rushed to his temples, then ebbed, and left him cold and pale.

The Father read on his contracted brow the conjured spectres of his mind, and exclaimed in haste:

"Fear not, my son, your lineage is true, and worthy of yourself."

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The Countess sat in breathless suspense. Had the instinct warning of her heart foundation?

Otho clasped his wife to his bosom.

"Now, Clotilda, I may proudly call you mine, and feel that you are not a sacrifice to my selfish love."

"Otho, you will not, for you cannot, be more dear to me. You were my own, my all, and like a very miser I grant, I was more than satisfied it should be so."

"But who is he?" cried the Countess; "of what country? speak, good Father! speak!"

Augustine, with as much calmness as he could assume, answered,—

"Of German origin, lady, but the Elector and Count Mansfeldt are on their way to join us, with one who can clear all doubts:" and he looked towards the Countess, who sat, scarcely daring to draw the breath which laboured in her bosom, lest its inspiration

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should dispel the illusions which were flitting, like airy phantoms, through her mind. The Father's composed manner as he moved to the door, to admit those whose coming he had announced, recalled, as he intended it should, the Countess's self-possession, and half extinguished the fitful gleams which shone upon these hopeful fancies.

"Sir Otho," said the Elector, "we have brought you a witness to confirm the Father's tidings, if any affirmation besides that of your reverend protector be necessary. My fair ward, shall you be content to see your knight ennobled?"

"I was content before, your Highness, more so I cannot be, however exalted his rank; otherwise I can never be, while I hold my present place in his heart; but inasmuch as he will be happier, so shall I rejoice with him, and for him, and be glad in the reflection of his content."

"Upon my life, Mansfeldt," said the Elec-

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tor, "if you had a son, I should wish him such a wife as my fair ward."

"We have no son," said the Countess with a deep sigh.

"So Mansfeldt has been lamenting to me, as well as the manner of his loss; but who can say, after the wonderful restoration of Sir Otho to those parents who had abandoned all hope of his preservation, that you may not be blessed by the possession of one like him."

"Oh! would that heaven would grant it so," sobbed the Countess, while tears beyond her control fell fast.

"I trust," said Maurice, "and still believe, that your prayer will be granted; we should always hope, if it be not irrational to do so. If it were not for offence to your brave young nephew Henry, I would intreat your adoption of my gallant knight, till those from whom he was so violently abstracted, shall claim him. The Count does

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not look averse to the proposal, and the good Father seems half inclined to abandon the charge, which by accident devolved upon him. How long, Father, have you held your guardianship, for my memory fails?"

"For nearly twenty-four years," replied Augustine.

"Oh! tell me, your Highness, tell me," cried the Countess, "what means all this?"

"Only this, lady," replied the Elector, "that I think Sir Otho in courtesy should embrace the parents and sister I have provided for him, till he can find others more to his liking, which I do not think he will seek to do."

Maurice's looks, Mansfeldt's, Augustine's looks, as the Countess and Mathilda examined their gladsome faces, told more than words; indeed for some minutes none were spoken, while Otho was clasped in his mother's arms.

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The Elector walked about the room, carried the young child to the window, found the prospect which he pointed out to him a misty landscape, and passed his hands across his eyes.

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CHAPTER XII.

JEROME's deep tones first broke the silence; he had thrown himself upon his knees, his sunken cheeks and uplifted eyes were radiant with satisfaction. "This is the first hour of happiness I have known since my boyhood; but oh! my Father, the work is thine, not mine. Thou didst make the sinner the humble instrument of Thy will to redeem him from his sin, Thy Holy Name be praised!"

Maurice took the hands of the Countess

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within his own. "I told Mansfeldt that I must rejoice with you, dear Lady, and truly I have done so; there is much I have yet to learn, which the good Father must gossip to me at Passau, for my haste forced him into a brevity, which, had I known the object of his conference, I should have sacrificed to a scene which falls rarely to the lot of princes to witness. Mansfeldt, in our accommodation, your interests shall not be forgotten; for the present I must dispense with the services of both father and son. Farewell;" then blithely added, "we shall meet at Passau."

When the Duke had taken his departure, Mansfeldt observed, "Our joy, my Isabella, has made us heedless of others; Volrate, our nephew Henry must share our happiness."

"I come to supplant him, my father, and methinks I am not the person to tell him this must be."

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"He will receive the news with joy," said Mathilda.

And so he did, for when Augustine went to seek him, and impart the occurrences of the morning, he insisted upon joining the family group.

"Hurrah!" he cried, as he entered the room, supported by the miller and Ludwig, "by my faith, Sir Otho, I thought the nameless knight would find a noble lineage, right glad I am our house can claim you; our name will never sink while we have your arm to prop it. My kind aunt will now I trust learn to smile."

If Henry's pardon had been doubtful before, his generous hearted disinterestedness towards his new-found cousin would have sealed it with Mathilda. Ludwig, when he had assisted the invalid in his removal, ran to his father with the intelligence, and without ceremony interrupted the adieux which were passing between Konrad and Thu-

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melda. Never did the Elector's service before appear irksome to Konrad, who might not delay to hear how all this had happened, but must content himself with knowing that it was so. Heideck lingered a few moments, as he rode through the town, to offer his congratulations. Jerome's narrative was repeated to his attentive audience.

Mathilda feared that the relation would be too much for her mother, but she saw the long-lost one before her, and although powerfully affected, she struggled against any exhibition of her feelings.

"It seems marvellous," she observed, "how Jerome could have escaped the Count's people, who were dispersed in every direction for so many days."

"Not so," said the friar, "you sought among the rocks and mountains, which it was my object to abandon as quickly as possible. I swung myself from crag to crag, where I could do so with safety to my

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charge, and most likely reached the valley before you had gathered in sufficient numbers to commence your search. For some miles, fearing pursuit from my vagabond comrades, I never relaxed my speed, except to procure some goat's milk for the infant, but I suppose they believed I had fallen in the fray."

When the friar paused, Augustine took up the tale.

"When Lewis, the father of the lady Clotilda, left Reiterstein with the Baron Rodolph and Krantz for the wars, I went back to my monastery, promising that I would join them after their return; at the period I encountered Jerome, the time was approaching for me to do so. When he left me, I sat down to think how I could dispose of his unsolicited gift, for it was a responsibility which required debate; after some reflection, I concluded upon consulting with our good prior, and we agreed to place the boy

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with some worthy and decent peasants in the neighbourhood of the monastery. Shortly after, I journeyed once more to Reiterstein, but arrived in time only to attend the death bed of the good Baron. Lewis lost his son, his wife was taken from him; and broken-hearted, he sunk himself into an early grave. Lady Clotilda's abduction and my pursuit of her, followed. When I revisited my monastery, I found that my young charge had been well taken care of; he was hardy, tall, and acute for his age, but wild as a mountain fawn. I removed him into our holy asylum, and devoted all my leisure hours to his instruction. I was fond of the boy, and loved to have him with me; this attachment aided, and finally induced me to yield to his entreaties, that he should become the companion of my travels. I wished him to acquire some knowledge of the world, and judge for himself before he entered the cloister, although I never doubted

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that he would ultimately embrace a religious life when of age to do so; but as he grew to maturity, and could form his own opinions, I found his distaste to taking the monastic vows unconquerable.

"'Oh! give me a sword, Father,' he would say, when I urged him on this point, 'but not a cowl.'

"When my duties called me to Walsrode, he was with me, and thus in boyhood had opportunities of associating with the precious charge which Reiterstein had deposited with the good abbess. My adopted son became eager to carve a fortune for himself; his desire was to take service with Duke Maurice, for we were at that time in Germany. As I had resigned my patrimony to my younger brother, he willingly advanced me funds for the equipment of my young soldier to whom, before he quitted me, I narrated the extraordinary chance which had thrown him on my protection, and how

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ineffectual all my researches had been to discover his parents. I could not suppose him to be of low degree, from the texture of his clothes when delivered to me.

"The Duke soon distinguished him; his bravery at the battle of Smalkalde, though but a youth, won for him his knighthood. Sometime after that sad conflict, he joined me at Halberstadt, and again we visited Walsrode. Short as their interviews were, they decided the fate of our beloved charges.

"Otho, who never concealed a thought from me, declared that their boyish and girlish regard had ripened into love. I greatly feared the Abbess's displeasure and opposition, but in these suppositions I erred.

"'Their union,' she said, 'is the only hope of saving Clotilda from the pursuit of the Baron Von Reiterstein, unless she were to take the vows, and how can I persuade her to do this while her soul is fixed upon an earthly object? Will an unwilling votary,

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imbued with worldly affections, be an acceptable sacrifice at the altar.'

"There appeared to be no alternative, and under our sanction they were united.

"We took leave of the excellent abbess, and remained for a time at Hildesheim, where Lewis was born. The flame of war was again lighted, and the Elector called upon my young hero for his service. As a mediator, to accommodate, if possible, the unhappy differences existing between Christian brethren, and spare the further effusion of blood, I had at different times held communication with His Highness. During one of these interviews, I implored his kindness for my ward, made him acquainted with her history, and assured him, that if Reiterstein should return during her husband's absence, the strong arm of power alone could insure the restitution of her estates, and provide for her safety. He promised to protect her, and also to dispossess the Baron

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as soon as the siege of Magdeburg should be concluded, and lamented that he had engaged him to join him. The skirmish at Ottersleben, to which neighbourhood we had followed the army, rendered Otho a prisoner, while Reiterstein was expected each moment to arrive at the camp. The Elector generously placed ample funds at my disposal, so that happily means were not wanting. With the events which followed, you are well acquainted."

Future plans were now discussed; their final arrangements must be concluded at Passau; but Clotilda made the Count and Countess promise to accompany them to Reiterstein, to which place the miller, with Ludwig and Schramm, undertook to precede them, make everything ready for their reception, and to dismiss, with the exception of Brandt and the taciturn Leech, all the Baron's retainers, substituting for them some of Volrate's most attached followers.

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They would not hear of Jerome's quitting them.

With the Baron died the last male heir of the house of Reiterstein: the fief was granted to Volrate and his heirs.

After a few days spent at Passau, to enable the Father to journey with them, they took their departure. Affection, gratitude, and regret, mingled in their last audience with the Elector. Konrad requested a short leave of absence, which was readily granted.

As the gray towers of Reiterstein broke on their view, Clotilda recalled all the sufferings she had endured within their walls. As her birth-place, she could not remember it; as her prison, fearful recollections alone were associated with its stern and elevated battlements; but these fearful musings were no longer indulged in, when those who had preceded them, with the faithful Schultz and the now happy Theresa, came forth to bid

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them welcome, and she presented her beloved Volrate as the Lord of Reiterstein.

Schultz could hardly believe that all this was real; while fulfilling his former office to the travellers, he dreaded each moment to see the dark Baron stalk in and dispel the illusion. Before Clotilda laid her head upon her pillow, accompanied by Volrate and the Friar Jerome, she bent her steps to the chapel, which had not been opened since the night of her rescue. In all humility she knelt at the altar in fervent prayer, devoutly to render thanks to that All-protecting Power, who had watched over, directed, and guided her.

Konrad, who had spent the evening of his arrival with his parents, was at the Castle on the following morning. The Elector had ordered him to deliver a packet, the contents of which had been found on the Baron's person. Within were memoranda of no value, but it contained also a key, which was securely fastened to a strong chain,

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composed of small iron links: it was doubtless a master-key; no one was so likely to give information upon the subject as Ludwig, but it puzzled his sagacity to discover its use.

"Why, Ludwig," said Konrad, "I thought you were in all the Baron's secrets?"

"If I had not been let into some of them," he replied rather pettishly, "Mistress Thumelda and yourself might not feel so comfortable as you now do."

"True, my good friend, and Thumelda and myself are truly grateful to you; you are the last man I ought to annoy, or would offend by an idle jest, but I really believe what I say; if you cannot find the lock which this key will fit, I know not who can."

Some thought seemed suddenly to pass through Ludwig's mind, for he darted off.

The party were strolling round the ramparts when he rejoined them. He seemed

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half disappointed, but beckoned to the Father, and they retired together.

"By Ludwig's manner," said Volrate, "I should judge he has made at least half a discovery, and he is not the man to rest till the other half makes a whole; but if we keep sentry here till he returns, night may surprise us on our posts."

Poor old Hilda, with the help of her son's arm, and her stout staff before mentioned in our story as her favoured assistant, had crawled up to welcome the dear young lady.

"Ah! Hilda," said Krantz, "you have not brought a cold welcome to the revival of old times and our young lady, I'll be bound, but tired enough I dare say."

"Oh! for the matter of that, I believe I could have gone double the distance; but can I see her, Krantz? is she kind? will she look proudly on a poor old woman?" she replied with tremulous eagerness.

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"Judge for yourself, Hilda, for there she is; we will follow her into the hall, where you can rest, and speak to the proud lady;" but Hilda was still timid and doubtful, and screened herself behind the miller and her son.

"Ah! my good friend Krantz, what news do you bring? have you given notice that the Castle gates will be open to-morrow, and the tables plenished, for all who come to welcome us and our young heir? and mind, Krantz, you must manage to bring old Hilda," said our heroine with a manner and voice so blithe and gladsome, that the miller could hardly believe it was the sober and sad Clotilda.

"I have done as you desired, Lady; and do not apprehend that there will be any lack of guests to profit by your hospitality; as for Hilda," dragging her forth, "you see she has not waited for my bidding, and now seems frightened at her boldness."

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"Hilda, indeed!" said the happy heroine, making her take a seat beside her, "you do not perhaps know how faithfully those most dear to you have served me, but we will tell you all this some day, and then you will learn how glad I must be to see you; and here, look at our dear boy."

Hilda did look, and wondered whether there could be anything so good and beautiful in the world as their restored lady, so lovely as her young heir, or so gracious and handsome as her husband, who came up and spoke so kindly to her.

"But you are tired," said Clotilda; "Schramm, pray give your mother some refreshment, and let her rest; here comes Ludwig, and the good Father with him, they seem fraught with news."

"And so we are, lady, I fancy we shall find a lock that will own our key, but at present it is partly guess."

"Come with us, my children," said Augustine, "by Ludwig's account, this vener-

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able stronghold has been of late converted into a den of thieves, and a receptacle for plunder."

The four then proceeded to the Baron's favorite room, to which we introduced our readers in a former chapter. There stood the cabinet, the key was applied, and fitted. Within was the book in which was noted down an inventory of valuables, and the account of an enormous sum of money in hand.

Ludwig next drew forth a bunch of keys.

"Verily, Ludwig," observed Volrate, "we must bow to your abilities, you are second only to Columbus; and I trust, if this book be not a tale of fiction, it will afford us a clue to a mine of wealth: the Baron seems to have been a sapt at calculation, as at accumulation."

"Doubtless," replied Ludwig, "I shall find a mine, if I can discover the right spot where to dig for it."

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"Oh! deep underground I trow, my good fellow."

"I suspect so," said the soldier examining the keys, and trying those most likely, in the lock of the small door till one fitted.

"If we are to work underground, we shall require some light, I should have thought of this before;" and Ludwig again started off in search of a lamp.

There were a few relics and trifles of curious workmanship in the cabinet; these underwent an examination during Ludwig's absence.

We will not lead our readers again through these well known desolate chambers; they reached the vault which was now nearly cleared of its former incumbrances, save a few rusty weapons with some black and white masks.

"These look as if the Baron had kept carnival in the Castle," observed Ludwig; "I suspect they are the mortal remains of

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the demons who frightened the population of Kemnitz into a belief in spirits, and out of their own." He now carefully applied his lamp to the walls, and sounded them as he went round.

"I have it," he cried, "and have sprung the mine. Now for my small iron master, again, to unlock the Baron's bosom's secrets. Why here," he continued, as he opened the door of the precious hoard, which sprung back, "is a goodly array of cups, tankards, and goblets, enough to furnish a regiment with vessels for their liquor. Good Father, it will require more than the labour of three men to work this mine; we must have the assistance of Krantz and Konrad, and if I am not mistaken, we need not go back for them."

The keys were quickly applied to another door, which by a narrow passage led to one which opened on the ramparts. Ludwig

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sprang through it, and soon returned with his fellow labourers.

"Now," he said, "as there are a good many idlers about, we had better, with your leave, return with our load as we came."

All the money and valuables were soon removed to the room they had quitted.

"How could he collect all these things?" asked Volrate.

"In a great measure by robbery," answered Augustine, "with twenty years of proceeds from your wife's inheritance."

"But how came you to suspect the place of deposit for this treasure, Ludwig?" demanded Clotilda.

"Why, Lady, I always knew the Baron was not scrupulous as to the manner in which he opened the purse strings of others, that he received full pay for his mercenaries, and spent little besides; this accounts for his hidden hoard; as to its situation, that is the discovery of to-day. It flashed upon

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my memory while talking with you, that on one occasion, after the Baron had dismissed me, I returned before I had gone many paces for some trifling order, about which I had forgotten to ask: I found the room empty, the door we have just passed through was the only exit by which he could have quitted the room. When I was seeking to find the inlet which must have been used by the Father, when he entered the chapel without the knowledge of any one, I first observed the small door on the ramparts, which at the time, as it could not have been the way by which the Father got in, I concluded led to the cellars. I further remarked, that on that side of the building, from the form of the newer stone, some windows had been blocked up, and buttresses built partly against them; these on closer inspection some hours since, I judged, in which opinion the Father confirmed, me must belong to apartments in connection with the

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Baron's room, which otherwise seemed to possess no particular advantage to give it so great a preference with him. The cabinet I had often noticed for its curious and ancient carving; then, when he was ill, it was impossible to remove the chain which he always wore. You will observe that it is fastened with a peculiar spring, it would not admit of being passed over the head, so that room, key and cabinet, were combined in my mind."

"Those windows," now interrupted the the Father, "lighted the rooms much occupied by the family in happier days. Lewis after the death of his wife, had them shut up, and the windows and doors filled in strengthening the walls by buttresses; the Baron knew this, and turned poor Lewis's mournful fancy to his own account; this door has been recently opened."

"The good citizens of Kemnitz," said Volrate, "must send an inventory of

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their stolen cups and tankards, that we may make restitution of them, as well as their other losses; I fancy Schultz can identify some of the property, for he was bemoaning the disappearance of it to day; the Baron seems to have been very careful of your goods my Clotilda, the greater part of the money must be yours,"

"And a tolerable portion too," cried Ludwid.

"Mine, really?"

"Yes, truly, who can claim it but yourself, my wife?"

"Oh! Volrate, I am so glad, so very glad."

"You seem so overjoyed at the possession of this treasure, my Clotilda, that I shall begin to suspect you of miserly propensities."

"You are right Volrate, for here are the means to make those happy imme-

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diately, who have done so much for us, and a portion can well be awarded also to our dear and generous Mathilda."

Volrate embraced his wife.

Their honest and kind intents were fulfilled. Within a week, and on the same day, the good pastor joined the hands of Henry of Mansfeldt and his cousin, also those of his son Konrad and Thumelda. Schramm and Hilda took possession of their former dwelling; they were surrounded by more comforts than they had ever known before. The miller's house and domain were enlarged, and freed henceforth from all tribute; but he said the mill must still go round, for its hum was music to him. Ludwig wasmade captain of the guard, was nurse, playfellow, or any thing it suited hisfancy to be; he found favour in the eyes of the pretty Hedwig. Jerome, assisted the Leech and devoted himself to the poor and sick, Augustine

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to the young heir. The halls of Reiterstein became again what they once were, with the addition of sundry small and merry voices, whose joyous tones scared away the gloom of the old walls, and rang through those long and deserted chambers, once more restored to their former cheerfulness and habitable appearance. The good abbess had the happiness of embracing her she had so carefully reared from early childhood, and to whose felicity she had so essentially contributed. Philip Krantz returned to his parents, and ultimately succeeded the good pastor. Within a few weeks after these transactions, they had to lament the early death of the brave but reckless George of Mecklenburg, who fell by a cannon shot before the walls of Frankfort. Konrad and his wife left Reiterstein immediately after their marriage; they returned from Friburg in little more than a year, he a wealthy man, but truly a mourning and a sorrowing one.

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his home was Hendrick's; their duty and their service, alas! were no longer needed by THE HERO OF GERMANY, DUKE MAURICE, the ELECTOR OF SAXONY.

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NOTES.

PAGE 4.

WHEN they had thus spoken, they presented to him the letters of Ferdinand, King of the Romans, Albert, Duke of Bavaria, and the brothers of Lunenburg, in favour of the Landgrave. Now the princes who interceded by ambassadors were Ferdinand, the Elector of Palatine, Wolfgang, Duke of Deux-ponts, John, Marquis of Brandenburg, Henry and John Albert, Dukes of Meckleburg, Ernest, Marquis of Baden, and Christopher, Duke of Wurtemburg.—*Sleidan*, book xxiii. p. 533.

Letters were also delivered in favour of the Landgrave from the King of Denmark.—*Robertson*, vol. iv. p. 63; *P. Barre*, tome viii. p. 841.

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PAGE 8.

Le Landgrave se fiant à la parole de l'Electeur de Brandebourg, et du Duc Maurice, se mit en chemin pour se rendre à Hall. Il y entra le dix huitième de juin au soir, au milieu de ces deux Princes, qui étoient allés le prendre à Naumbourg pour l'amener à la Cour de l'Empereur. Il prit son logement dans l'hotël de Maurice de Saxe sou Genre.—*P Barre*, tome 8ème, p. 748.

Le Landgrave, qui croyoit en être quitte, rendit graces à l'Empereur avec un air de confiance; et comme on le laissoit trop long tems à genoux, il se releva de lui même sans en attendre la permission de l'Empereur, vers lequel il s'avanea comme pour lui parler et lui donner 'u main; mais, l'Electeur de Brandebourg, qui s'aperçut que cette démarche déplaisoit à l'Empereur, se mit adroitement entre eux deux, et dit au Landgrave, qu'ils souperoient ensemble chez le Duc d'Albe avec le Duc Maurice; il est certain cependant que ni l'Electeur de Brandebourg ni le Duc Maurice n'eurent alors aucun soupçon du dessein de l'Empereur.—*De Thou*, tome i. livre iv. p. 265; *Barre*, tome viii. p. 753.

Le Landgrave outré de la condutie qu'on enoit

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à son égard, réclama long tems la foi qui lui avoit été donnée, et sur laquelle il étoit venu trouver l'Empereur—il ne cessa de demander à ses gendres la satisfaction qu'ils lui devoient, et de leurs rappeller les promesses qu'ils avoient faites à sa femme et à ses enfans, &c., &c.

Le Lendemain, Maurice et l'Electeur de Brandebourg portéreut leurs plaintes à l'Empereur—ils lui remontrérent vivement que leur gloire étoit intéressée dans la cause du Landgrave.—*P. Barre*, tome 8ème, p. 753, à Paris.

L'Empereur avoit employé vainement. La Lire pour rétirer des mains du Landgrave la promesse des Electeurs, qu'il avoit encore sollicité nouvellement de degager leur parole. Il chargea dont Schwendi d'aller trouver les enfans et les ministres du Landgrave, et de leur ordonner de sa part, non seulement de s'abstenir de faire asssigner les deux Electeurs, mais encore de lui remettre la promesse par ecrit qu'ils avoient faits au Landgrave, et de se déporter de leur action. Il les menaçoit des plus grands peines, s'ils refusoient d'obéir. N'ayant pû rien obtenir, il prit enfin le parti d'annuller la promesse des Electeurs, et de les déclarer quittes de tout engagement envers le Landgrave.—*De Thou*, tome i livre vi. p. 439.

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PAGE 70.

C'est pour cela que toutes les troupes qui avoient été occupées, tant à l'attaque qu' à la défense de Magdebourg avoient été mises en garnison dans la Thuringe, et dans les lieux voisins, où elles ravageoient les terres de l'Electeurs de Mayence et de quelques autres princes ecclésiastiques.—*P. Barre*, tome 8ème, p. 843.

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Granvelle, Bishop of Arras, his prime minister, though one of the most subtle statesmen of that, or perhaps any age, was on this occasion the dupe of his own craft. He entertained such a high opinion of his own abilities, and held the political talents of the Germans in such contempt, that he despised all the intimations given him concerning Maurice's secret machinations, or the dangerous designs which he was carrying on. When the Duke of Alva, whose dark suspicious mind harboured many doubts concerning the Elector's sincerity, proposed calling him immediately to court to answer for his conduct, Granvelle replied with great scorn, that these apprehensions were groundless, and that a drunken German head was too gross to form any scheme which he could not penetrate and baffle. Nor did he assume this peremptory tone merely from confidence in his own discernment; he had bribed two

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of Maurice's ministers, and received from them frequent and minute information concerning all their masters' motions.—*Robertson*, vol. iv. p. 68.

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Charles quint paroissoit alors absolument dominé par Gonzague et Granvelle Evêque d'Arras, &c.—*P. Barre*, tome 8ème, p. 843.

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Nevertheless Duke Maurice comforting them underhand, told them, that he would venture not only all his fortunes, but life and blood also, for their father's freedom, and that then it would be a fit time to surrender body for body when the state of affairs should be such that the displeasure of some men needed not so much to be feared.—*Sleidan*, book xxii. p. 505.

PAGE 141.

At this time died the Landgrave's wife and Duke Maurice's mother-in-law, being heart-broken with sorrow and care for her husband's imprisonment and many other calamities she had suffered.—*Sleidan*, book xxi. p. 485.

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Then, replied Prince William, that was a doubtful and uncertain answer: nor did he see, what it was they could expect: that in the meantime his father

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was in a sad condition, pining away in grief in a nasty and loathsome prison: that he could not but concern himself for him, both in duty, and upon the account of promise: that he should therefore endeavour to get him a plain and definite answer, and that within a time too, or else that he and the Elector of Brandeburg must not take it ill, if they were cited, and made to fulfil their obligation.—*Sleidan*, book xxiii. p. 534.

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Maurice fit réponse que ses alliés et lui n'avoient jamais manqué d'affection pour l'Empereur. — *P. Barre*, tome 8ème, p. 876.

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Cependant le Prince Guillaume fils aîné du Landgrave, vint trouver l'Electeur Maurice—Il lui dit, que comme son devoir l'obligeoit à tout entreprendre pour secourir son père, il le prioit de lui faire au plutôt une réponse nette et précise; et s'il y manquoit, de ne pas trouver mauvais qu'il intentât une action contre lui et l'Electeur Joachim de Brandebourg. Maurice repondit, que l'Empereur vouloit conférer avec lui: Qu'il étoit prêt de partir pour aller le trouver, quoique dans la situation où étoient les choses, il eût de la peine à sortir de ses Etats: que néanmoins cette affaire le touchoit si

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fort, que, sans avoir égard au danger auquel il s'esposoit, il étoit résolu de la faire terminer. Le Prince Guillaume ayant prié l'Electeur de bien réfléchir s'il étoit à propos d'entreprendre ce voyage, Maurice fit venir quelques uns de ses conseillers, à qui il avoit confié son secret, et leur dit en presence de Guillaume, qu'il persistoit dans le même *dessein*; mais par ce *dessein* qu'il n'expliquoit pas, il n'entendoit que celui de faire la guerre à l'Empereur, dès qu'il se presenteroit un tems favorable pour la commencer.—*P. Barre*, tome 8ème, partie ii. p. 843.

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The princes and high nobles used to travel with from sixty to one hundred and fifty servants in their retinue.—*Muller's Annals.*

PAGE 219.

Duke Maurice had taken into his service Count Heideck, who was outlawed by the Emperor, and made him Governour of Leipsic. He, for the love he had to the reformed religion, and the hatred he bore the Emperor, wished well to the Magdeburgers, and was a counsellor to peace, that when that war was over, Duke Maurice might attempt greater matters.—*Sleidan*, book xxii. p. 514.

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In the meantime the soldiers, as well those who had besieged Magdeburg as the garrison that held

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out the city, had their winter quarters in Mulhausen and the places thereabouts, and did much damage to those of Northhausen and Erfort. When the Emperor demanded the reason of this from Duke Maurice, who had the chief command in the war, he was answered that the outrages they committed were for the want of their pay.—*Sleiden*, book xxiv. p. 549; *Robertson*, vol. iv. p. 66; *P. Barre*, tome viii. part. ii. p. 847.

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Augustus, brother to Maurice, Duke of Saxony, married Anne, daughter of Christian, King of Denmark. It was agreed upon, in the contract of marriage, that Duke Maurice should settle no estate of inheritance upon him out of the lands of Duke Frederick, but out of his own paternal inheritance. —*Sleidan*, book xxi. p. 474; *Muller's Annals of the House of Saxony*, p. 112, Weymar, 1701; *Week's Description of Dresden*, p. 350, Nürnberg, 1680.

Au mois d'Octobre 1548, le duc Auguste, frère de Maurice, Electeur de Saxe, épousa Anne, fille de Christiern Roi de Dannemarck. Il fut expressement stipulé dans le contrat de mariage, que la portion héréditaire d'Auguste ne seroit point assignée sur les biens confisqués de l'ancien Electeur Jean Frederic. Les fiançailles furent célébrées à Kolding dans le Zullandt, et les noces à Torgau en Misnie, le douzième d'Octobre. La Reine y assista avec la

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noblesse Danoise qui l'avoit accompagnée. Georges, Princes d'Analt, Prévôt de Magdebourg, donna la bénédiction nuptiale aux époux.—*P. Barre, Charles Quint*, tome viii. partie 2, p. 800.

Marriage of Maurice's brother, at Torgau, in October, 1548.

In addition to dancing, music, feasting, tournaments and races, Maurice delighted his guests with splendid fire-works, which were let off upon the Elbe.

An immense wooden castle, with four square towers at the corners, and one in the middle, was erected on the Elbe, at a short distance from Torgau, on which thousands of fire-works were displayed. The defenders of the castle, representing Turks, were splendidly dressed in red by order of the Elector, and their opponents in white.—*Von Langenn*, part 2, p. 147.

Coaches.

Although journeys were generally performed on horseback, the art of building coaches must have been perfected about this time in Saxony, because a skilful coach-maker, named Bailel Hoffmann, was sent to Denmark, at the request of the King Christian, by Augustus, to build carriages there, and also the necessary iron, wood, and implements for the purpose.—*Von Langenn*, part 2, p. 158.

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Trumpets were sounded to call the company to the banquets.

A banquet in those times consisted of hare, roast meat, apples in butter, roast birds and show-dishes, as a first course. Fish, roast turkey, tarts of quince and pears, and gilded hare pies, as a second course; and cakes and sweet wine, curd milk and rice, and how dishes, as a third course.—*Week's Description of Dresden*, p. 347, Nürnberg, 1680.

The number of costly goblets and cups belonging to Maurice, was very considerable; several were tokens of remembrance of ancient and of existing times. There were among them, gilt mortars and vipers' tongues, ewers, little cups of jasper, chrystal drinking cups, large silver bowls with goblets, gilt court cups, and virgin's cups; but what was particularly celebrated, was a golden tankard and two golden drinking vessels, a present from His Imperial Majesty. Some of the principal pieces of plate bore particular names; a large gilt cup was called "The Mainzer," or cup of Mayence.—*Von Langenn*, part 2, p. 140.

The Electors and Princes sat at dinner together; counsellors, nobles, and prelates, together; inferior nobles together.

A hare cost threepence.

The princes and high nobles used to travel with

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from sixty to one hundred and fifty servants in their retinue. In the tournaments, large arches were erected, covered with green branches, and round these arches were emblazoned, in letters of gold, six virtues, such as courage, generosity, &c. &c.—*Muller's Annals.*

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The Emperor himself, in the fullness of security, was so little moved by a memorial, in the name of the ecclesiastical electors, admonishing him to be on his guard against Maurice, that he made light of this intelligence; and his answer to them abounds with declarations of his entire and confident reliance on the fidelity as well as attachment to that prince.—*Robertson,* vol. iv. book x. p. 69; *Sleidan,* book xxiii. p. 536.

Le premier de Mars, il tint à Torgau, une assemblée generale de ses Etats. Il y exposa le sujet de son différend avec les enfans du Landgrave, qui le sommoient, *disoit-il* de tenir la parole qu'il leur avoit donnée; il ajouta, qu'il ne pouvoit plus éluder leur juste demande, qu'il avoit donc resolu d'aller, les trouver suivant la promesse qu'il leur avoit faite: qu'il ordonnoit à ses sujets d'obeir pendant son absence à Auguste son frerè, et qu'il vouloit qu'on levât incessament des troupes pour garder les frontièrs du pais.—*P. Barre,* tome viii. p. 871; *De Thou,* tome ii. livre x. p. 217.

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At last Maurice's preparations were completed, and he had the satisfaction to find that his intrigues and designs were still unknown. But, although now ready to take the field, he did not lay aside the arts which he had hitherto employed, and by one piece of craft more, he deceived his enemies a few days longer. He gave out, that he was about to begin that journey to Inspruck, of which he had so often talked, and he took one of the ministers whom Granvelle had so often bribed to attend him thither. After travelling post a few stages, he pretended to be indisposed by the fatigue of the journey, and despatching the suspected minister to make his apology to the Emperor for this delay, and to assure him that he would be at Inspruck within a few days, he mounted on horseback as soon as this spy on his actions was gone, rode full speed towards Thuringia, joined his army, which amounted to twenty thousand foot and five thousand horse, and put it immediately in motion.—*Robertson*, vol. iv. book x. p. 70.

These circumstances concerning the Saxon ministers, whom Granvelle had bribed, are not mentioned by the German historians; but I received this information from the Elector Palatine, and as they are perfectly agreeable to the rest of Maurice's conduct, they may be considered as authentic.—*Melville's Mem.* p. 13.

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De Donavert les confédérés marchèrent à Augsbourg, où l'Empereur avoit mis une garnison de quatre compagnies d'infanterie. L'arrivée des princes répandit l'allarme dans la ville. La garnison qui se méfioit des Bourgeois, demanda à se retirer, et peu après la ville se rendit. Dès que les confédérés s'en virent les maîtres, ils rêtablirent l'ancien conseil que l'Empereur avoit aboli, et rendirent aux quartiers le droit de suffrage qu'il leur avoit ôté.—*Barre*, tome viii. p. 872; *De Thou*, tome ii. livre x. p 217; *Robertson*, vol. iv. book ix. p. 73.

Maurice, Electeur de Saxe, ayant gagné par ses feintes le tems dont il avoit besoin pour assembler ses troupes et faire de nouvelles levées, publia un manifeste, dans lequel il declara: que plusieurs raisons l'avoient obligé, lui, le Prince Guillaume de Hesse fils du Landgrave, et le Duc de Mecklebourg, de s'allier avec le Roi de France: premierement pour le soutien de la religion, ensuite pour la liberté du Landgrave de Hesse, et de Jean Frederic de Saxe; enfin pour l'intérêt de toute la nation.—*P. Barre*, tome viii. p. 869; *De Thou*, livre dix, p. 215; *Robertson*, vol. iv. p. 71.

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Maurice readily agreed to an interview with Ferdinand in the town of Lintz in Austria: and

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having left his army to proceed on its march under the command of the Duke of Mecklenburg, he repaired thither.—*Robertson*, vol. iv. book x. p. 75; *Barre*, tome viii. partie 2, 872; *Sleidan*, book xxiv. p. 556.

Le dernier jour d'Avril, les confédérés campèrent sur le Danube un peu au dessous d'Ulm.—Pendant que les princes restoient à Augsbourg, Maurice partit pour Lintz pour négocier un accommodement. Maurice proposa les conditions suivantes:

Qu'on mettroit le Landgrave en liberté;—

Qu'on termineroit les différends touchant la religion:

Qu'on étableroit une autre forme dans le gouvernement.

Qu'on feroit la paix avec le Roi de France leur alleé.

Qu'on accorderoit la grace aux proscrits, el surtout au Colonel Heideck, qui s'étoit mis sons la protection de Maurice le tems du siége de Magdebourg.—*De Barre*, tome viii. p. 872; *De Thou*, tome ii. livre x. p. 219.

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Encouraged by this appearance of a pacific disposition, Ferdinand proposed a second interview at Passau on the twenty-sixth of May, and that a truce should commence on that day, and continue to the tenth of June, in order to give them leisure

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for adjusting all the points in dispute.—*Robertson*, vol. iv. book x. page 76; *Sleidan*. book xxiv. p. 557; *Barre*, tome. viii. p. 873.

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Next day the Princes advanced with the foot, and having with them but two hundred horse, marched into Fiessen; and not far from La Rue, came to the narrow passes, possessed by about eight hundred Imperialists, with two field-pieces. Those they charged; and forcing their way into the straights, drove the enemy out, who flying to the camp near La Rue, put their comrades into great fear and consternation. The Princes following close in the pursuit, break in upon them also, and at length put them to flight; of whom about a thousand were taken, killed, or drowned in the Leck, with the loss of one pair of colours.—*Sleidan*, book xxii. p. 559; *De Thou*, tome ii. livre x. p. 220; *P. Barre*, tome viii. p. 874.

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Da questo lusinghevol canto addormentato l'Imperadore, era venuto ad Ispruck con poche soldatesche; quando Maurizio sul principio d'Aprile con poderoso esercizio arrivò ad Augusta, e durò poca fatica a conquistarla, ed indi speditamente s'incamminò alla volta d'Ispruck, sollicitato da 'suoi Uffiziali, che gli diceano, " che bella caccia sarebbe la nostra, se potessimo coglier ivi il Signor Carlo!" Al che dicono che rispondesse Maurizio: " Non ho

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gabbia sì grande da mettervi un Augello sì grosso." *Muratori.*

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We told you before how Duke Maurice departed from Lintz, &c. Maurice returning to the camp, marched his associates towards the Alps, &c. At the instigation of the French ambassador, he resolved to fall on the Emperor's troops. May 17, he advanced almost as far as the town of Fiessen, lying at the entry of the Alps, upon the River Leck. He sent scouts to learn intelligence of the enemy. . . . . Wherefore the Princes sent some choice men, picked out of the whole, who having made an excursion near the enemy's camp, interrupted some stragglers, and brought them with them back to the army, the semade several discoveries.—*Sleidan*, book xxiv. p. 559; *P. Barre*, tome viii. p. 874; *De Thou*, tome ii. livre 10, p. 220.

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Elated with this success, which exceeded his most sanguine hopes, Maurice pressed forward to Ehrenberg, a castle situated on a high and steep precipice, which commanded the only pass through the mountains. As this fort had been surrendered to the Protestants at the beginning of the Smalkaldic war, because the garrison was then too weak to defend it: the Emperor, sensible of its

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importance, had taken care at this juncture, to throw into it a body of troops sufficient to maintain it against the greatest army. But a shepherd, in pursuing a goat which had strayed from his flock, having discovered an unknown path, by which it was possible to ascend to the top of the rock, came with this seasonable piece of intelligence to Maurice. A small band of soldiers, under the command of George of Mecklenberg, was instantly ordered to follow this guide. They set out in the evening, and clambering up the rugged track with infinite fatigue as well as danger, they reached the summit unperceived at an hour which had been agreed upon. When Maurice began the assault on the one side of the castle, they appeared on the other, ready to scale the walls, which were feeble in that place, because it had been hitherto deemed inaccessible. The garrison, struck with terror at the sight of an enemy on a quarter where they had thought themselves perfectly secure, immediately threw down their arms.—*Robertson's Charles the Fifth*, vol. iv. book x. p. 78, 2nd edit.; *De Thou*, tome ii. p. 221; *P. Barre*, tome viii. p. 874, 4to.

PAGE 296.

La déroute des Impériaux jetta dans Reute un si grand effroi qu'on ne put ranger en bataille le troupes qui s'y trouvoient, ni les disposer au combat.—Les Impériaux furent entirérement défaites:

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ils perdirent un drapeau et mille hommes, sans qu'il coutât beaucoup aux confédérés. Les derniers, fiers de ce succès, poursuivirent leur victoire, et attaquérent le château d'Eremberg. Ils prirent d'abord une redoute qui en defendoit l'approche, et ils s'emparérent de tout le canon qui y étoit. Il ne restoit plus que le château, situé sur un rocher escarpé de toutes parts, et que les connoisseurs regardoient comme impregnable. . . . . Mais un berger qui montoit à travers les halliers, il la suivit, et après avoir bien remarqué ce sentier, il alla en donner avis aux confédérés. La garrison voyant l'ennemi parvenu avec audace jusqu'à ce lieu inaccessible, fut obligée de se rendre. De trieze compagnies qui étoient dans la fortresse, il n'y en eut que quatre qui s'échappérent dans le feu de l'action; les confédérés y perdirent peu de monde et firent trois mille prisonniers.

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But Duke Maurice fell into great danger after; for resolving to march forward, the soldiers commanded by Rifeberg refused to move, unless they had some extraordinary pay in hand for taking the Castle; but Duke Maurice told them, that it was an unreasonable demand, and at the same time commanded one of the mutineers, who bawled out louder than the rest, to be apprehended

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with that, the rest made at him both with pikes and butt ends of musquets, so that flying in all haste, with much ado he saved his life.—*Sleidan*, book xxiv. p. 559; *De Thou*, tom. ii. livre x. p. 221; *De Barre*, tom. viii. p. 874.

Comme Maurice vouloit attaquer Inspruck, il envoya par le chemin des Alpes, qui étoit alors le plus libre, deux régimens vers cette place qui n'est qu'à deux journées delà; il en laissa un autre à Fiessen avec toute la Cavalerie pour garder les passages—Le Lendemain, Maurice et ses alliés se joignirent a Ziert; à deux lieues d'Inspruck, avec l'infanterie qu'il avoit envoyeé devant—L'Empereur sortit, cette même nuit d'Inspruck, à la hâte et en désordre, et y laissa tous ses equipages—Comme il étoit incommodé, il se mit dans une litière, et fit ainsi la route, &c.

L'Electeur Maurice arriva à Inspruck la même nuit que l'Empereur en partit—après avoir poursuivi Charles pendant quelque tems. &c. &c.—*P. Barre*, tome 8ème, p. 875, 4to.

Philip of Hesse was received on his frontiers: sorrow had broken down his health and whitened his hair, although he was still in the middle age; and to have seen him kneeling in the Church of Cassel by the tomb of his faithful consort, who had twice

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prayed the Emperor for the liberation of her husband, who came back at last, but three years too late, to smooth her painful death-bed.—*Rose's Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, vol. xvi. 4to. 3d. edit. 1839.

At the very juncture when the Emperor had attained to almost unlimited despotism, Maurice, with power seemingly inadequate to such an undertaking, compelled him to relinquish all his usurpations, and established not only the religious, but civil liberties of Germany, on such foundations as have hitherto remained unshaken. Although at one period of his life, his conduct excited the jealousy of the Protestants, and at another, drew on him the resentment of the Roman Catholics, such was his masterly address, that he was the *only* Prince of the age, who, in any degree possessed the confidence of both, and whom both lamented as the most able, as well as faithful guardian of the Constitution and laws of his Country.—*Robertson's Charles the Fifth*, vol. iv. book 11, p. 134.

The Emperor pardoned also Albert Count Mansfeldt and his sons.—*Sleidan*, book xxiv. p. 575.

Maurice's Justification.

Afterwards, on the 1st of August, the Emperor sent to Duke Maurice from Ratisbonne a copy of

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the proscription we mentioned before, and in his letters to him and the people, relates the same things almost that were contained in the ban and instrument of proscription; and because he was related in blood and affinity to the parties outlawed, so that he might claim some right and title to their estates and goods, he strictly charges him to assist him with all his power in seizing and taking possession of their provinces; nay, that for preservation of his own right, he should with all diligence put himself in possession of all; else the first possessor, whoever that might be, should have all without any regard had to his consanguinity and the rights of entail; that besides, if he slighted the Emperor's commands, he should incur the same pains that they had done. He charges all the nobility, gentry, and commons, upon the same penalty, to obey his proclamation, and faithfully assist the prince. These letters were equally directed to Duke Maurice and his brother Augustus.—*Sleidan*, book xvii, p. 391; *P. Barre*, tome 8ème, partie 2nde. p. 665.

THE END.

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